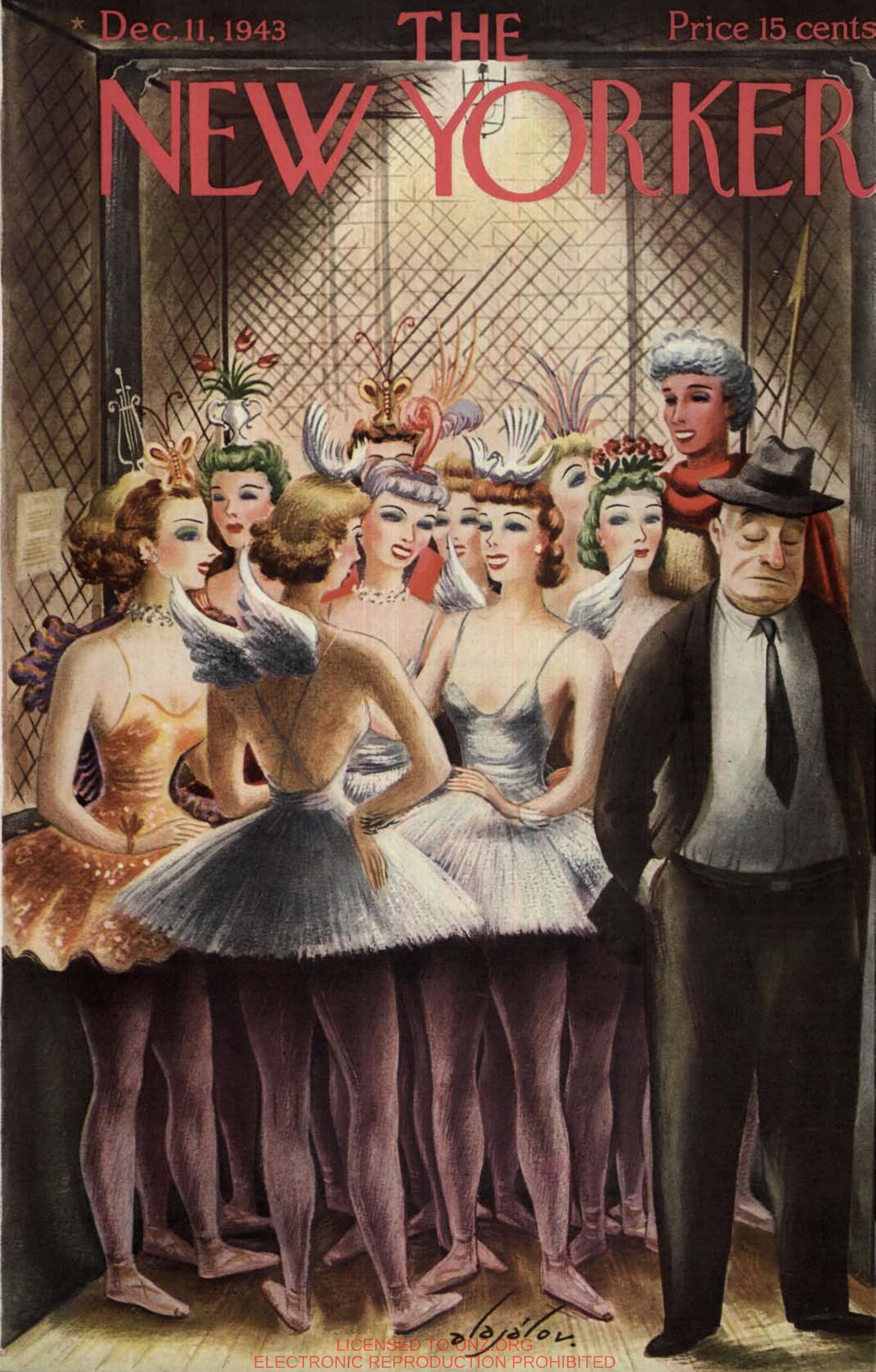
★ Dec. 11, 1943

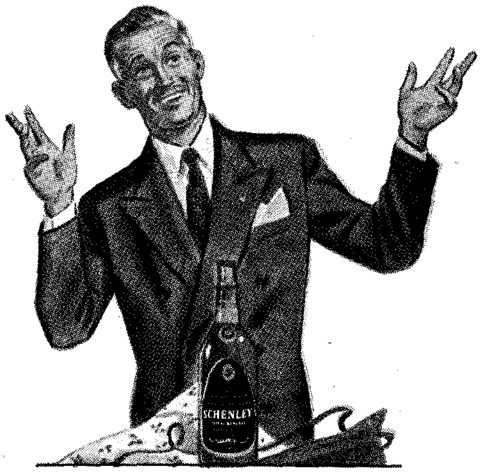
THE NEW YORKER

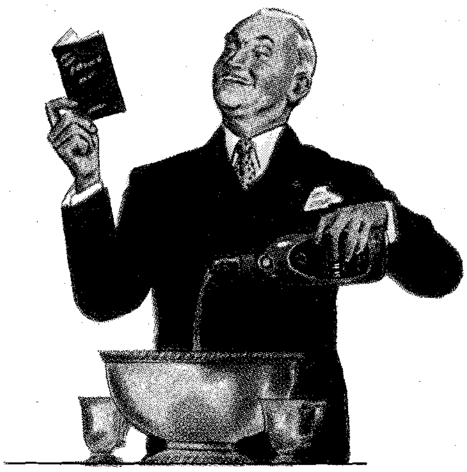
Price 15 cents

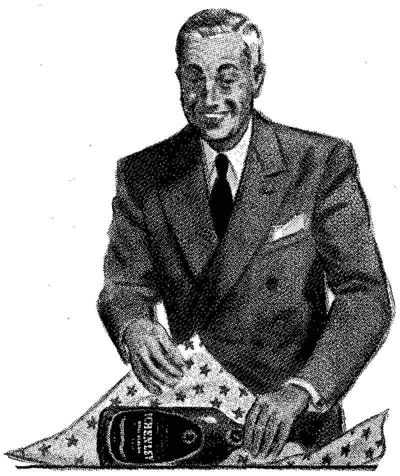


TO YOU—

Who might, come Christmas, have this good fortune:







A SURPRISE GIFT OF SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE

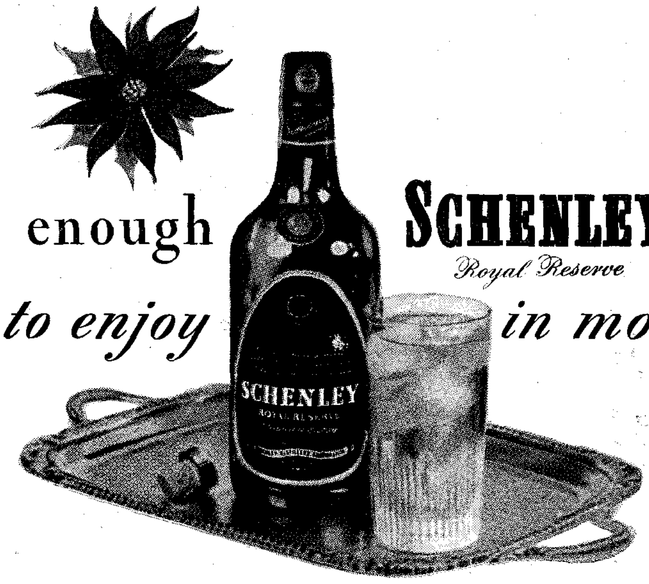
Someone thinks the world of you! These days, whiskey fine as SCHENLEY is precious stuff, indeed—for the rare whiskey in it comes from pre-war reserves. So—thank your lucky stars for a *real* friend — enjoy SCHENLEY Royal Reserve with *moderation.*

FOR HOSPITALITY — SOME SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE

War may have limited your SCHENLEY, but we're sure you still enjoy sharing such fine things with holiday guests. Our distilleries are 100% in war production, but we're doing our best to make SCHENLEY available from pre-war reserves.

FOR YOUR OWN GIFTS— SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE

Finest gift in all the world is a War Bond . . . and there's no scarcity of *them!* If, in addition, you want to say "Merry Christmas" to those *special* names on your list in the time-honored SCHENLEY way, there *is* enough SCHENLEY to give—*in moderation!*

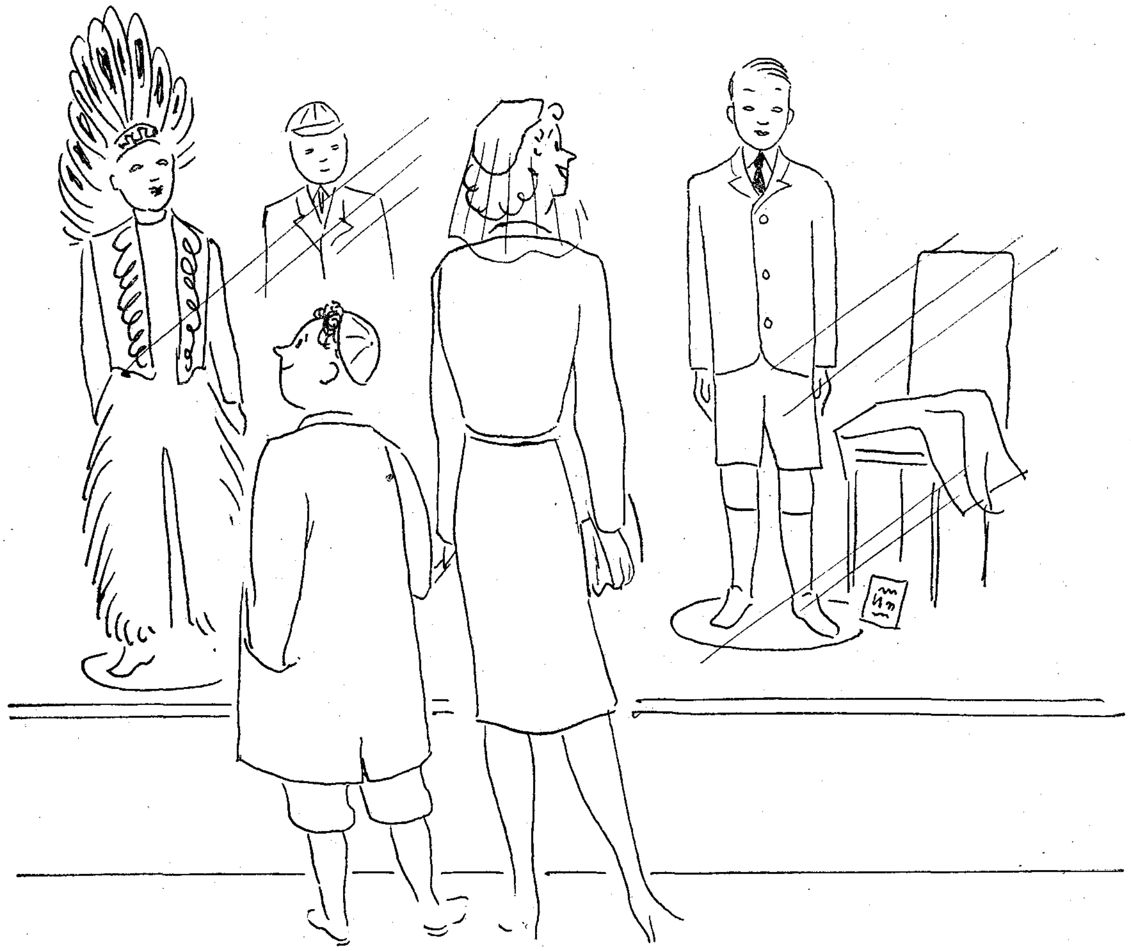


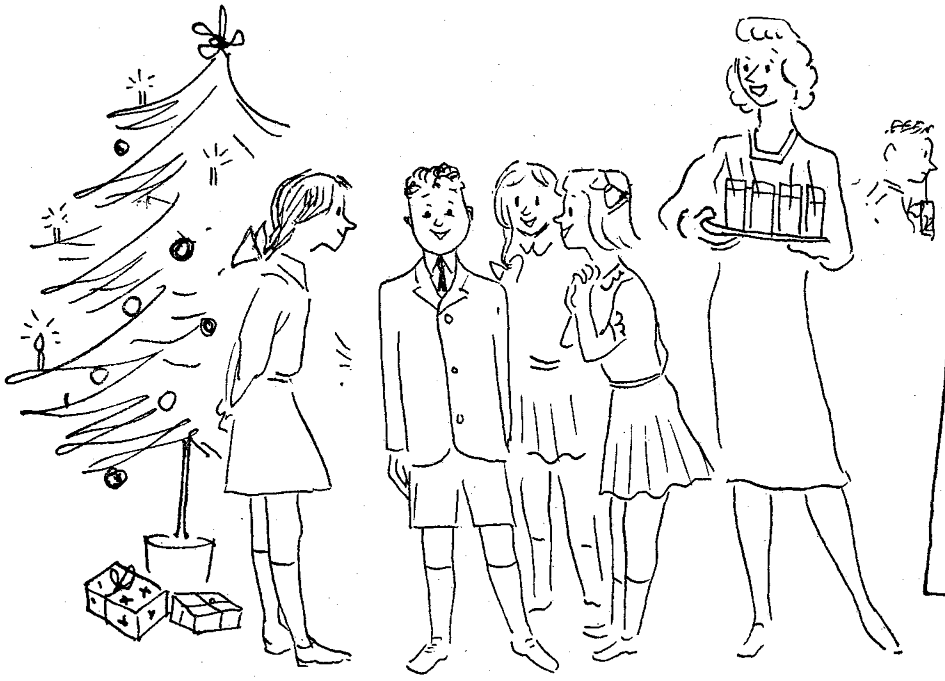
There's still enough *to enjoy* **SCHENLEY** *Royal Reserve* *in moderation!*

THERE IS NO FINER GIFT THAN A U. S. WAR BOND

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 proof • 60% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains • Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

A very young man learns to his ultimate gratification that the hand that holds the purse-strings guides the destiny of man. In later life, he will learn also that it bestows upon this magazine a unique editorial position and the largest audited circulation in the world.

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL
largest audited circulation of ANY magazine

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Another Love Story—Not quite like the epigrams that Oscar used to make. Roland Young, Margaret Lindsay, and Arthur Margetson are among those in Frederick Lonsdale's insanely complicated comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Arlene Francis, and Doris Nolan are the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:40, for the Treasurers' Club of America.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Innocent Voyage—Paul Osborn's dramatization of the Richard Hughes novel has some charm and pathos but it isn't much like the original. Oscar Homolka and Abby Bonime play the pirate chief and the eldest of the kidnapped children. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A mild comedy, of interest largely to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Linda Watkins. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—An old-fashioned vehicle for Katharine Cornell which hasn't very much else to offer. Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, and Carol Goodner are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Othello—Margaret Webster and the Theatre Guild are responsible for this majestic revival. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Outrageous Fortune—Elsie Ferguson, back after fourteen years, in Rose Franken's rather tangled drama about homosexuality and racial intolerance. With Maria Ouspenskaya, Margalo Gillmore, and Fredric Tozere. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—A cast of more than two hundred servicemen and women civilians in Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Corps. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Pillar to Post—A comedy by Rose Simon Kohn, with Perry Wilson and Carl Gose. Staged by Antoinette Perry and produced by Brock Pemberton. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie in a play by John van Druten. Staged by Mr. van Druten and produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The World's Full of Girls—A dramatization by Nunnally Johnson of Thomas Bell's novel "Till I Come Back to You." With Virginia Gilmore. Staged and produced by Jed Harris. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another *tour de force*. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Connecticut Yankee—A revival of the Fields-Rodgers-Hart success of 1927, with modern adjustments and one fine new song. A little disappointing, in spite of the effective performances by Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and just about as elementary as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Richard Kollmar, and Mary Small. Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, lavish revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, Betty Garde, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life, to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes De Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. All very satisfactory. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured show, which also contains Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

What's Up—Some aviators come down near a girls' school, providing the authors with quite a plot. However, Jimmy Savo and a number of pretty girls are in the cast and perhaps you might do worse. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leads a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Center—The opening program of the new municipal project will be a revival of "Susan and God," with Gertrude Lawrence and Conrad Nagel: nightly from Mon., Dec. 13, through Sat., Dec. 18, at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. (131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Police Athletic League—The annual benefit show, with entertainment by a lot of Broadway and Hollywood people: Wed., Dec. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6815.)

Ice Shows—"Ice Follies of 1944," with Betty Atkinson and Roy Shipstad. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6815. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., Dec. 11.) . . . "Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

(Listed below, for the convenience of parents who may want to plan ahead, are some activities now scheduled for children through the Christmas season.)

Stage Children's Guild—"The Hiding Place," "The Black Cat," and "The Lost Creek Mine," Sat., Dec. 11; "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Tues. and Wed., Dec. 28-29; and "The Blue Bird," Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 30-31; at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

The Children's Theatre—"Kings in Nomania," Sat., Dec. 11 and 18, and Sun., Dec. 12 and 19, at 3 P.M.; and "Bobino," Sat., Dec. 25 and Jan. 1, and Mon. and Wed., Dec. 27 and 29, at 3 P.M., and Thurs., Dec. 30, at 1:30 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. For tickets, call GR 7-8464.)

St. George's School—The Dramatic Association presenting Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," Sat., Dec. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Playhouse, 117 E. 68. For tickets, call MU 4-4000, Ext. 6.)

Sue Hastings Marionettes—"The Gnomes' Christmas," Sat., Dec. 11, at 3 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 773, from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.) . . . "The Gnomes' Christmas" and "The Penguins and the Polar Bear," Wed., Dec. 22; "Hansel and Gretel" and "Puppet Follies," Wed., Dec. 29; at 3:30 P.M. (Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71. BU 8-6220.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A holiday-season

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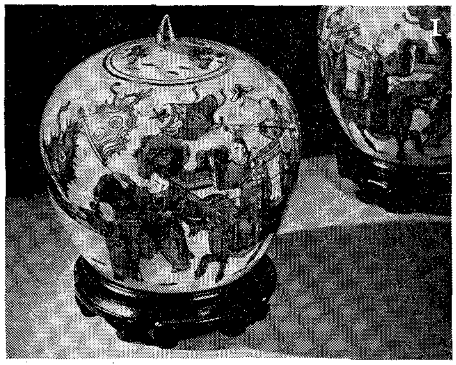
Bergdorf Goodman Gifts to enjoy about the house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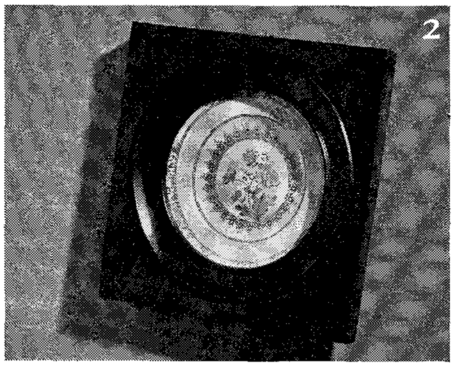
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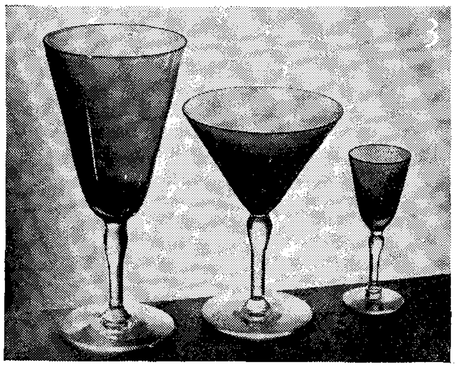
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1 Antique Chinese jars, about 8½″ high, white, patterned in soft blue, green, mulberry, $65 the pair. The teakwood bases, $5 the pair.

2 Wall plaque, dark or blond wood holding a small Spode plate, $6

3 Clear-stem ruby glasses, water, double-cocktail, liqueur, $18 a dozen. Wine glasses same price.

4 Hobby cabinet, about 10″ high, pickled-pine finish, ready to show off collector's items, $11

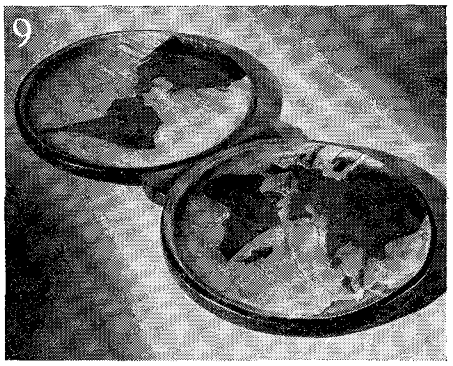
5 Claret pitcher, about 12″ high, crystal with snow-white overlay, $75. From a one-of-a-kind series of precious old glass and china.

6 Battle Map trash basket, 16″ high, $3.50

7 Jumping Jacks for Junior, of brightly hand-painted wood $7 each.

8 Ample ash-tray of glass and blond or maroon leather. 6½″ across, $6.50; 8½″ across, $7

9 Hors d'oeuvres tray, hand-made in Haiti of native mahogany, 21″ x 10″, $12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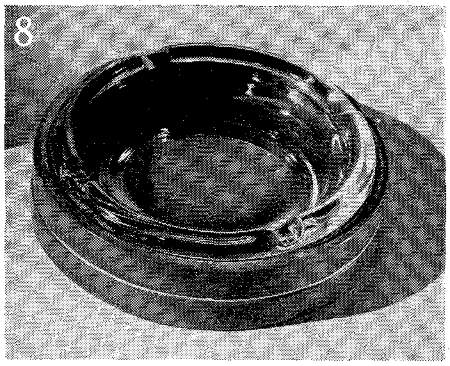
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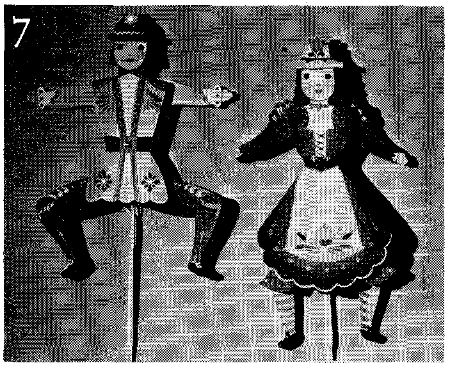
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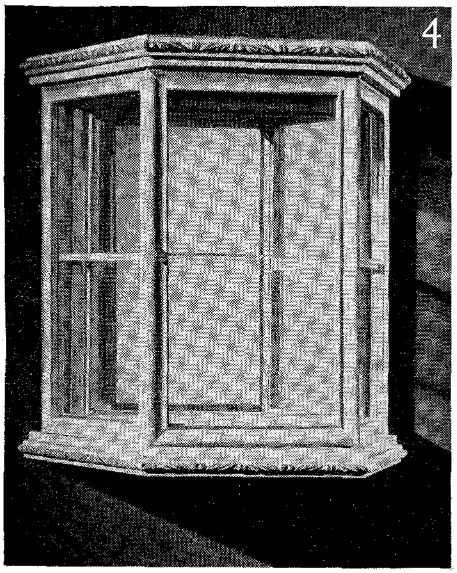
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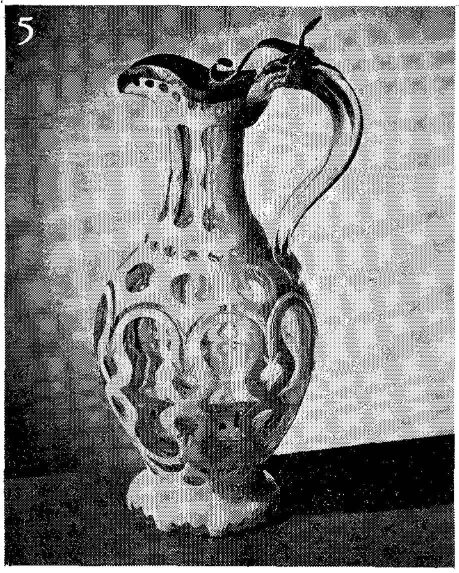
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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19

BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18.

playroom for children, with sketching facilities and games, as well as a special exhibit of modern painting, will be open Mon. through Sat. from 10 A.M. to 12 noon and 2 to 5:30 P.M., and Sun. from 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30. (Mon. and Fri. Afts. reserved for members.)

DANCE RECITALS

Argentinita—With her group: Central High School, 225 W. 24 (ST 9-1391), Sat., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M.; and Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92 (AT 9-2400), Sun., Dec. 12, at 3:30 P.M.

African Dance Festival—With Asadata Dafora, Pearl Primus, and a large company: Mon., Dec. 13, at 8 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets, call CH 4-2539.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The décor of the Trianon Room is eighteenth-century, but the music, by Jules Lande's orchestra, isn't.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The show in the Bowman Room is half on ice and half on solid ground. Ray Heatherton's band plays for dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mostly jazz, with a lavish, East Side touch. Hazel Scott, John Sebastian, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, folk songs by Josh White, and dances by Pearl Primus.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1069)—Not as bewitching as Rio, probably, in spite of the white palm trees, but much more accessible. The show is headed by Joe E. Lewis, who will be replaced on Thurs., Dec. 16, by Jimmy Durante. Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A popular little place near Third Avenue. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For those who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—On Wed., Dec. 15, a big, new section of the club will be opened. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotger's rumba band will stay on.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is perfect for claustrophobes and royalists and fine for other people, too. Stanley Melba's orchestra and a dance team. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, with her songs and her accent, is in the Persian Room. Bob Grant's orchestra.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—The dinner-dance music in the Oval Room is, of course, sedate. Closes at 10:30 P.M.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room sports an ice show at the supper hour, and Freddy Miller's orchestra is around all evening. . . . The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—An up-and-coming refreshment stand on the East Side. Noro Morales' rumba band. Charles Baum's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Hartmans are in the Wedgwood Room during the supper hour, and Leo Reisman's orchestra is on hand all evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a sequestered place, with Maxine Sullivan heading the show. . . . **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Mme. Claude Alphand is here to remind you of Paris. . . . **la vie parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Sheila Barrett tells you all about the life American. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): as comfortable as your own parlor, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a log fire, a view of the Park, and some unobtrusive music.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls, with Val Olman's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band; Dwight Fiske turns up at the supper hour. . . . **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small ones; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): another small one; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **casbah**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; Danny Yates' orchestra. . . . **riobamba**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a large and fairly noisy show; Mickey Alpert's orchestra and, through Thurs., Dec. 16, John Kirby's. . . . **casablanca**, 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): blue shadows, palms, and Arabic writing on the walls; Ralph Font's orchestra and songs by Wilma Cox. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Enric Madriguera's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Abe Lyman's orchestra. . . . **lincoln**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **bill's gay nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a cellar with murals, an orchestra, and folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett.

* * *

Mostly for Music—At **nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, and George Wettling. . . . **onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): solid blues by Billie Holiday, who knows her way around a minor key. . . . **three deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Art Tatum plays the piano, and there's also Ben Webster's orchestra. . . . **kelly's stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio supply the music in this midtown saloon.

ART

Nina Balaban—Paintings, drawings, and a few textile designs: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 22.

Charlotte Berend—Landscapes and portraits in water color and oil by a California artist: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 18.

Cameron Booth—Paintings by a Western artist new to New York: Mortimer Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Dec. 15.

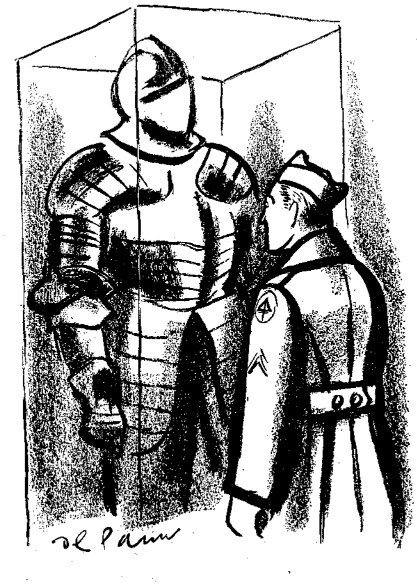
Guy Pène du Bois—Landscapes and figure paintings done during the last two years: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 18.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A large exhibition of early work by Arthur B. Davies, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, and other members of "The Eight." Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

Franz Bueb—Water colors reminiscent of Dufy: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 24.

José de Creeft—Recent sculpture in wood and stone: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

Educational Alliance, 197 E. Broadway, at Jefferson—An anniversary show of work by former students of the school, including Chaim Gross, Saul Berman, Peter Blume, Jacob Epstein, and many others. Sun. through Thurs., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 7 P.M. to 10 P.M.; through March 15.



Louis Eilshemius—Paintings of 1909: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

French—At the **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64: paintings, sculptures, prints, and miscellaneous documents, all bearing on the French Revolution. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **bignou**, 32 E. 57: sixteen paintings by Dufy, Derain, Rouault, and others of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Gordon Grant—Water colors of Gloucester scenes: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Groups—At the **perls**, 32 E. 58: pictures by contemporary Mexican, French, and American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **weyhe**, 794 Lexington, at 61: another show of Mexican, French, and American art, this one including painting and sculpture. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **downtown**, 43 E. 51: an exhibition of work by Charles Demuth, Preston Dickinson, "Pop" Hart, and Jules Pascin. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11. . . . **babcock**, 38 E. 57: small American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **artists'**, 43 W. 55: small sculptures and pictures by Leo Amino, Maurice Golubov, Hans Boehler, and other contemporary artists. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **willard**, 32 E. 57: a review of this gallery's exhibitions of the last seven years. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Edward Hopper—Recent water colors of Mexican subjects: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 23.

James Lechay—Impressionist water colors of New England: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

John Marin—More about Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 9.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Selections from the collection of medieval and renaissance art given to the Museum by the late George Blumenthal, including several paintings never before shown in this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Nicholas Mocharniuk—Small wood sculptures: Marquie, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

Morgan Collection—Forty-two paintings by Flemish, Dutch, and English masters; a benefit for the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, Inc.: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of romantic American painting (through Feb. 6); also, battle drawings made on the spot by members of the Marine Corps (through Jan. 9); and a retrospective showing of work by Alexander Calder (through Jan. 16). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other work by such artists as Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, and Warner Phelps. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Picasso—At the **matisse**, 41 E. 57: paintings, drawings, and gouaches from 1905 to 1937. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **rosenberg**, 16 E. 57: seven large oils, from 1921 to 1937. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Doris Rosenthal—Drawings, pastels, and oils—all of Mexico: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

Sculpture—Small figures done in the gallery's studio by servicemen: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Theodoros Stamos—Pastels and oils in a semi-primitive manner: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

Surrealist—Work by Max Ernst, Yves Tanguy, Matta, and other surrealists, compared with paintings by the insane: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Tschacbasov—A set of new canvases done with Byzantine intricacy of design: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 18.

Maurice Utrillo—Twelve paintings, ranging from his early work to 1940: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Dec. 15.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American paintings, sculptures, water colors, and drawings. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

MUSIC

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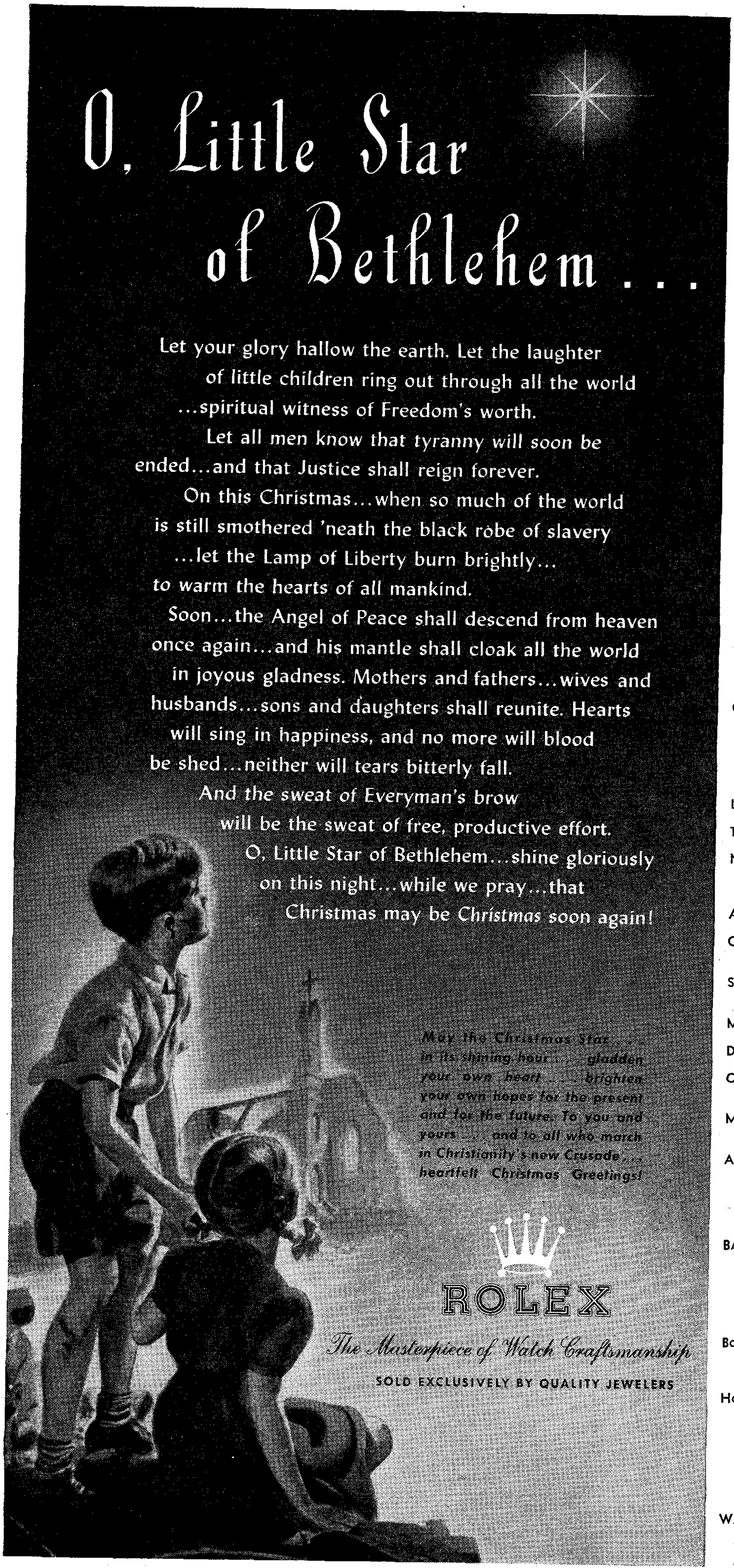

O, Little Star of Bethlehem . . .

Let your glory hallow the earth. Let the laughter
of little children ring out through all the world
...spiritual witness of Freedom's worth.
Let all men know that tyranny will soon be
ended...and that Justice shall reign forever.
On this Christmas...when so much of the world
is still smothered 'neath the black robe of slavery
...let the Lamp of Liberty burn brightly...
to warm the hearts of all mankind.
Soon...the Angel of Peace shall descend from heaven
once again...and his mantle shall cloak all the world
in joyous gladness. Mothers and fathers...wives and
husbands...sons and daughters shall reunite. Hearts
will sing in happiness, and no more will blood
be shed...neither will tears bitterly fall.
And the sweat of Everyman's brow
will be the sweat of free, productive effort.
O, Little Star of Bethlehem...shine gloriously
on this night...while we pray...that
Christmas may be *Christmas* soon again!

May the Christmas Star . . . in its shining hour . . . gladden your own heart . . . brighten your own hopes for the present and for the future. To you and yours . . . and to all who march in Christianity's new Crusade . . . heartfelt Christmas Greetings!

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Dec. 9, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 10, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sun., Dec. 12, at 3 P.M. Howard Barlow conducting: Thurs., Dec. 16, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Dec. 17, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Artur Rubinstein, piano, Dec. 9, 10, and 12; Albert Spalding, violin, Dec. 16-17.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting: Sat., Dec. 18, at 11 A.M.

New York City Center, 131 W. 55—A program marking the opening of this new municipal project, with an address by Mayor LaGuardia and a concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony, with Artur Rodzinski conducting; soloists: Bidu Sayao and Lawrence Tibbett. Sat., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (CI 6-8989.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting; soloist, Oscar Levant, piano. Tues., Dec. 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Jazz Concert—Duke Ellington directing his orchestra in a program of familiar compositions as well as two new numbers. Sat., Dec. 11, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Sperry Orchestra—Employees of the Sperry Gyroscope Company in a symphonic program; soloist, Albert Spalding, violin. Wed., Dec. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Metropolitan Opera—"La Forza del Destino," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 9. . . . "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," Fri. Eve., Dec. 10. . . . "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Aft., Dec. 11. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sat. Eve., Dec. 11. . . . "Die Walküre," Mon. Eve., Dec. 13. . . . "Der Rosenkavalier," Wed. Eve., Dec. 15. . . . "Un Ballo in Maschera," Fri. Eve., Dec. 17. . . . "Rigoletto," Sat. Aft., Dec. 18. . . . "Tannhäuser," Sat. Eve., Dec. 18. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

Columbia Theatre Associates—Presenting "The Two Misers," an English version of André Grétry's "Les Deux Avares": Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 9-10, at 8:40 P.M., and Sat., Dec. 11, at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 502, between 12 noon and 6 P.M.)

Lener Quartet—Chamber music. Sat., Dec. 11, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Trapp Family—Vocal group. Sun., Dec. 12, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

New Friends of Music—Budapest Quartet, with Joseph Schuster, 'cello, and Karl Ulrich Schnabel, piano. Sun., Dec. 12, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. Sun., Dec. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Shaw conducting. Mon., Dec. 13, at 8:40 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Sonata Recital—Orrea Pernel, violin, and Bruce Simonds, piano. Mon., Dec. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Marcel Hubert—'Cello. Wed., Dec. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Down Town Glee Club—George Mead conducting. Wed., Dec. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Oratorio Society—Alfred Greenfield conducting "The Messiah." Sat., Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Mishel Piastro—Violin. Sat., Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)

Alec Templeton—Piano. Sat., Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 773, between 9 A.M. and 1 P.M.)

SPORTS

Basketball—Columbia vs. Princeton, Sat., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Columbia University Gymnasium, B'way at 119.) . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Oklahoma, and L.I.U. vs. Brigham Young, Tues., Dec. 14; N.Y.U. vs. St. Francis, and St. John's vs. University of Detroit, Sat., Dec. 18; at 8:15 P.M. (Madison Square Garden.)

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Bobby Ruffin vs. Sammy Angott, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Dec. 17. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional game: Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., Dec. 12, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series: Sun., Dec. 12, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M., and Thurs., Dec. 16, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Benefit: St. Paul's vs. Kent School for Boys, Thurs., Dec. 16, at 3:15 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **chrysler bldg.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka, assembled by the Army. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6

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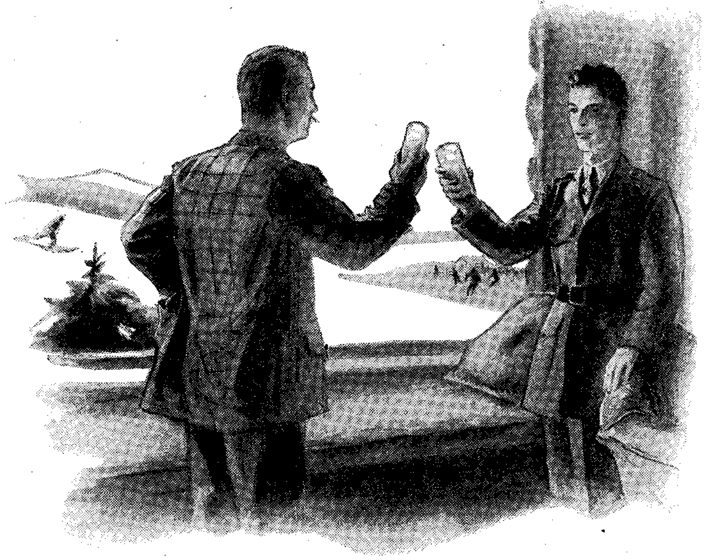

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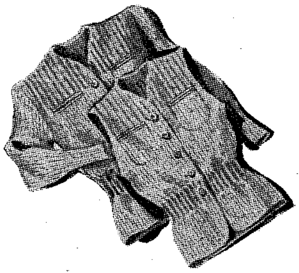
We send our Christmas greetings to all our friends. To our own boys in the service, to the sons and fathers of our friends, to every man in uniform, we drink a deeper toast. The old words have special meaning in these days. Let us give them to you knowing their message is timeless: "A Merry Christmas to you all and a Happy New Year."



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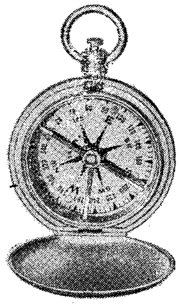

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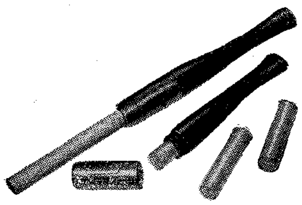

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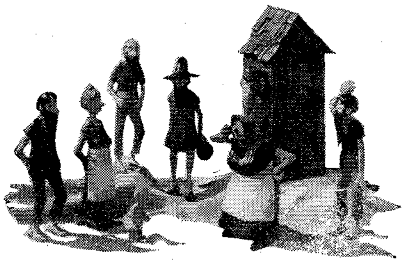

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 28. . . . METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: "The Soviet Artist in the War," an exhibition of original war posters and of photographs showing cultural activities in present-day Russia. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 9 W. 54: photographs taken in Mexico during the last twenty years. Opens Mon., Dec. 13. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M. . . . AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Pk. W. at 77: the annual show of the Pictorial Photographers of America. Opens Mon., Dec. 13. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.

AMERICANA—A loan exhibition showing the influence of classic Greek culture on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early eighteen hundreds, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 1.

DOLLS—An exhibition of wood, china, and rag dolls of the last century: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 5.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Dec. 12, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., Dec. 12, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Cleveland Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Dec. 12, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Tristan und Isolde," with Lauritz Melchior and Helen Traubel, Sat., Dec. 11; "Rigoletto," with Charles Kullman, Lily Pons, and Lawrence Tibbett, Sat., Dec. 18; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Dec. 12, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Boxing: Bobby Ruffin vs. Sammy Angott, Fri., Dec. 17, at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Renaissance and eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art, and Oriental rugs, owned by Mr. and Mrs. George Arents: Fri., Dec. 10, at 2 P.M. . . . Etchings and engravings by old and modern masters, owned by the late George Livingston Nichols and others: Tues., Dec. 14, at 2 and 8:15 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Nineteenth-century English and Continental paintings, and Russian ikons, from the collections of the late Edwin S. Chapin and others: Fri., Dec. 10, at 8 P.M. . . . Porcelains, snuff boxes, and Georgian silver, owned by Edward G. Stocker and others: Sat., Dec. 11, at 2 P.M.

NOTE—The Post Office Department has announced that Christmas gifts this year should be in the mail by Fri., Dec. 10, in order to reach their destinations on time.

MOTION PICTURES

THE ADVENTURES OF TARTU—A superior English thriller about sabotage in a German munitions factory. With Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Dec. 10. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 13-15.)

THE BATTLE OF RUSSIA—A documentary neatly and dramatically put together by the U. S. Government to show Russia's part in the war. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41.)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—Another version, and an able one, of the novel about an adolescent girl in love with a musician. Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., Dec. 12.)

THE CROSS OF LORRAINE—A vivid adaptation of Hans Habe's memoirs of life in a German prison camp, "A Thousand Shall Fall," marred by a slipshod ending. Jean Pierre Aumont, Gene Kelly, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Dec. 11. . . . Or-

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pheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Dec. 13.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—A handsome adaptation, notable for its fast pace, its Technicolor, and some fine bits of acting, though politically shaky. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Holy Matrimony—Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," in this new version, turns out to be an ideal showcase for the talents of Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 11-13.)

Johnny Come Lately—James Cagney's first independent production, a neatly handled period piece about small-town journalism forty years ago. With Grace George. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 10-12.)

The North Star—Lillian Hellman has written a movie about the Russians that combines sound international thinking with fine cinema art. The cast includes Erich von Stroheim, Walter Huston, Anne Baxter, and Ann Harding. (Victoria, B'way at 46; Mon. through Fri. at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. at 2:45, 5:45, 8:45, and 11:45 P.M.; and Sun. at 2:45, 5:45, and 8:45 P.M. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; continuous showings daily.)

Old Acquaintance—Bette Davis puts in some good work as one of a pair of women novelists. Miriam Hopkins is the other lady, and John Loder is the leading male. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Thurs., Dec. 16.)

True to Life—A comedy that is not entirely laughable but has plenty of funny moments. The cast includes Dick Powell, Franchot Tone, Mary Martin, and Victor Moore. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Dec. 11. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., Dec. 13. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 12-14.)

REVIVALS

Blackout (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Dec. 9.)

Confessions of a Cheat (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp in the French picture "Le Roman d'un Tricheur," now with English narrative. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Dec. 10.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 14-16.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 10-13.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons during the last war. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Sun., Dec. 12.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 12-13.)

In Old Chicago (1938)—Mrs. O'Leary and her cow, as well as Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 14-15.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Fluffy little comedy with Kern music, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 10-13.)

Love Crazy (1941)—William Powell with Myrna Loy and amnesia. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 14-15.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—The Capra comedy about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Sun., Dec. 12.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 10-13.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway film of war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Dec. 9.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Hollywood life. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Dec. 13-14.)

Top Hat (1935)—Irving Berlin's music, along with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., Dec. 9.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS., DEC. 9** (at 4 P.M. only): "Way Down East" (1920), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **FRI. AND SAT., DEC. 10-11:** "Foolish Wives" (1922), with Mae Busch and Erich von Stroheim. **SUN. AND MON., DEC. 12-13:** "Fièvre" (1921), French film, no English titles, and "The Street" (1923), German film. **TUES. AND WED., DEC. 14-15:** "The Story of Gösta Berling" (1924), with Greta Garbo. **THURS. AND FRI., DEC. 16-**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

17 (at 4 P.M. only): "Greed" (1924), with Zasu Pitts and Jean Hersholt. FROM SAT., DEC. 18: "The Last Laugh" (1924), with Emil Jannings.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

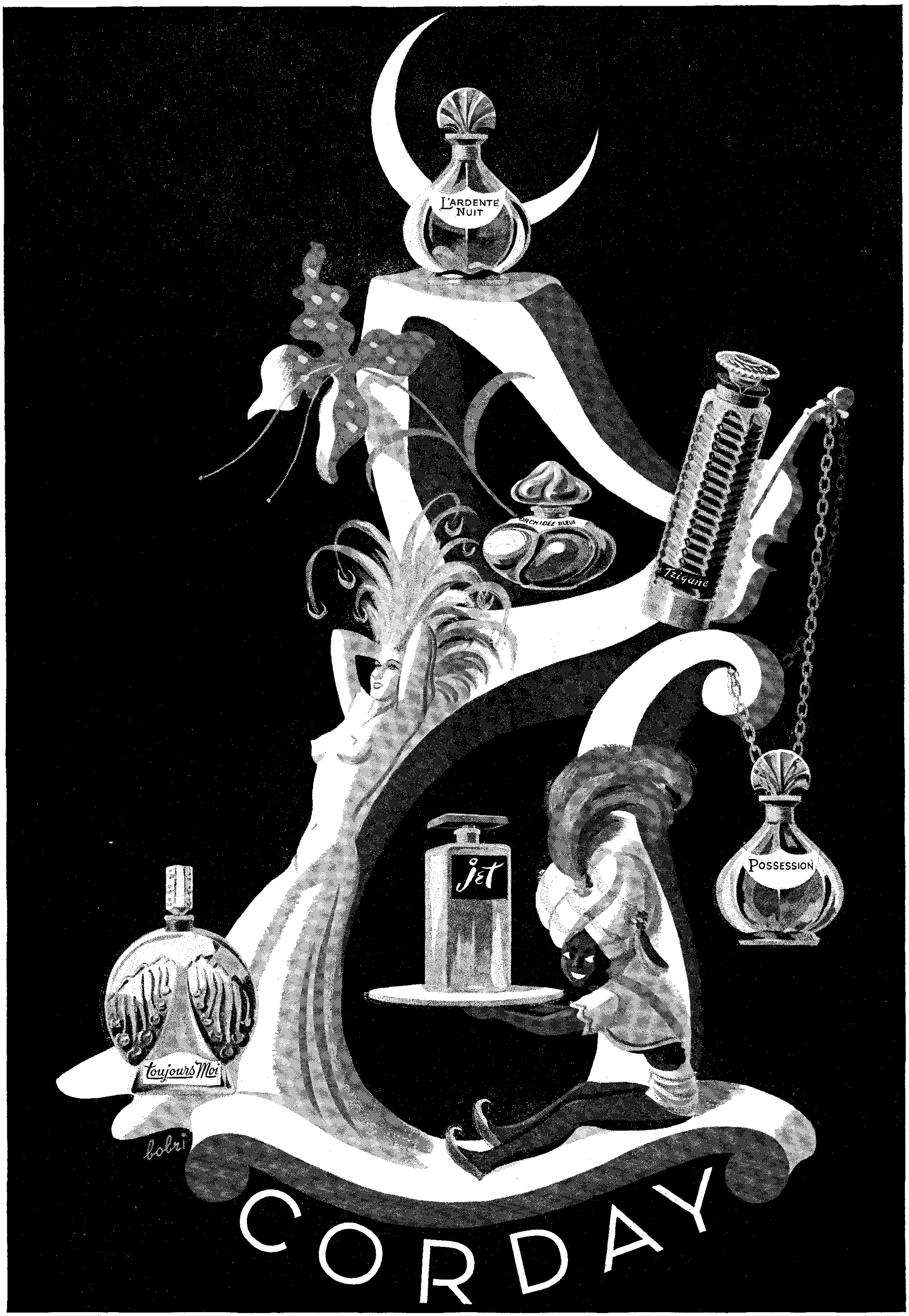
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to work two or three mornings a week in the Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work on a regular schedule for the Office of Price Administration, advising merchants and consumers on new regulations and investigating violations. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a sixty-hour course in nutrition and then work on a regular schedule as dietitians' aides in hospitals; expert women drivers to take a sixty-hour course in mechanics, first aid, and other subjects, and then work three days a week, or two evenings a week and every other weekend, for the Motor Corps, driving ambulances, mobile canteens, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women to take a four-week, part-time course in child care and then put in at least twelve hours a week in day nurseries and play centres; men and women to take a brief training course and then work at least two hours a week, during the day, fingerprinting civilians for war jobs and identification. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to take a training course and then put in about six hours a week as aides in hospital wards; women to serve six hours a week as recreational aides in hospitals.

National War Fund—The C.D.V.O. and the A.W.V.S. are recruiting volunteers who can work either during the day or in the evening canvassing and telephoning in connection with the current campaign.

Salvage—Wastepaper of all kinds is especially needed at the moment, and scrap metal and rags are also wanted. The New York Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour whatever fat you can spare (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Tin cans, which are needed more than ever, should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . Russia is badly in need of watches for its Army, as the factories which used to make them have been destroyed. If you have any to contribute, send them to the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 285 Madison, at 40th (MU 3-1948). . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366, Ext. 7), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, books, or Christmas decorations that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. If you have any to contribute, call LE 2-0886.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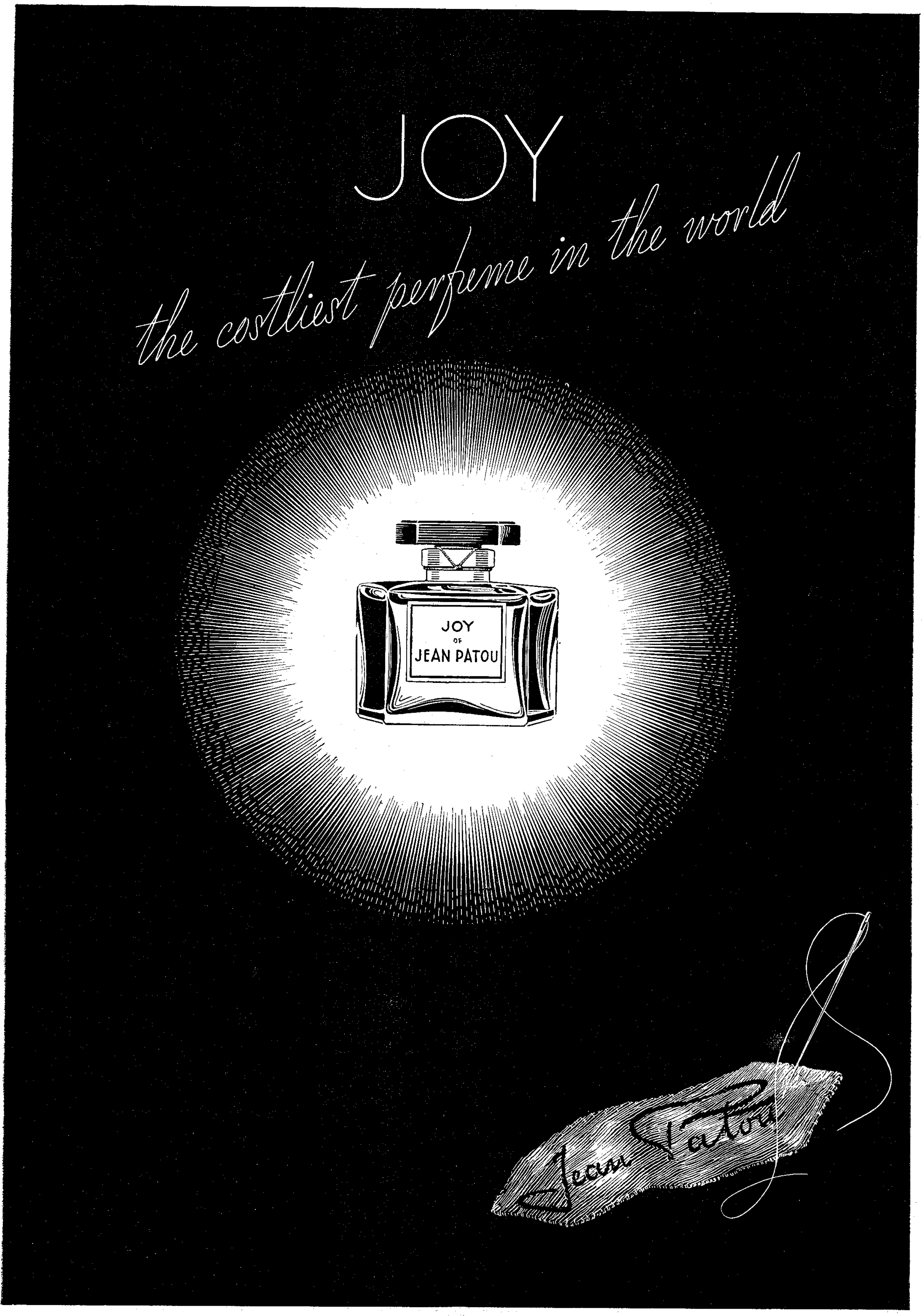
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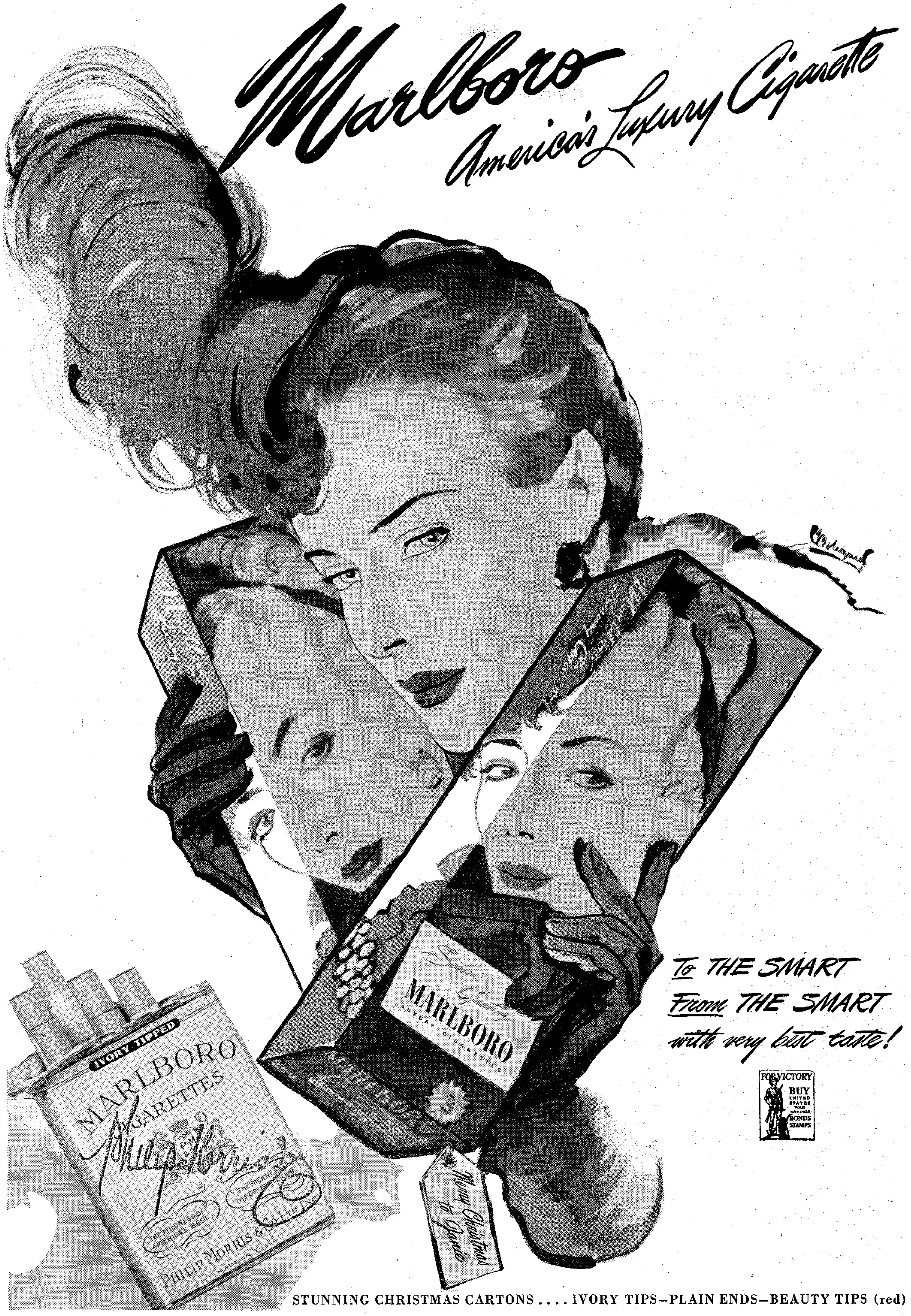
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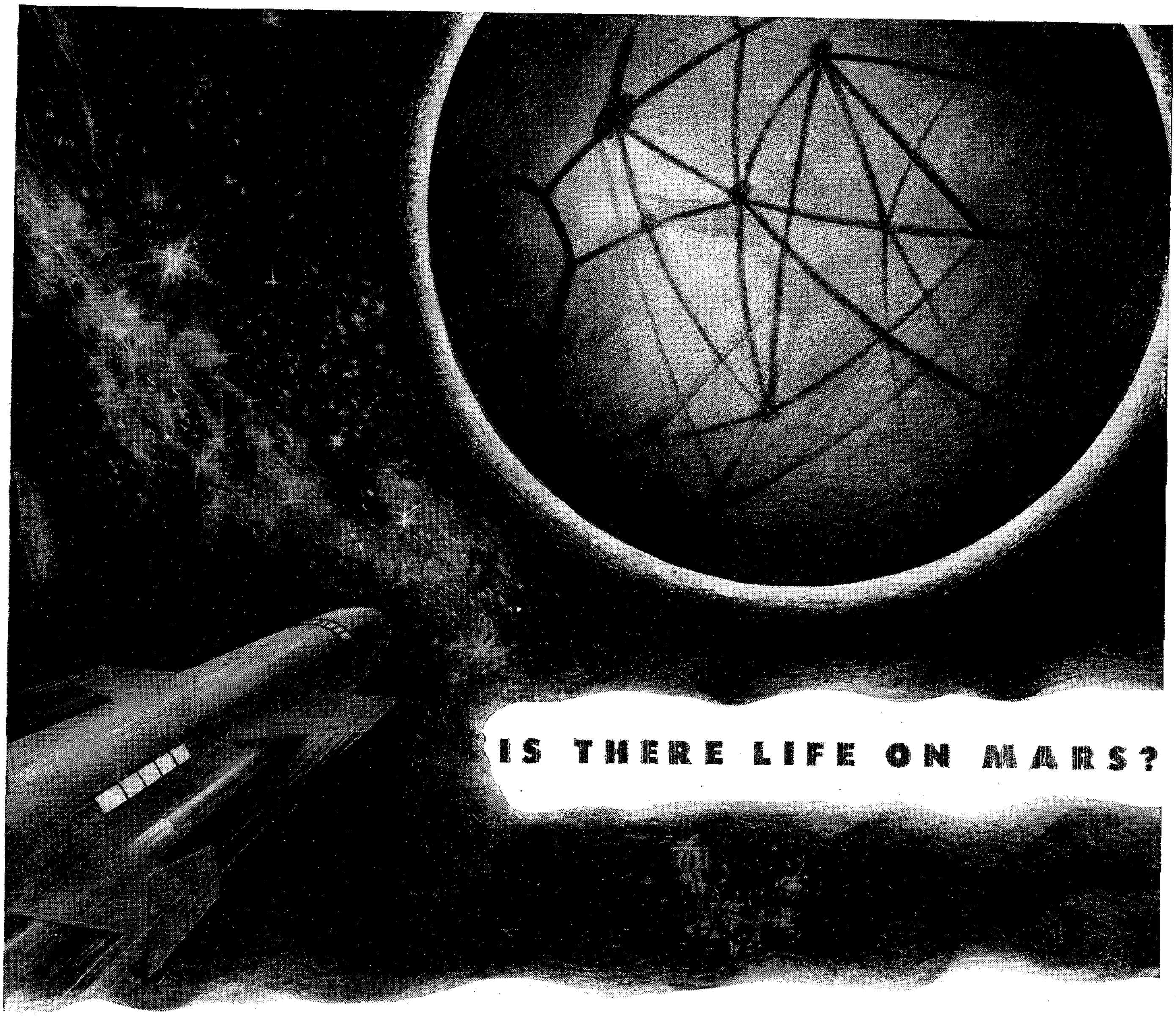
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We have a parallel to make that is likewise interesting, and may be of importance to you. We manufacture an industrial instrument known as the Jones & Lamson Optical Comparator. It, too, consists primarily of light and a lens. Its purpose: rapid, accurate inspection.

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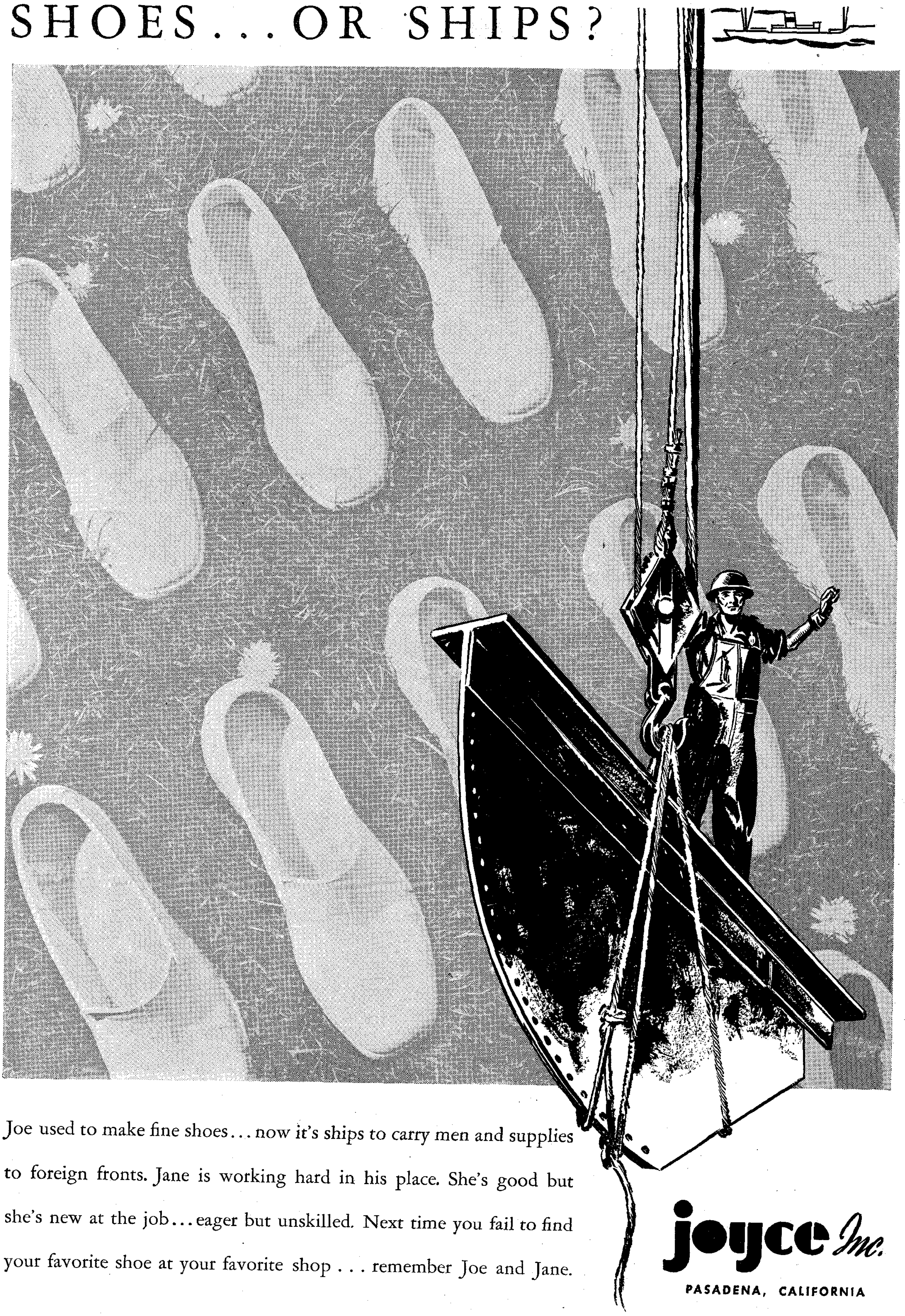

Joe used to make fine shoes . . . now it's ships to carry men and supplies to foreign fronts. Jane is working hard in his place. She's good but she's new at the job . . . eager but unskilled. Next time you fail to find your favorite shoe at your favorite shop . . . remember Joe and Jane.

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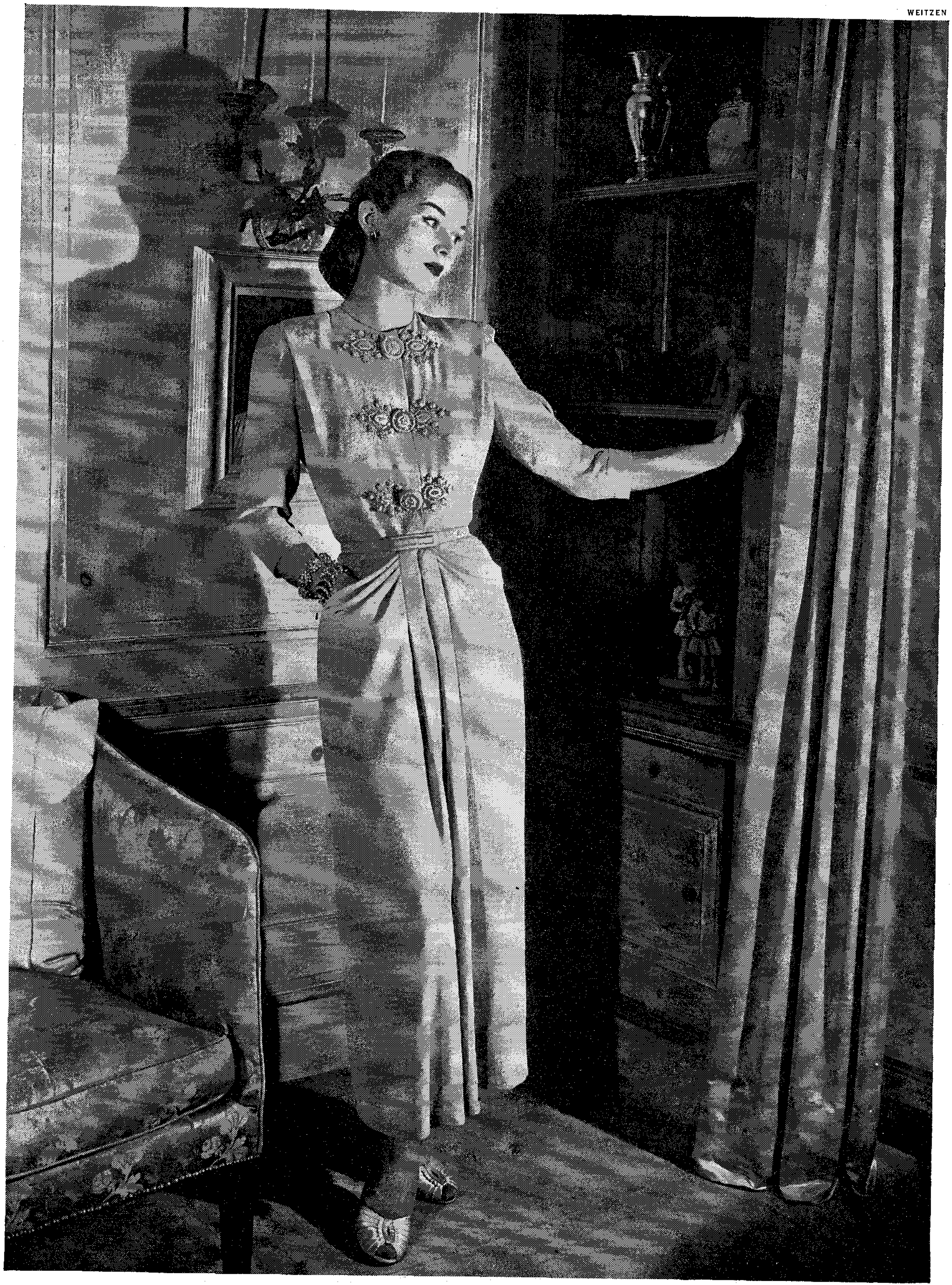

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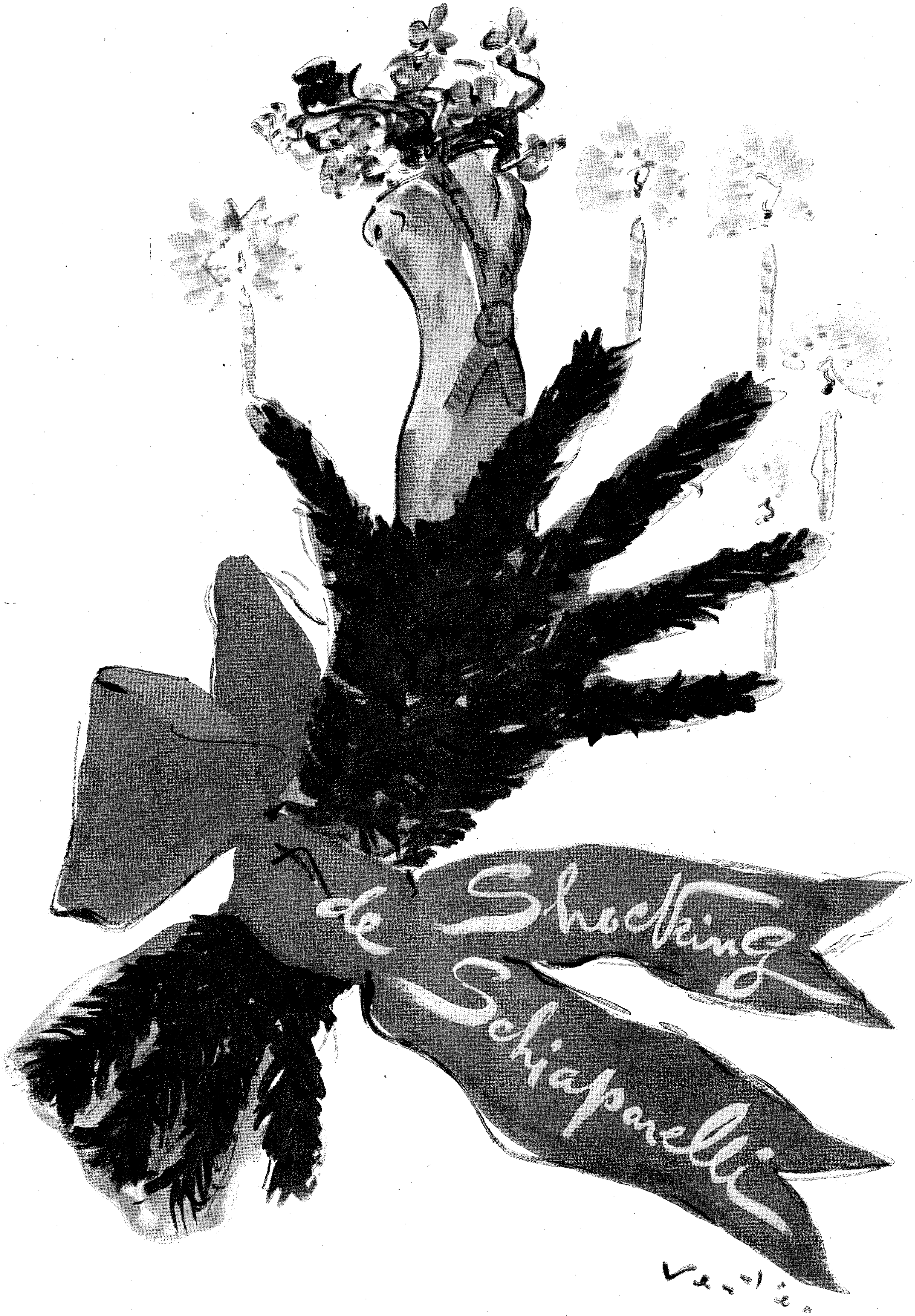
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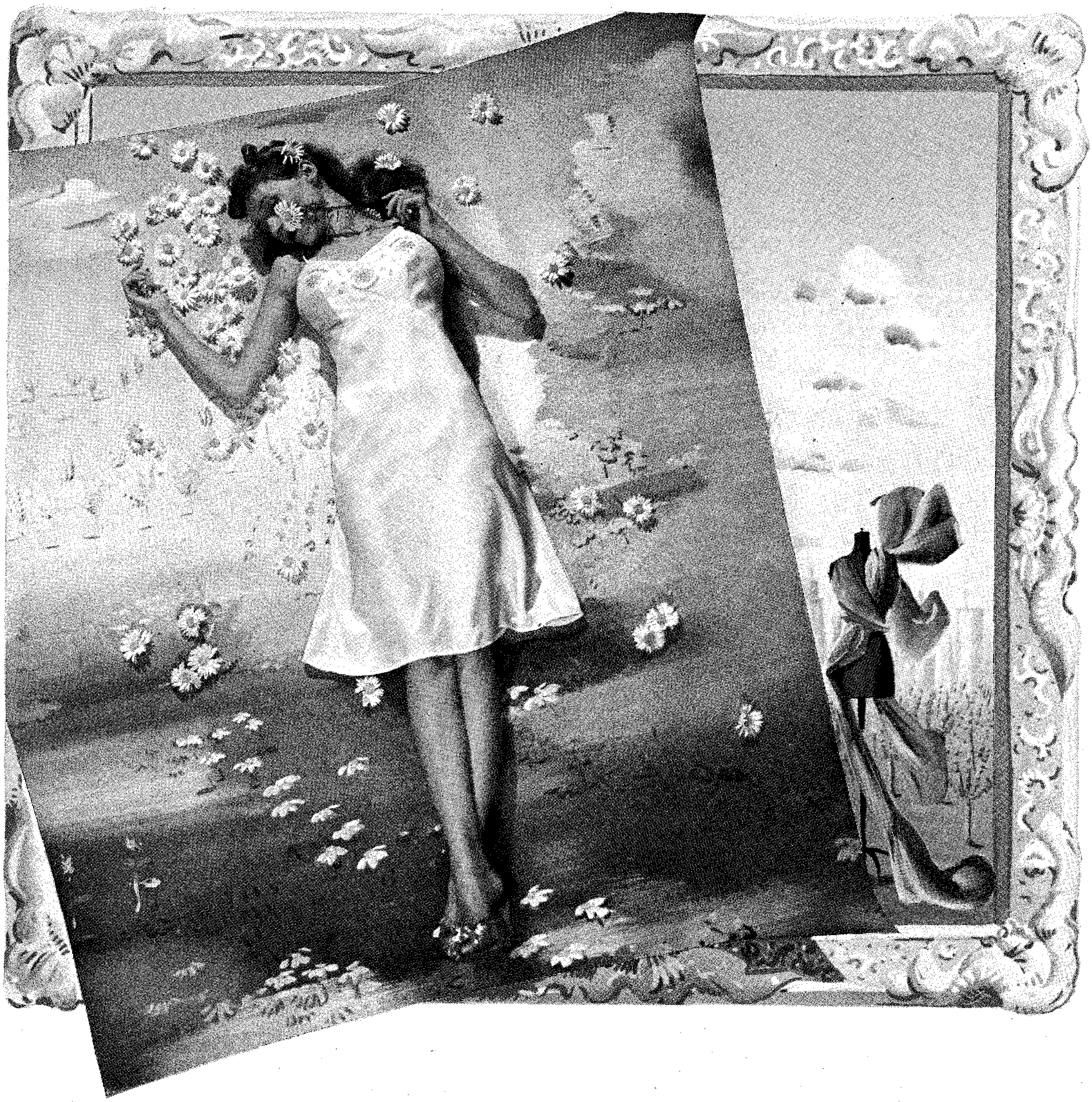

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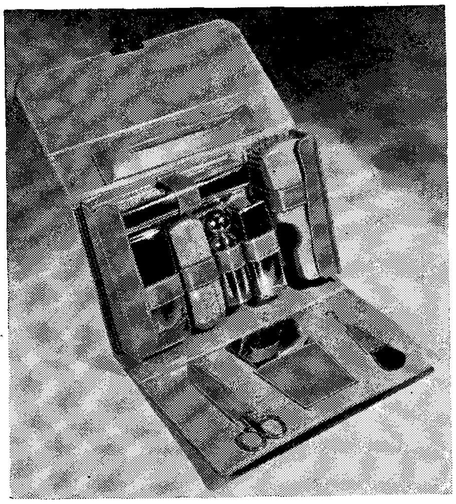

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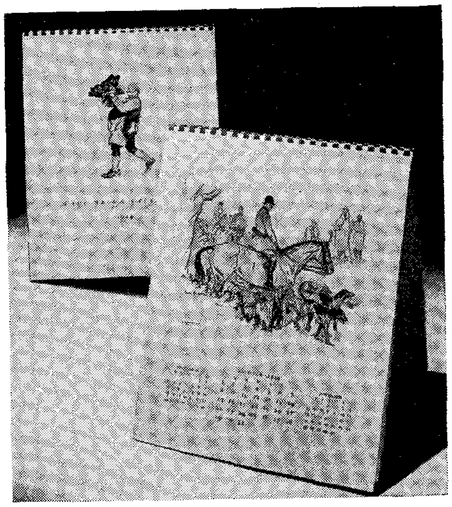
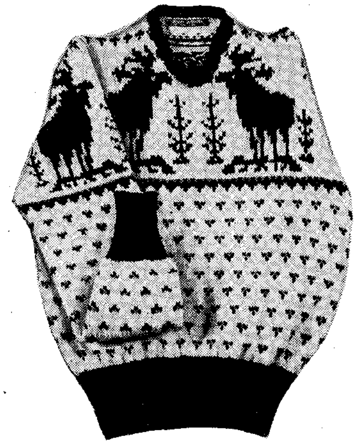


PAUL BROWN CALENDAR (11″ wide by 14″ high) reproducing 12 sporting drawings of this celebrated artist. Easel-backed to stand on desk or table. Black-and-white printing on art mat paper, with white board covers and red binding. Obtainable only at Brooks Brothers, $3.75.



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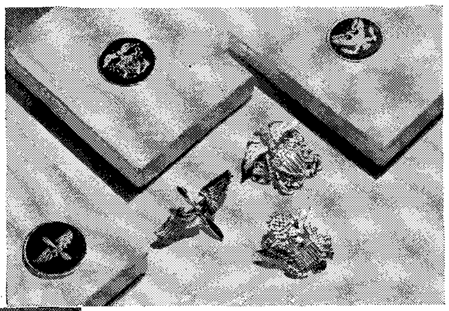

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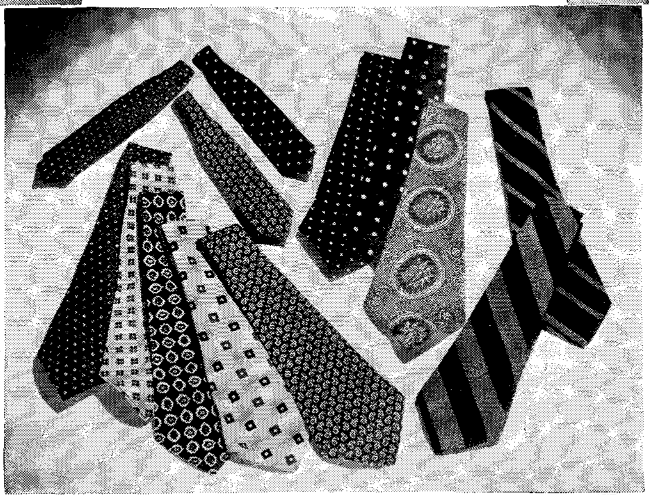

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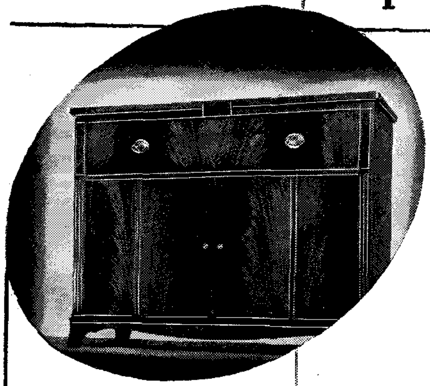

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THE NEW YORKER

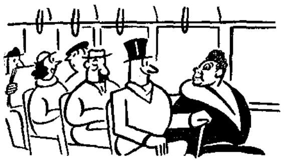
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONCE again, in their collective reaction to the destruction of Berlin, New Yorkers have demonstrated that they don't know what fear is, any more than they know what a number of other fundamental passions are. In the past week or so, many people have expressed opinions with which we have agreed. We agree with our barber that it serves the bastards right; we agree with Major Eliot that it was a necessary action, efficiently and economically carried out, of vast military and political significance; we agree with Walter Lippmann that each individual should shoulder his share of the moral responsibility for it, and do what he can to make sure that his children's consciences will not have to be burdened as his is. One implication, however, is still, so far as we know, fluttering around untrapped. Nobody has pointed out that the destruction of Berlin established the fact that it is now possible to destroy a city, and that every city, but for the hairline distinction between the potential and the actual, is afire, its landmarks gone and its population homeless. From where we sit, the flames are clearly visible.

IT was when half a dozen languid couples in canoes paddled out on the ice in the "Follies" at Madison Square Garden the other night that we realized how far we had drifted from the skating pond we used to know. The Garden was rather cold—the dank cold which envelops all lost things. Ice, as we recall it, once had a bright clarity and was a short walk from the end of a trolley line. The wood surrounded the pond darkly. Around the edges small fires burned. As the sun westered, the wind dropped and the little noise of steel runners grew sharper and more steadfast. If you were lucky, you caught a glimpse of your girl (who sat in front of you in geometry), and if you were luckier still your ankles were as strong as hers, if not as pretty. Well, we have no complaint: it was inevitable that the strange qualities of natural ice should have been discovered by showmen, and that by persistence and hard work through the unspeakable years (and without skates on) they should have arrived at last at a canoe.

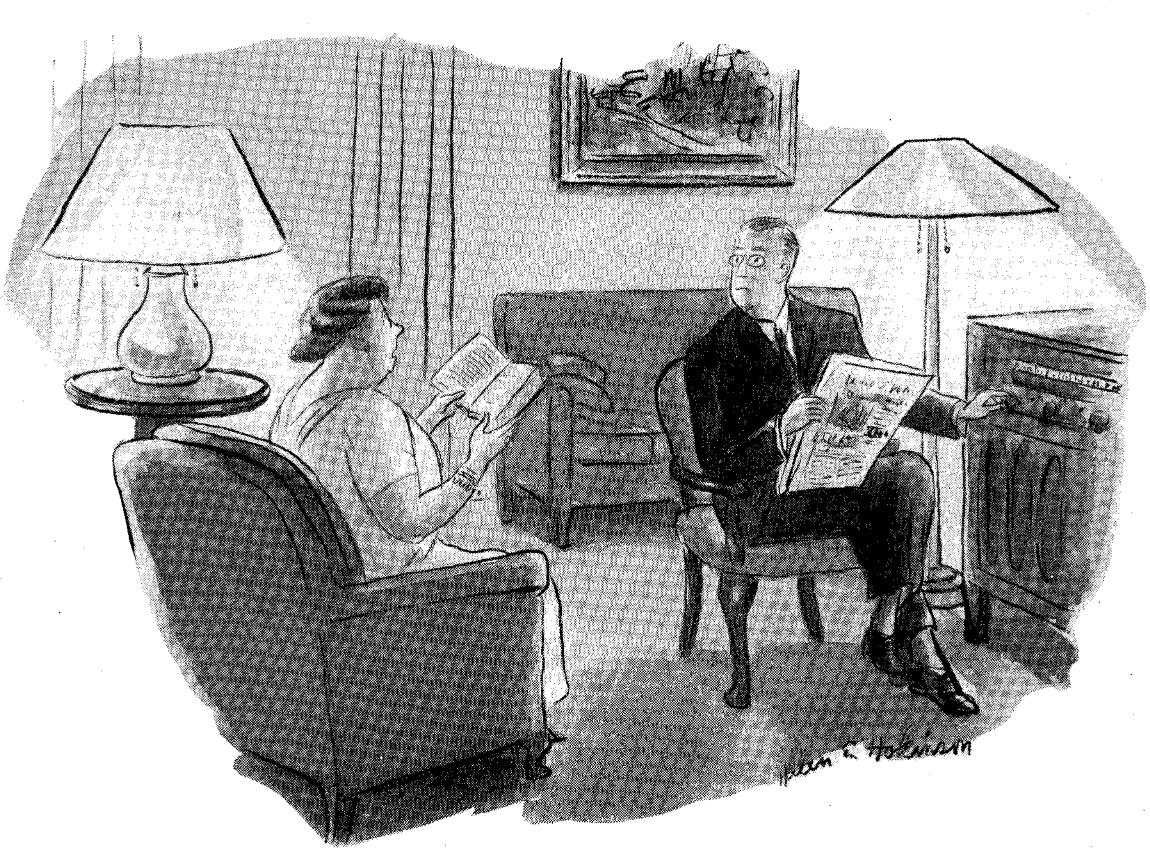
IT is always a pleasure to read about fashionable people on high social levels, but we don't often get the thrill we received from an Elsa Maxwell item in the *Post* the other afternoon. Miss Maxwell was describing an evening at the opera which ended in a most unexpected descent into a common carrier. There were no taxis when she and her escort emerged from the Metropolitan, so they rode home on what she rather loosely described as a crosstown streetcar line. "The funniest thing is," continued Miss Maxwell, "that we didn't know how much the fare was."



Ah, Bagdad nights!

THE case of Patrolman Liebman, who spoke out of turn about conditions in Brooklyn, brought home to us the fact that today's cop is—for a cop—a highly articulate philosopher, with all of a philosopher's ability to talk himself out of a job and into a nervous breakdown. Only last week, on a bus, a couple of cops sat in front of us, discussing conditions in their precinct. One was beefing about what was apparently a wave of petty crime, necessitating his appearing in court on his day off to testify against the malefactors. The other listened with a tolerant smile and at last said, "But don't forget, them babies is our bread and butter." The impact of such an idea on a young and impressionable policeman can easily lead to disaster. One day, while bawling out a cabdriver who has tried to sneak past a red light, he will realize that his professional existence depends on cabdrivers' trying to sneak past red lights; his tongue will falter, and he will swoon away.

JIMMY GRIPPO, the hypnotic fight manager, used to be one of our favorite sports characters. We lost track of him for a while, but now we learn from the newspapers that he is planning to open a "magic" night club in the East Fifties. According to his enthusiastic description, it will be quite a place. The hatcheck girl will be a pretty young woman who takes the customer's coat and hat, throws them in the air, and makes them vanish. Chairs will appear suddenly out of the floor and then disappear, the customer's napkin will turn into a dove and fly away when he tries to pick it up, the menu will fall to pieces at a touch, and the waiters will read the customer's mind and bring him what he wants before he can order it. We're sorry to have to discourage Grippo, but we think he ought to realize that he



"It irritates me when the corpse doesn't have any visible injuries at all."

• •

doesn't have anything particularly novel. Just about every one of those stunts, including the vanishing-coat trick and the collapsible menu, is currently being performed in every night club in town. Even clairvoyant waiters are no novelty. We never knew one yet who couldn't read a customer's mind right across the room and, learning that he was wanted, disappear on some business of his own for the rest of the evening.

Honeysuckle Rose

WHAT with the newspapers and all, quite a bit of fuss was attached to Benny Goodman's inauguration as a clarinet teacher at the Juilliard Institute of Musical Art, so we laid low until his fourth class, which was held last Wednesday, figuring that by then he would be in the preceptorial groove. When we did get up there, we found him to be a genial and unquestionably knowledgeable prof, though a shade less articulate than, say, the late W. L. Phelps. The day's lesson dealt with improvisation. In previous weekly lessons, according to a prospectus we had picked up at the registrar's office, Mr. Goodman had covered the clarinet in swing and the classics, the tone of the clarinet, and the fingering and tonguing of the clarinet. In his next and final session, he was to sum up.

Fifteen or sixteen pupils, of both sexes, were already seated in the classroom when we arrived, and a couple more followed us in. Occupying a chair over against a side wall was a white-haired man who was identified for us as the Institute's dean, Mr. George Wedge. Mr. Goodman, in a blue, chalk-striped suit and a tan sweater, was sitting at the front, running through some scales on what we identified for ourself as a clarinet. Three or four of the pupils had their clarinets with them, too. When the class appeared to be assembled, Mr. Goodman looked at Dean Wedge, received a nod, and got to his feet. "Today we're going to talk a little about improvising," he said, and then he stared out the window for a while. "Coming up in the cab, I thought of a point," he said, grinning cheerfully, "but I forget it. Oh, yeah. Improvising isn't new. Mozart and those fellows used to have their sessions, didn't they, Dean Wedge?" The Dean nodded. "They used to have little contests," Mr. Goodman went on. "What we call cutting each other." He said further that the classics lent themselves to improvising just about as well as popular music. "Take some of those long phrases in the Mozart thing, for example," he said. Dean Wedge volunteered the fact that the cadenzas in any concerto called for improvisation, since the composers just wrote "Cadenza." "Yes, that's mainly true," said Mr. Goodman. Then, addressing the class, he said, "If you'd like to ask any questions, you're willing to." This didn't sound quite right to him. "I mean you can," he said.

A girl in the front row wanted to know what relation an improvisation had to have to the melody. "Well, suppose I show you," said Mr. Goodman, and he played a chorus of "Honeysuckle Rose" with improvisations. "Now, what did you *anchor* on?" asked the girl in the front row. "Well, I followed the basic chord structure," said Mr. Goodman, and there, to us anyway, was the nub of the day's lesson. You follow the basic chord structure. A boy pupil asked what else there was to it. "For example, if you were given three chords—the C, the F, and the G seventh—to improvise on, would you need anything else?" Another boy pupil raised his hand and suggested that you would have to be given some sort of mood, too. Blues, maybe. "Suppose you try that," Mr. Goodman said to the second boy, who had his clarinet with him, and the boy improvised some blues. "That's very good," said Mr. Goodman. "Let's see, how did you do that last part?" He played the last part the way the boy had played it. "Here's what I might have done," he said, and played it a different way. An older woman pupil in the back raised her hand and said, "Mr. Goodman, it seems to me that you also make use of your classical training. I mean, you use chromatics and mordents and so on." "Well, yes, you might say that," Mr. Goodman agreed.

We stopped for a moment after class and had a talk with the prof, who told us that the interest among the pupils seemed to be pretty evenly divided between the classics and jazz and that he didn't hesitate to talk to them about jazz as long as they wanted to hear about it. "There's a kid that was playing Brahms up here with me one day, and the next night, when I was playing with the band downtown, there she was out on the floor with the rest of them," he told us. "Well, that goes to show you. I mean, what the hell?"

Skirmish

THREE naval officers, two captains and an admiral, were pacing briskly down the street on a recent bright morning. An idle cabdriver, apparently amused by the fact that they were unconsciously keeping step, began to chant "Hup, hup, hup" in a subdued tone. Some of the passers-by began to smile, and the dignity of the Navy hung in the balance, but only for a moment. As he came abreast of the cabdriver, the admiral swooped down, picked up a banana peel from the sidewalk, and deftly flipped it into his tormentor's puss. He then fell into step again, and the three marched on, their gold braid gleaming in the sun.

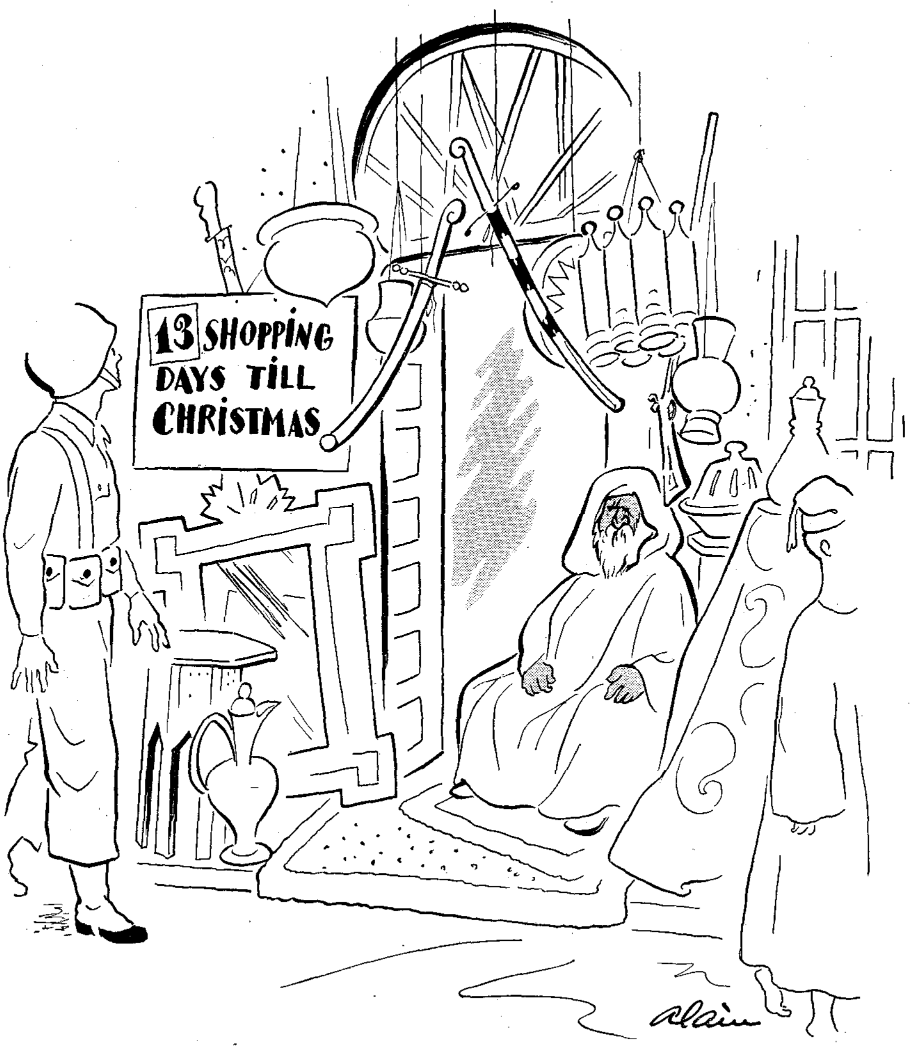
Sense of Security

WE now embark on an item about Russia. Last week we interviewed Mr. Edward C. Carter, founder and president of Russian War Relief, who was just back from three weeks in Moscow and Leningrad. Mr. Carter is a jovial, white-haired man in his mid-sixties. He says that things are booming in the Russian War Relief line. His outfit is sending about a million dollars' worth of supplies to Russia every month, and more than 99 44/100ths of it gets there. To date, the Russians have received from the organization over fifteen million dollars' worth of medical supplies, food concentrates, and so on, including ten million garments and three and a half million pounds of seed, which is enough, theoretically, to grow three million tons of food. While Mr. Carter was inspecting one of the warehouses in Moscow, five guerrilla fighters arrived from back of the German lines, looking for shoes for their bunch. They took away two hundred and fifty pairs of new American boots, which gave Mr. Carter a solid sense of accomplishment.

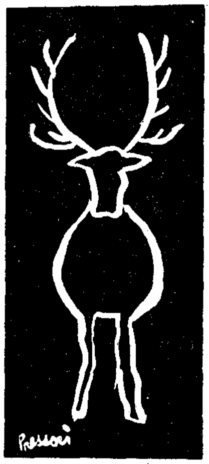
Mr. Carter says that there is definitely a new spirit abroad in Russia since the great German retreat started. "For the first time since the Revolution," he says, "they have begun to feel that their frontiers are secure. They've taken the measure of the Germans, and they're sure that they are a strong country now." With this sense of security, he thinks, comes a feeling of confidence and friendliness toward the capitalistic nations. The English get a bit more of this than we do, he has observed, probably because of the number of good-will trips made to Russia by trades-union leaders and members of the government. It would help matters, Mr. Carter says, if more of the visiting Americans learned Russian. He was horrified when he was told by an American journalist in Moscow that the Russians were O.K., except that so few of them spoke English. Then, of course, the Russians are puzzled by the cracks taken at them by our senators and congressmen. "But anyway, when it comes to science, architecture, movies, and industry, we're tops with them," Mr. Carter told us.

The famous banquets in the Kremlin, such as the one at which Willkie and Stalin made gay together, disturb Mr. Carter a little; some people have muttered that the Russians must have plenty if they can throw parties of such lavishness. Mr. Carter says we've just got to recognize that that's the way the Russians do things; they feel obliged to break into their last remaining stores of food and drink to do a self-respecting job as hosts to a distinguished foreigner. A typical Kremlin banquet includes hors d'œuvre (everything the Swedes and French and Russians ever thought of), onion soup or borscht, meat, game, dessert, and savory, along with vodka and the proper wines, including Soviet champagne, described by Mr. Carter as being powerful. After struggling through all this, the guests adjourn to another room, where, on little tables, they find fruit, bonbons, cognac, and coffee. The formal dinners usually start at seven, and three in the morning is the earliest hour at which it's considered polite to take your leave; if you hang around until four or five, the Russians like it better, since this proves you've been having a good time. You have to remember not to say thank you or do more than hint in a vague way that it's been a nice evening; that would be a breach of manners.

Mr. Carter attended a couple of the victory celebrations in the Red Square. In one instance, the capture of an important city was announced over the



radio at ten-thirty in the evening and the public was invited by radio to the Red Square for a celebration at eleven-thirty. The Russians showed up in overcoats and mufflers, picking their way through the blackout with flashlights, stood and watched while guns and fireworks were set off, and then turned around and started home. Mr. Carter got the impression that while there was a certain spontaneity among the people, a lot of them were just being good fellows and would as soon have been home in bed, getting their rest for the next day's work.



Shanghai Express

THIS happened two or three days after the Gripsholm arrived, but of course we don't know whether there's any connection. Anyway, a lady got on a Madison Avenue bus, took the only empty seat, which happened to be next to a harmless-looking little drunk, and opened a map. It was, a friend of ours discovered by craning his neck a bit, a detailed map of Manchuria. The drunk studied the map for a time, too, and finally addressed the lady in diffident tones. "Sure you're on the right bus?" he asked.

Menace

IF the impact of current history upon radio drama has had no other good results—and we have heard of none—it has at least set up Stefan Schnabel, the son of the pianist, in a snug artistic niche of his own. He specializes in portraying Nazis and is, to use the technical word for it, the industry's favorite menace. Young Schnabel, a square-set, black-a-vised fellow with the unmistakable stigmata of villainy upon him, told us frankly, when we called on him last week, "I am a modest fellow, but I do not see how I can deny that I am the biggest menace on the air today." For some years now, Schnabel's radio appearances have maintained the phenomenal average of twenty a week. He plays Nazi rôles mostly, but he does a lucrative sideline business in mad doctors and other non-Axis menaces, as well as benevolently disposed foreigners—refugees, underground leaders, Chetniks, and the like. His most effective rôle was one he played exactly four years ago. He was one of the victims of the little men from Mars in the Orson Welles broadcast that sent half the population of the Eastern seaboard screaming into the streets. Still, ninety per cent of his rôles are villainous and ninety per cent of his villainy is of the specific Nazi variety.

The big drawback to Schnabel's particular line of work is that each job is necessarily brief. He tries to be philosophical about this, but sometimes, he admits, it gets him down. "Take a good character—he can drone on and on, in and out of the show, for years," he observed to us. "But the stinkers—they have to get theirs fast or the housewives get nervous and their kids get stomach aches. In radio, villainy is practically a one-night stand." Before the war, Schnabel had several goody-goody rôles, notably that of a Mr. Kuhne in "The Goldbergs." This went on for so long that Schnabel finally felt the pressing need of a vacation and announced that he was going to Europe. The author took care of this by writing into the script the information that Mr. Kuhne was going to Europe. When Schnabel returned, he was insinuated back into the Goldbergs' life with some such line as "Well, here's Mr. Kuhne, back from Europe." For the next two or three weeks, Mr. Kuhne merely told the Goldbergs what he had seen over there. No doubt of it, radio is an elastic and hospitable medium. On the debit side, though, there's the tendency displayed by many high-strung people in the radio audience to confuse the actor with the rôle he plays. Schnabel gets basketfuls of letters addressed to whatever character he is playing, to the effect that "If you *touch* Mary Lou, you won't live to tell the tale, you rat." One lady in Indiana wrote to say that she had reported him to General MacArthur. We very well may be doing Schnabel no kindness by revealing his real name, and we wouldn't dream of giving out his address.

The Schnabel family were among the early refugees from Germany. They left in 1933. After a brief spell in Italy, Stefan went to London and the rest came over here. Stefan got into the Shakespearean repertory company at the Old Vic—"minor soldiers, third murderers, and fourth soothsayers," he told us. When he came here, in 1937, his Shakespearean background was useful in getting him into radio. At his audition, he did one of Hamlet's soliloquies, not knowing that the average audition then was more likely to run in the direction of vaudeville monologues and imitations of Joe Penner. He thinks this flattered the radio people. At any rate, they put him on their little list, and before long he was solidly established as the menace in "The Shadow," in which Orson Welles represented the forces of good. Since then, it's been just one Herr Oberleutnant after another. Schnabel takes credit for establishing the proper way to handle Oberleutnants, not only for himself but for other actors. "When I came into the picture, they were playing Nazis the way they played all Germans—beer barrels, only trying to make it sinister at the same time," he says. "I'd seen Nazis and I knew what they were like. You have to make them subtle and sadistic, not just blackhearted Lew Lehrs."

Regional Literature

IT had to happen eventually, and last week, by God, it *did* happen. A lady went into a bookshop in Boston and asked for a copy of "A Tree Grows in Brookline."

Liquor

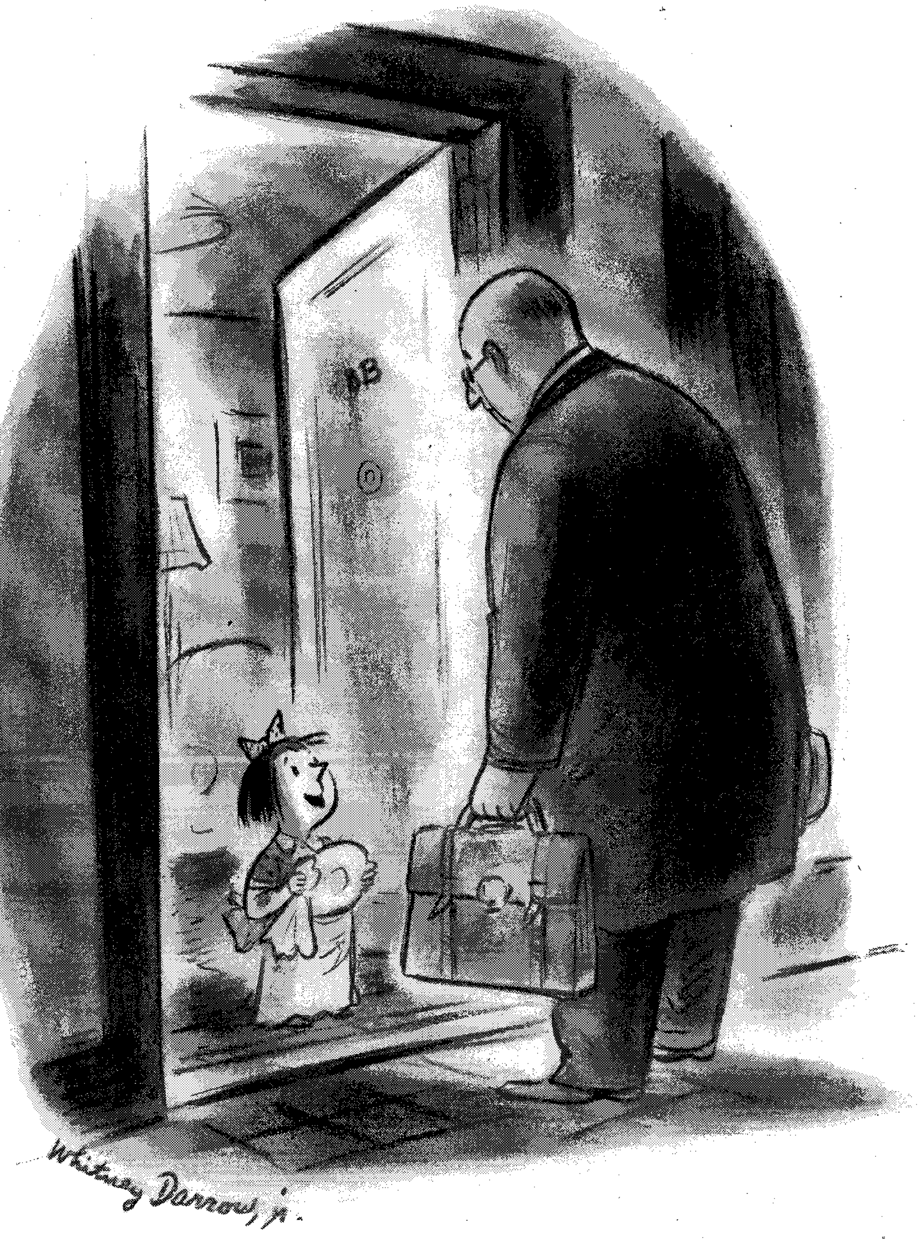
WE are only human, so when we got an invitation to the Tasting and Sale of the Wines and Spirits from the Estate of Mrs. Henry Walters last week at the Ritz-Carlton, we lost no time in getting there. We didn't get back so quick. Mrs. Walters, the widow of the Baltimore philanthropist, died last June, leaving a cellar of monumental proportions, four hundred cases of which were being offered for sale by the New York importers, Greig, Lawrence & Hoyt, Ltd. Included in the sale were Madeiras, sherries, Scotch whiskeys, cognacs, liqueurs, and Maryland rye whiskeys of distinction. There were also a hundred and twenty-six bottles of bay rum. The tasting preceded the sale and it took place in a Ritz suite. There, standing before a long table, we found a considerable throng which included a number of journalists. At the moment they were appraising several bottles of India Extra Madeira 1874 and Cognac Grande Champagne Extra Duc d'Orléans 1842, opened for the occasion. The majority downed their glasses with a quick, nervous gesture we associated with bar whiskey straight, but Lucius Beebe, the *viveur*, was off by himself sniffing a goblet containing brandy, his hands entwined lovingly around the glass. "Ummmmm," he remarked. "Lucius!" cried an elderly lady beside him. "They're opening Maryland rye at the other end!" Mr. Beebe glanced up. "Oh, Stinky," he said, "let's not wallow in rye! I can get all the rye I want for sixty-five cents. Ummmmm!"

Nursing our brandy, we got hold of Mr. Peter Greig, of the wine firm, who at the moment was holding high a bottle of Grande Champagne Brandy, 1783, which was unopened. Mr. Greig said that this was unquestionably the oldest bottle of brandy in the world. He said he had believed so when he first saw it and had cabled a prominent London dealer, who cabled back that he was right. "Mr. Walters purchased this treasure from J. D. Ichenhauser and M. Eisenhardt in 1908," he said. "The value is one thousand dollars. It's not for sale." We felt considerably relieved. Greig told us that until a few weeks ago, when he prepared a special catalogue for the sale, Madeira experts spoke with reverence of one William Habisham of Savannah, originator of a doctored Madeira known as Rain Water. Then, while waiting for a train from Rye to New York early one morning, he uncovered a fact that shook the wine world to its cellars. "The seven forty-one was late," he said, "and I chatted with some friendly neighbors on the platform, telling them I planned to visit Savannah and gather material for the catalogue. One of them was a lady and she said, 'My great-uncle William Habersham was the famous Madeira man.' *Habersham*, you understand, not Habisham. Was ever a train delayed so fortuitously?" Greig said he was at a loss to explain the inclusion of the bay-rum bottles in the Walters' cellar. At first he leaned to the theory that Mr. Walters had had some fine potable rum labelled "Bay Rum" as a gag. Curiosity got the better of Greig and he opened a bottle. It turned out to contain pure and simple bay rum, for the hair. As for the old cognac, Greig said he had written to the Treasury, requesting permission to place the Internal Revenue seals around the necks of the bottles rather than across the tops and down the sides, their only identifying marks being the lead-foil caps embossed "*Maison de l'Empereur, Palais des Tuileries, Vieux Cognac 1842.*" "I appealed to their sense of history and romance," said Greig, "but they referred me to Section 191.24 of Regulation 21, and the seals pass over the mouth."

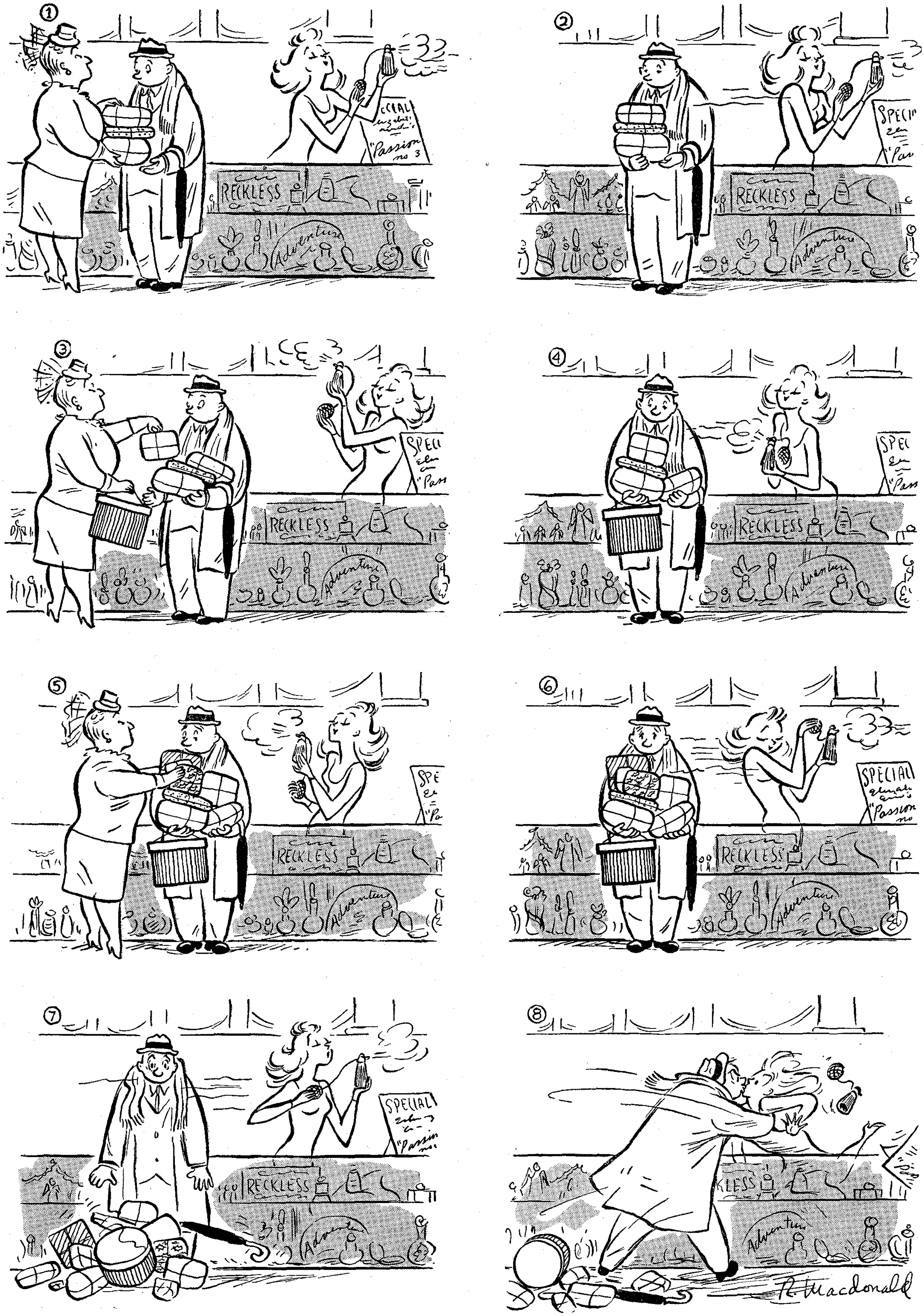
The sale was held downstairs in the Crystal Garden, where representative bottles of each vintage were exhibited on tables spread around the room. The Scotch ($10 and $20 a bottle) had been cleaned out by the time we got there and the cognacs promised to be a quick second. Maryland rye (ranging from $20 to $35 a bottle) was moving slowly, but gins and Madeiras were brisk. When we arrived, Mrs. Henry du Pont had come and gone, as had Oscar of the Waldorf's assistant, and Meyer Davis, Henry W. Taft, Sidney Lenz, and a representative of the New York Stock Exchange Luncheon Club. Throughout the room ladies and gentlemen were leaning over the tables, peering at the bottles. One spare, elderly man was incensed at the Internal Revenue seals across the tops of the cognac bottles. "They are shameless!" he said, referring to the administration. "Absolutely no respect for the past!"

Henry

TWO middle-aged ladies stopped before a mirror in the Forty-sixth Street Schrafft's to integrate their parcels, furs, and handbags before confronting the outside world. "And how is Henry these days?" one of the ladies asked. "Oh, Henry," the other said, poking at a stray wisp of hair. "Well, you know Henry hasn't been really well since the elk stepped on him last winter."


Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Daddy's gone back to camp, Helen is at the canteen, Bill's at a troop meeting, and Mother's still at the plant. Is there anything I can do for you?"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R. Macdonald

CLUNEY McFARRAR'S HARDTACK

THE only trouble with this coffee pot around a Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street is it's practically one whole war behind the times. Dozens of guys who go in there off the Fifth Avenue buses are old Sixty-ninth men and they keep some track of the war in the *News* every morning. But no sooner do they talk ten minutes about this war than back they hop into the other war because it is still more familiar to them. And the result is they got this war in France already, you might say. They're always talking about Locneyville—that was a spot in France in the other war—and about LaFurty Millon, they call it, that was also in the other war.

They're bus drivers and conductors on the buses, and this coffee pot is a hangout for them. Sometimes they get talking the other war and they get carried away by their own talk so that once in a while it makes quite a story they tell, in its own way. The other day it was Cluney McFarrar talking. He just finished up work on the Burma Road line, they call it, because it's the Number Two that goes through Harlem.

Cluney McFarrar was a sergeant in the Sixty-ninth and it is practically a miracle how he weaves around in traffic with that big bus, considering the right arm he got. It was hit by a machine gun in a wheat field and later on he developed a thing in it called osteomyelitis. He knows the medical name for it because he heard the doctors in the hospitals talking about it a million times. But osteomyelitis or no osteomyelitis, he can jockey that bus around O.K., and not only that but with his bum arm he can maneuver the door open and shut in traffic in the twinkle of an eye, so that he can spit tobacco into the street as he goes along. One conductor that works with him says McFarrar is a marvel of timing, opening and shutting the door for this purpose.

THIS day, a couple days ago, McFarrar finished on the Burma Road, had a slug or two in a place next door to this coffee pot, then came in for coffee and to sit around talking. One thing led to another and McFarrar told about one time in a woods in France—still back a whole war, into 1918.

"There was no more trenches than a rabbit," McFarrar said, "because it was July, around that sometime, and we were chasing them but still plenty of our fellers getting killed. You don't know really what's happening in a war like that until a couple years later when you come home and read in a slow-written book just what the hell was going on that time, like for instance the day I'm talking about.

"We couldn't go up the road, so we were going ahead the best we could through a woods, the woods on both sides the road. They were shelling the road so you couldn't go up it.

"Guys would see Germans here and there ahead of them in the woods, so the way you'd have to do is stand behind a tree and fire a few, then run up and get behind another tree like the goddam Indians they used to have here in this country, except the only Indians most of us knew was those cop-shooters and wild men used to be around the West Side, Tenth Avenyuh and around there.

"That was the best way to do it, behind trees, everybody separated, but it's hell to keep soldiers separated. Or deployed, if you want to call it that. The toughest thing a sergeant has to do is keep the troops spread out, because as soon as there's shooting, they bunch up, usually around the sergeant, which'd make a fine target out of him.

"We kept separated pretty good through that woods, though, going ahead a little at a time. I come across McElroy, from Eighth Avenyuh, behind one tree, smoking his pipe and shooting one shot after the other. He says to me when I bunched behind the same tree, 'Have you got a match, McFarrar? This pipe keeps going out, and I ought to hold up a minute for a smoke anyway. The bolt on this rifle is getting hot, so help me God.'

"All that has no bearing on what I was going to say, I mean about the hardtack. Well, after I left McElroy and ran for another tree ahead a little bit and McElroy found *himself* another tree, I saw something out of the corner of my eye while I was running up to this other tree.

"What I saw was a nice new can of hardtack lying there, and jeez, was I hungry. I forgot to say the chow wagons didn't get up, and everybody was hungry. And there was this can of hardtack some poor guy dropped. He was dead near it. I had to run past it, but I never saw anything so clear as that hardtack.

"So when I got behind the tree I says to myself, 'I'll come back and get that hardtack if I ever live through this day.' And to make sure where I was, I mean where the hardtack was, I took a good look around. I looked up at how the trees set with regards to the road, and how if a man was walking on the road he could look in and tell this part of the woods exactly. Like distinguishing marks, I mean, that you'd see from the road, how the trees grew and the like of that. 'If it's the last thing I ever do, I'll get that hardtack tonight,' I says to myself.

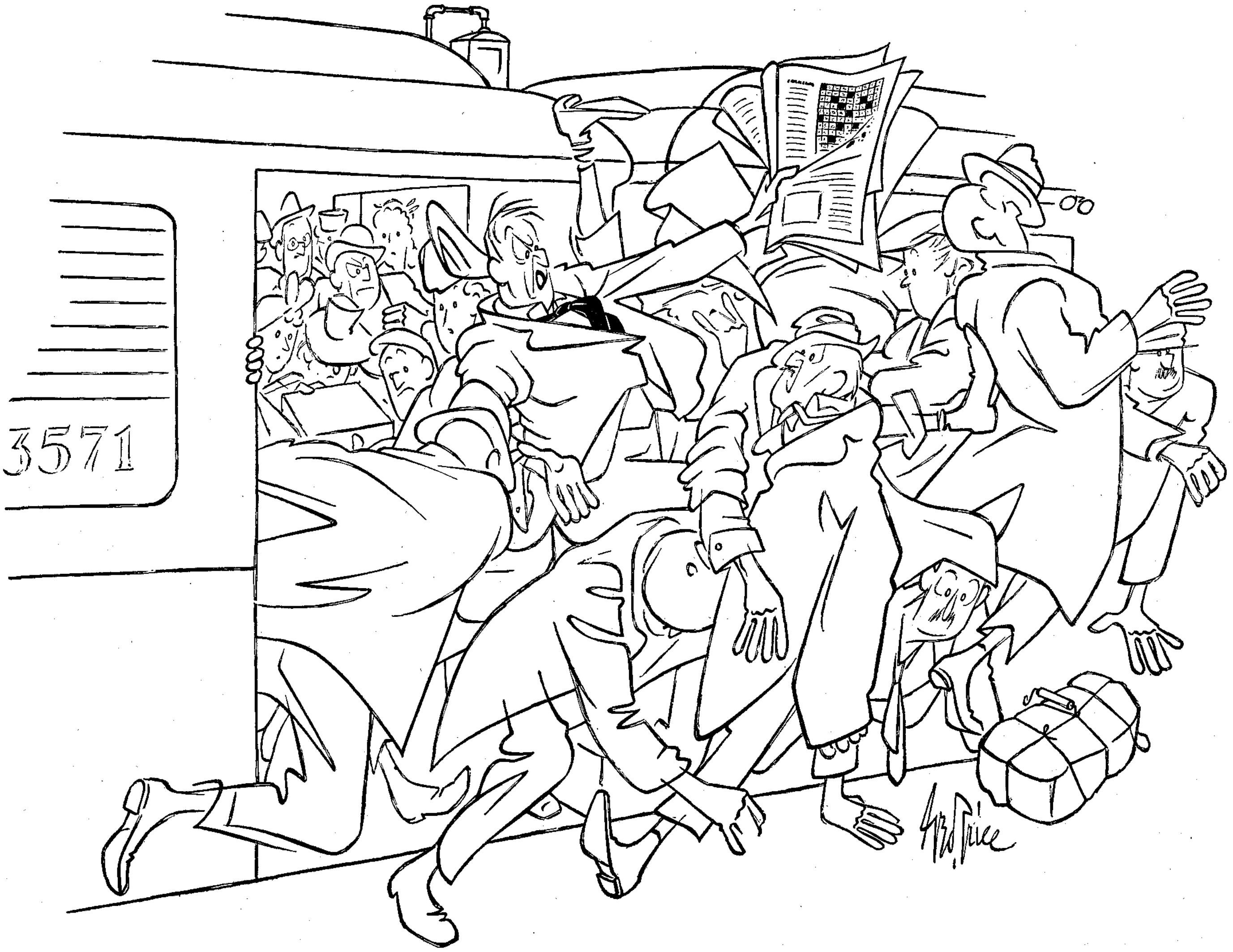
"Well, the day come to an end, and us maybe two miles ahead of where McElroy and me was behind the tree and the hardtack was."

THEN McFarrar said they had a funny thing about that other war, compared to this war they got now. He said in some ways that other war was a union war, like. In some places, anyway, it seemed to have regular hours.

"Near this woods was one of those places where the war kept regular hours," McFarrar went on. "It seemed to stop almost altogether at night, even before night. What you might call twilight, it stopped, only the way I remember it, this twilight come at pretty near ten o'clock. Not dark yet, only getting gray and birds going to bed in the trees.

"The birds were funny. I remember them because when everything come to a halt and I was still alive for the end of that day, I says to myself, 'Now I'll go back and get the hardtack.' And I started all alone back down the road. They wasn't shelling it any more, because whether it seems logical or not, the war come to a stop, I tell you, right about that hour. Not a stop for good I don't mean, but a stop for that day. And I walked back down the road toward the place where the hardtack was. Jeez, I was hungry—no chow wagons yet.

"About the birds. While I was walk-



"Somebody did my crossword puzzle!"

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ing back the road, I could hear them loud and busy, getting ready for the night. Banging and shooting sounds all the day, and there were the birds singing or at least talking, at this kind of twilight, as if nothing happened. It seemed funny, and it was that quiet I could hear my feet scrunching the gravel down the road.

"Of course I kept glancing into the woods, so I wouldn't pass where the hardtack was. It got silenter and silenter except for the birds, and gradually they started to shut up and it got a little darker, only not what you'd call dark. For some reason there was nobody on the road but me. The stuff like camions and chow wagons wouldn't come up until real black dark.

"There was beginning to be a little smell from the woods. They were the quietest woods I ever seen then, even though they was certainly noisy all that day we just pulled through.

"I come to the place I marked in my mind's eye, and my stomach give a jump because I knew the hardtack was right in there. Honest to God, I was near starved. I stood a minute in the road and checked up. I wanted to make sure by the shape of the trees I was right and that was the place. And I started to go into the woods after the hardtack.

"Then the silence come over me. Every bird quit all to once. My feet stopped going into the woods. It come over me how in there was all the guys, some of them I knew, would never come out of those woods again. Some of them from New York. Most of them, you might say, because don't forget this was the Sixty-ninth. I thought how they'd never walk around on the New York streets any more, Ninety-sixth or anywhere, and not ever get drunk in New York on Saturday night the way you do. And on top of all that, this silence I got to explain to you but I can't.

"And that was the last step I took toward that hardtack when I thought all that. I turned around and went up the road again.

"I couldn't have gone in those woods if there was Fig Newtons in there."

—John McNulty

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PATTERN ON FILE

Under the breaking paper bones of leaves
the bones of mice lie filed in little graves,
record on record. Under the bones of mice,
in pockets indexed by the riding ice,
lie diagrams of lizard, fern in plan,
blueprint of ape, compendium of man.

—Dilys Bennett Laing

REALM OF ILLUSION

AUTUMN'S FOR CHRYSANTHEMUM-VIEWING

ONE fall morning in 1935, when I joined Bee, my English friend, at the breakfast table in the house we were sharing in Tokio, I found her in what she described as "an evil temper." She explained that we had just received an invitation to another chrysanthemum-viewing party, and that she, for one, was becoming allergic to chrysanthemums; in fact, to any flowers. It was all very well to be fond of flowers, but this incessant "viewing" of them on formal occasions was really too much.

I poured myself a cup of *kohi*, or coffee, and admitted that I found the flower-viewing parties entertaining.

"Entertaining in moderation," Bee said firmly. She could understand that in the spring everybody would be thrilled at the sight of plum and cherry trees in bloom, but why the Japanese should single out special flowers for every season and have special occasions to go out and "view" them, she really couldn't see. It was bad enough, she said, in the spring and summer, but autumn was too much, for since the chrysanthemum was the national flower and was used as the Imperial crest, the Japanese naturally made more of it than of any other flower and the country was overrun with cultists trying to produce the perfect blossom, and if we weren't careful we'd be taken to view all of them. Moreover, I needn't think that just because winter was coming, the flower festivals would stop. In December we'd be invited to snow-viewing parties, because the Japanese consider snow-viewing one of the flower festivals. And I needn't ask why, because, as I should know by this time, the Japanese were not bothered by any desire for a rational universe, and if they wanted to say that snow was a sort of flower they were going to say so whether or not it made sense to foreigners.

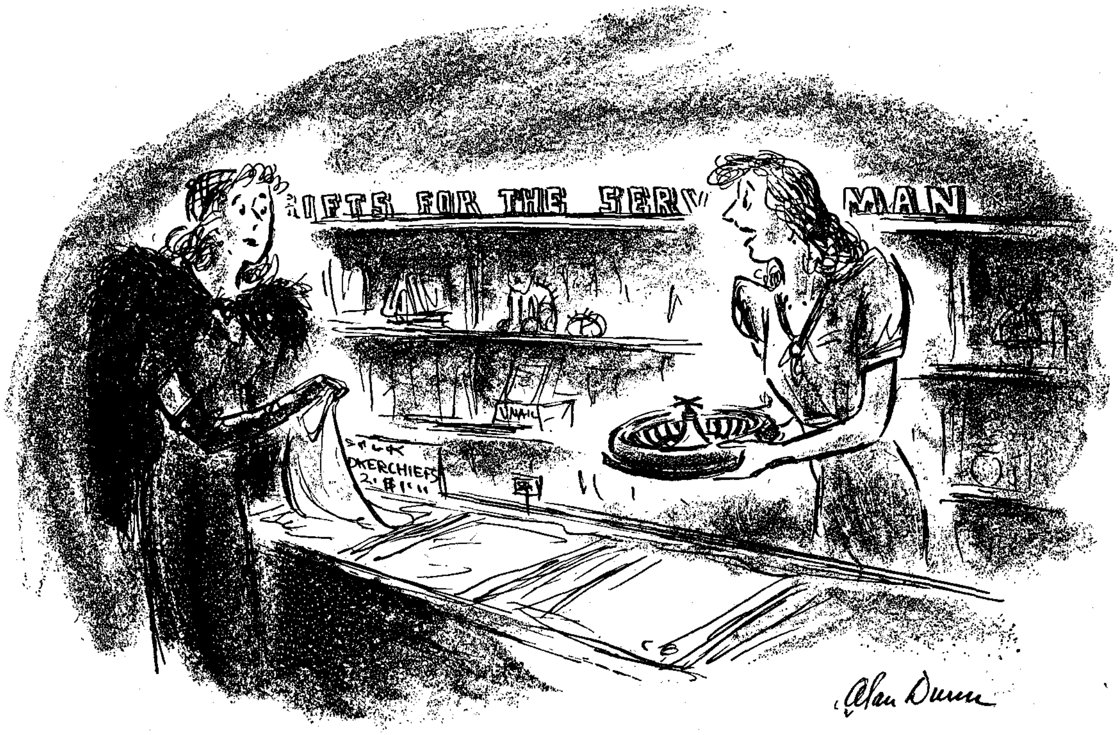
After this outburst, Bee subsided, handed me the invitation, and picked up the morning paper. The note was from Chiyo San, Bee's most intimate Japanese friend, whom she had met in England, where Chiyo had been educated. It said that Sono San, Chiyo's sister-in-law, was having a chrysanthemum-viewing party on the following Thursday, that the guests would meet at one-thirty at a famous tea house in a certain well-known park, and that Sono particularly wanted us to come and had asked Chiyo to write, since she herself didn't know English.

Chiyo, it turned out, wasn't to be at the party. She dropped in the next day to tell us that she would be out of town, but urged us to accept the invitation. She said that Sono wanted so much to entertain us and that because of the "Crisis" there weren't many things a Japanese could do with a foreigner without getting into trouble with the police. Flower-viewing, though, was "culture" and therefore perfectly safe. In the end Bee gave in.

ON the day of the party, we took a taxi to the park to which our hostess had invited us and found the tea house without much trouble. It was an enchanting place on a minute island in a small lake, and was reached by a turtleback bridge. We were only a half hour late, so no one else had arrived, not even our hostess. The Japanese are practically never on time for anything, although there are certain occasions that demand exact promptness. Bee had been living in Japan for three years, but she hadn't yet been able, she said, to find an infallible rule about when to be tardy and when to be prompt. It seemed evident that this particular chrysanthemum-viewing party was one of the tardy occasions.

We were cordially welcomed by the mistress of the tea house and a corps of charming little maids. They took our shoes away, waved their kimono sleeves, and established us in the small but agreeable room that Sono had chosen for her party. They brought us cushions to sit on, they poked up the fire in the charcoal brazier, and with a great deal of chattering and giggling they made tea. We settled down on the cushions and drank the tea. In one corner, in the usual alcove, was a flower arrangement of chrysanthemums and pine. Although it was November, the day was mild and the paper doors were open, so we could see, directly below us, the green water of the lake and, beyond, a clump of scarlet maple. We waited.

At last Sono arrived, looking lovely in a new autumn kimono. She apologized for being late, but it was obvious that the apology was only a matter of form and that actually she was astonished to find us there already. The little maids refilled our teacups, and while we sipped, Sono talked about the exhibition we were to view. What I couldn't understand Bee relayed to me. It seemed that this was a very special show, an annual affair sponsored by the Tokio municipality, which encourages the an-



"Maybe he'd prefer something with an idea to it."

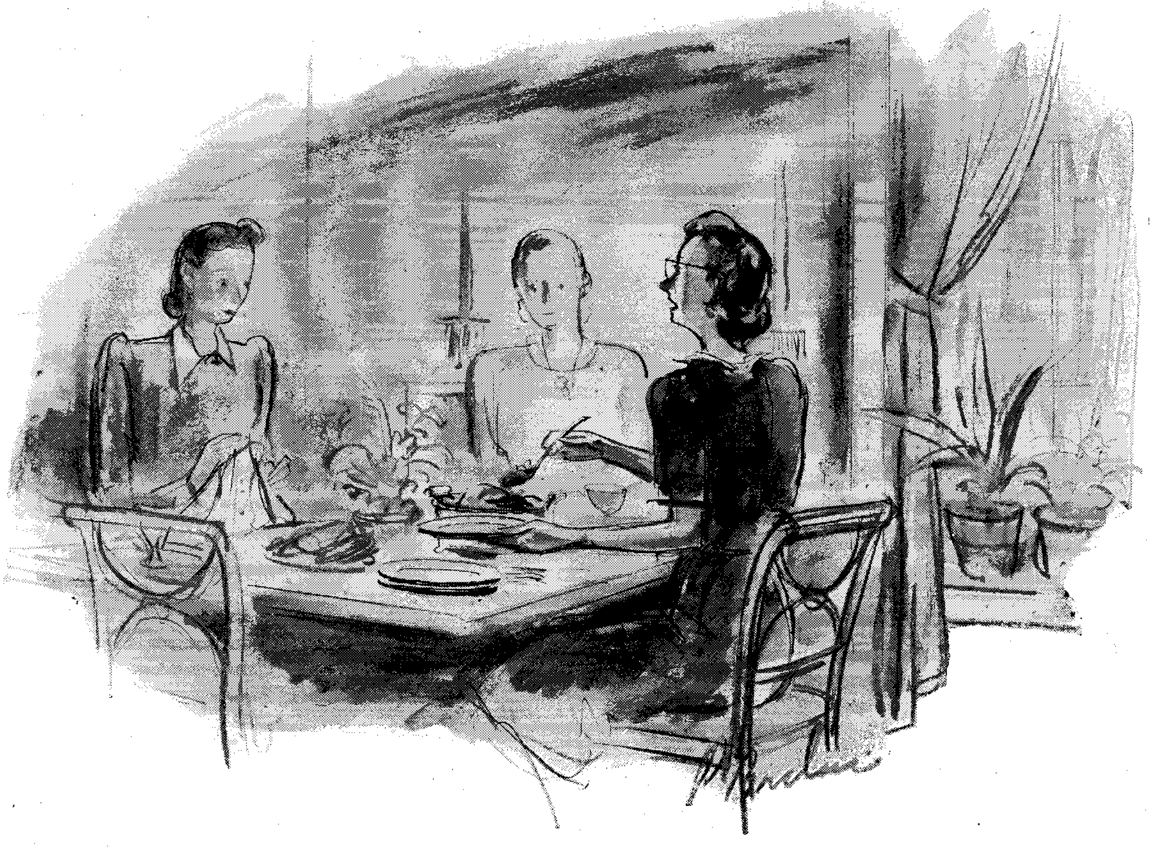
cient traditions of the cultivation of chrysanthemums. The exhibitors were members of various chrysanthemum clubs and represented all walks of life, from small shopkeepers and taxi-drivers to retired army officers, bankers, and peers, and they met regularly the year around to listen to lectures on soils and fertilizers, to read poems about chrysanthemums, to eat and drink chrysanthemums (dried blossoms make a delicious beverage), to plant chrysanthemums, and, finally, to exhibit them. The show was the most important flower event of the year—except, of course, the Imperial Garden Party, which wasn't open to the public—and each flower exhibited represented a year's patient cultivation by an expert. Everyone for miles around would attend. Sono gave us these facts indirectly, with numerous asides to inquire if we were comfortable, if we would like more tea, if we enjoyed the view over the lake. Gracious and graceful, she waved her small hands, and smiled to show the platinum bands which adorned her teeth, and chattered away, while so much time drifted by without the arrival of any more of her guests that I came to feel that Bee and I had been intolerably rude in arriving so early.

At last we heard new sounds of welcome billowing up the corridor toward our room. The doors were pushed back to disclose a pleasing tableau: in the background the attendant maids fluttering around a guest, and, kneeling in the doorway, the maid who had opened the door and who now announced the newcomer. The guest, an attractive young woman, came into the room but politely paid no attention to any of us until she had found the flower arrangement and knelt worshipfully before it, presumably—since it was the custom—remembering some autumn poem, preferably one written by an emperor, or some saying by an ancient sage. The flowers acknowledged, she turned to her hostess. She slithered across the room on her knees and stopped before Sono, who was kneeling on her cushion. Sono placed her palms flat on the matting in front of her and bowed from the waist until her head almost touched the mat, meanwhile muttering the correct courteous phrase. The guest replied and bowed in the same manner. Sono responded and bowed again. The alternating bows gave the effect of a seesaw and the murmured polite phrases sounded like a gentle surf. After greeting Sono, the guest repeated the business with Bee and me. When this was over, the little maid who had been hovering in the background came forward and served the new guest tea.

The rest of the guests trickled in gradually until there were eight besides ourselves. They were all young matrons, dressed for the occasion in kimonos of autumn colors and *obis* patterned with designs of chrysanthemums, maple leaves, or the seven grasses of autumn. Each guest followed the same routine of admiring the flowers, greeting Sono, and greeting everyone present. All of this took some hours, so by the time the eight guests were assembled and kneeling in a decorative circle, the afternoon was well on its way.

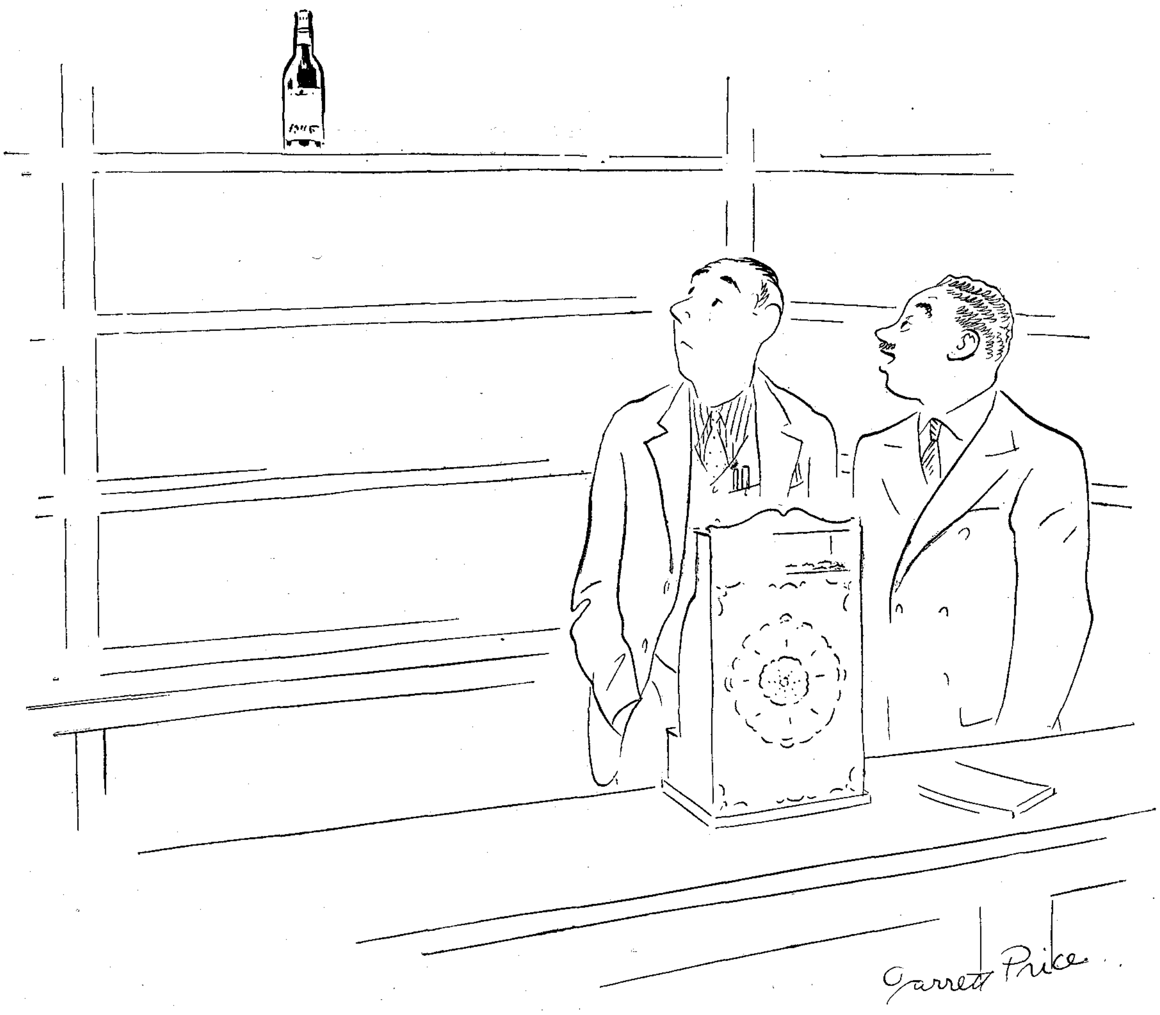
THE first act was over, and we could go on to the next—refreshments. These turned out to be tea with chrysanthemum petals floating on it and purple bean-jelly candy arranged nicely on chrysanthemum leaves. These delicacies were presented to us by a little maid who brought them in on individual small tables, and many more minutes marched on while the maids shifted us back and forth until we made the correct design—an irregular circle which I supposed was intended to suggest a chrysanthemum blossom. The candy tasted just like any other bean jelly, with a flavor too subtle to be precisely a flavor. It was, though, Sono told us, rather special—*bigyoku-o-no-o yokan*, or King of Jewels bean jelly, named for the most popular chrysanthemum in the exhibition which was now being held in the park. Thus, every nibble was as good as gazing at the blossoms, with the added advantage that one needn't walk about to do it. We nibbled and sipped and chattered, while outside an occasional scarlet maple leaf drifted down to rest on the green lake.

It was nearly five before we were ready to start out for the viewing. There was a protracted hullabaloo of departure—innumerable pleasant phrases of thanks to be exchanged between the guests and Sono, and thanks and farewells between the



"... then I put it in a very hot oven right at the beginning of 'Pepper Young's Family' and didn't even look at it again until 'Portia Faces Life.'"

guests and the mistress of the tea house and the little maids. We each accepted a memento of the afternoon from the mistress of the tea house—a small, folding fan decorated with a chrysanthemum design—and Sono gave her in exchange the usual present of tea money, which is by custom approximately half of the check and is in addition to the small tips given to the waitresses. As we left the tea house Sono presented a ribbon badge to each of us to pin on one shoulder. These were made of bright red silk, and embroidered on them in tinsel thread was an account of the outing, with the date, in Chinese characters.

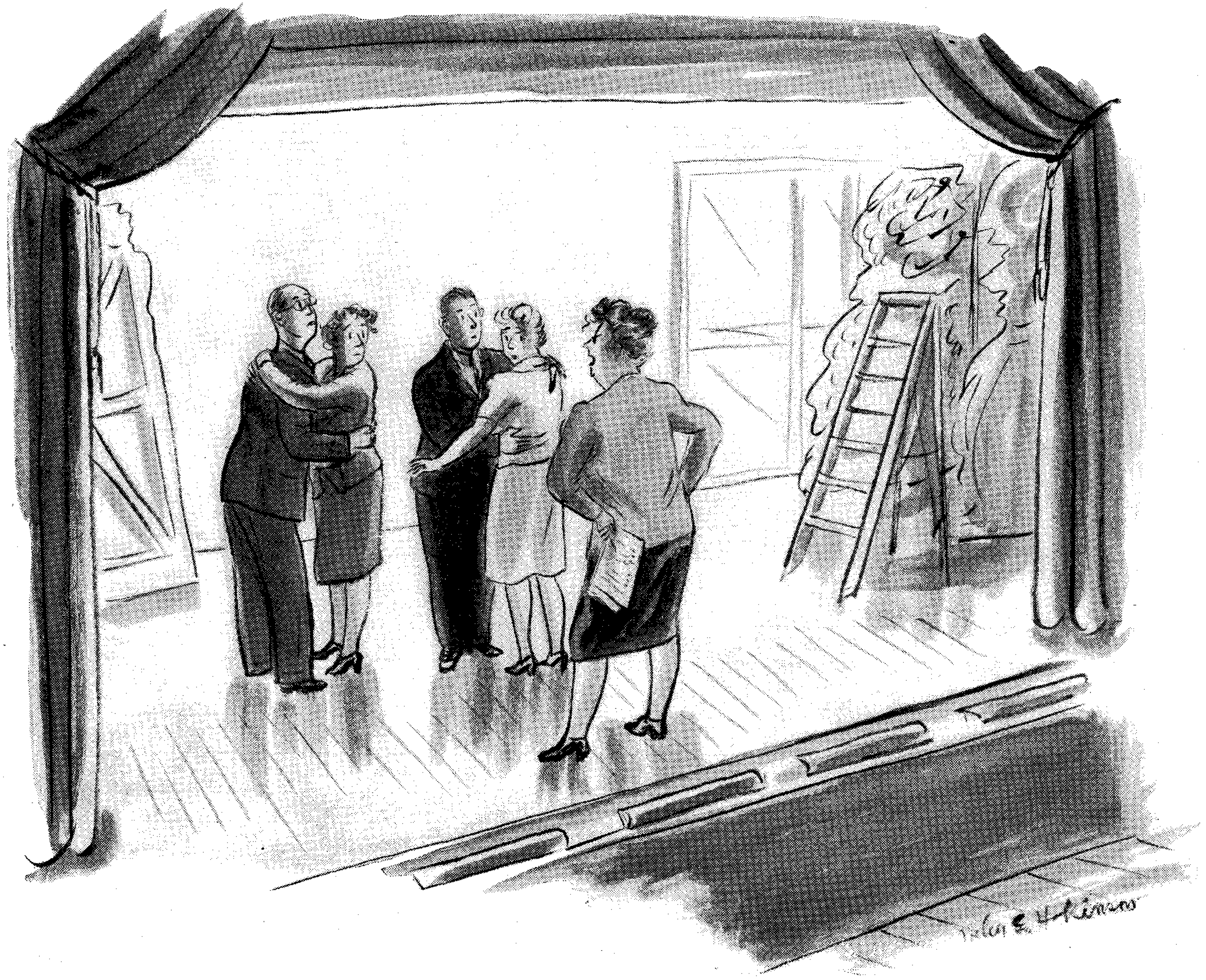


"*Why don't we drink it ourselves and close up?*"

We started off at last in a chattering group to find the flowers. Our path wound through a small, stylized wood, across an occasional rustic bridge over a small stream, past a clump of bright maples, a rough boulder, and a small slope strategically placed to give the illusion of distance and space. Our decorative companions, clattering on their shiny, soft-colored clogs, took care to pause occasionally in order to be briefly picturesque in some suitable spot, gazing down into a little pool or gesturing toward a stunted pine. We hadn't gone far when the path abruptly curved and came out into an open space where a crowd was watching an odd sort of bicycle race. A number of stakes, painted black and white like barbers' poles, had been driven into the ground to make six rows of possibly ten stakes each. The contestants, stripped to the waist and wearing shorts, lined up on their bicycles, each one in front of an alley. An official in uniform fired a revolver and the riders took off, weaving very slowly in and out around the stakes and trying to keep their balance. The riders went to the end of their rows and returned in a few minutes. We viewed the races for a while because, as Sono explained, they were part of the chrysanthemum celebration. They had been going on all day.

THE flowers, it turned out, were just beyond the bicycle alleys, set out under shallow marquees which were arranged to form a series of hollow squares, each square exhibiting a different variety of chrysanthemum. There was a considerable procession walking slowly around the quadrangles past the blossoms. It was a typical Japanese crowd: family parties, soldiers on leave, groups of schoolchildren with a teacher, university students, and various organizations and clubs on their autumn outing. Our party was very unusual, for groups of young women do not as a rule amuse themselves apart from their families. In entertaining a foreigner, however, many unconventionalities are permitted.

We joined the procession and began to walk slowly past the flowers. Sono and her friends continued to chatter and giggle, glancing occasionally toward the blossoms, but with an indifference which suggested that in "viewing" them they were obeying a custom of small personal interest. Some of the viewers, however, were not so perfunctory. I noticed a young man in a formal black kimono and *hakama*, which is a pleated skirt worn over the kimono for formal occasions. He was staring fixedly at a flower, obviously fascinated by it, so I dropped behind my companions and went closer to him to see the blossom he was admiring. The flower stood on a firm green stalk, the full allotted three feet five inches high. (None could be higher, since the average Japanese could not conveniently view it if it were.) The gigantic head was pale yellow, each petal exactly like the others, tightly curled up around a centre from which every petal had been plucked so that it was in fact a round hole. The head was supported by a white cardboard disc, to keep it from snapping under its own weight, and it looked absurdly like a sponge cake on a platter. As I stood looking at the young man and the flower, an exhibitor came walk-



"I'm still not satisfied with anyone's kisses!"

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ing along among the blossoms. He, too, was in formal black, and he carried in his right hand a pair of long black chopsticks. As he approached, the young man called to him, and he came over and stared silently at the sponge-cake blossom while the young man gestured and harangued. At length the newcomer pronounced an explosive *"So sa!"* of agreement, lifted his chopsticks, and very delicately removed one petal. This accomplished, both men stood back and looked at the blossom quietly for some time. Then simultaneously they began to wag their heads. That had apparently done it. Now it was *quite* perfect.

It was quite *too* perfect, I decided, as I started off to overtake my companions. All these flowers were too perfect—these gigantic single blooms of fantastically ravishing shades, lavender and yellow and green, some with crisp, spiky petals like starfish, some with long, silky, trailing petals like underwater growths flowing lightly in a sluggish tide. They were almost terrifying and seemed hardly flowers at all, but Things, except for a few which reminded me of predatory jungle blooms. I was glad to pass on to the less spectacular but more friendly small blossoms called *kengai*, which pour over the sides of their tall flower pots like a foamy waterfall.

There were, Bee informed me, some fifteen hundred chrysanthemum blossoms on exhibition. We walked slowly past them all. As we swung into the last quadrangle, I found myself beside Sono, and, wanting to show my appreciation of the party, I began a discreet murmur, *"Kirei desu, utsukushii desu"* ("Beautiful, lovely"), and, waving my hand toward the flowers, beamed fatuously. Sono, delighted at the success of the affair and my enthusiasm, beamed back, and we rounded the last quadrangle and emerged into the street still beaming.

I must have somewhat overdone my appreciation, because when we came to our final goodbyes, Sono gave Bee an urgent message which I knew by her gestures and smiles was especially for me. As Bee hailed a taxi to take us home, she grimly reported the message. Sono had said that since I seemed to enjoy viewing so much, next week we must have another party and go to a little park to view the seven grasses of autumn.

—HELEN MEARS

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CHEOAH, N. C. (AP)—When her sons returned home after 17 years, Mrs. Harve Grindstaff opened some peaches she preserved the day they left. They had kept perfectly.—*Plattsburgh Press.*

What shape were the boys in?

PROFILES

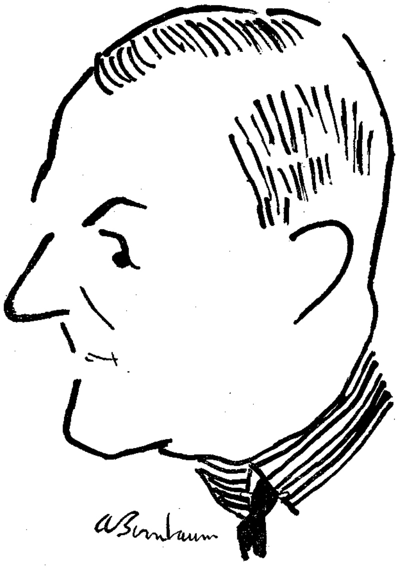
ARTIST

III—THE YANKEE FROM BERLIN

GEORGE GROSZ is never more pleased than when critics describe him as "a distinguished American artist." It is not the first adjective that pleases him. It is the second. He sets greater store on that than in having them call him, as they have, "a brilliant water-colorist," "an important painter of significant oils," or "the greatest draughtsman since Goya and Daumier." Grosz became an American in 1938. He was naturalized six years after he had left his native Germany because of his fiercely bitter anti-Nazi drawings. On the occasion of his naturalization, he said, "It is the fulfillment of a wish dream. I had it since I was nine." His wish dream was so strong that in Berlin there were times when his friends said it amounted to an aberration. In those days Grosz repeatedly painted the New York skyline without ever having seen it, often drew portraits of himself as an American cowboy or Indian, and frequently followed American tourists down the street, picking up pointers for future use.

Grosz, who is customarily a glum man, always used to brighten a bit when he thought of America. An almost permanent bleakness settled upon him during the first World War, when he served as a private in the German Army, but it occasionally lifted when he thought of himself as a cowboy. In 1927, a Berlin newspaper conducted a symposium in which it asked a number of eminent Germans, including Grosz, to write an answer to the question "*Wo ist das Paradies?*" Grosz's answer was headed, "*In den Rocky Mountains.*" "If I could follow a wish dream," Grosz wrote, "I would like to go to the Rocky Mountains and have a kind of blockhouse there. Behind the pale face of every department-store clerk, you see the urge to be a pioneer. I have it, too. The Americans have something bold in them, something of big, innocent boys. It must be nice to be with them. They have a better attitude toward life. Of course, there are gangsters and machine gunnings and dope fiends. But I do not mind this." Grosz also liked to pretend, long before it was a fact, that he had been in America and was on familiar terms with its great men. As early as 1913, when he was still a lonely art student in Berlin, the walls of his studio were covered with American liquor, cigarette, and circus advertisements, and he had written on the posters affectionate salutations to himself from Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison, and John D. Rockefeller, recalling the wild nights they had spent with him. The one from Edison said, "In memory of a lurid evening on the Bowery with my old friend, George. Thomas A. Edison." The one from Henry Ford read, "I'm waiting to show you Detroit again, but we must be a little more moderate." Rockefeller's message was, "Dear George: Our wild nights on my Arizona ranch are so pleasant a memory that we must repeat them soon. The girls are gone. John D." Grosz was impressed when he read about a "Keep Smiling" campaign in the United States in 1924. He was then having some difficulty smiling himself, being under indictment on a charge that his art had defamed German morals. He induced a Berlin newspaper editor to sponsor "A Week of Smiling." For seven days Grosz himself grinned heroically, but he gloomily recalls, "The week never caught on." His penchant for what he believed was American distressed the Continental art critics who, in the twenties, during which Grosz was one of the most talked-about artists in Europe, asked him what an artist needed most for success. "A good promoter," he always replied.

Grosz, who is now a tense, troubled man of fifty, became enamored of America when, at the age of nine, he read James Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans." "I listened to the noble utterances of Chingachgook," he recently wrote a friend, "and walked on soft steps beside his son, Uncas. In imagination I, myself, carried a powder horn, a hunting knife and, across my knees, there was a long Kentucky rifle." His regard for anything American was intensified when he read "Texas Jack, the Courageous Horseman" and "Mabel King, the Woman Detective." By the time he was ten, he was convinced that America was a glamorous refuge. The conviction was a solace in later years, when, as he says, "I was hit on the head with bottles in fights with the Nazis. That happened often." One of his first memories is of a faded photograph of a liner passing a lighthouse on its way to the United States. A crowd of people lined the rail and Grosz liked to think that "one of the little dots was my uncle who had gone to America." His interest was heightened when his mother received a letter, possibly written with the encouragement of his uncle, from one Elmer Knowles of California, who guaranteed her health, happiness, and success upon the receipt of twelve dollars. Grosz still considers it a bargain. He was not able to persuade his mother to send Knowles the twelve dollars, however. He is inclined to think that the regard he now has for the occult, as well as the fact that he does not believe in germs, is peculiarly Californian, and he sometimes plays with the thought of becoming a Christian Scientist and moving to the Coast.



George Grosz

When Grosz was fourteen, his uncle returned to Germany for a visit and George acquired a passionate admiration for his American gold teeth and his patent-leather shoes. When Grosz was eighteen and an art student in Dresden, he used the first money he earned, from the sale of a drawing, to buy what he describes as "real American hook-nosed shoes." The next year he went to Berlin to attend the Berlin Academy of Applied Arts. One of his first acts was to write Hart, Schaffner & Marx for a catalogue. With that as a guide, he then picked out, in a Berlin department store, a suit that he felt looked American. "It had enormous padded shoulders, a leather belt, and airtight cuffs," he says. "It was a kind of zoot suit. I felt like a real Yankee." He went all over Berlin looking for Vitagraph cowboy films. "When I trailed Americans on the street, I observed them," he says. "I noticed they were

"I don't go for this long-hair stuff."

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very casual and open and went without their hats. I was very lonely then and in my room I would practice being casual and open." After the war, when Grosz used his artistic talents in the fight against the Nazis and their predecessors, he sought relaxation at night in American music. He was one of the first people in Berlin to have a phonograph record of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." He recalls that this period was "a great shimmy time. I had a special pair of shimmy shoes." He was also fond of American motion-picture comedies. They gave him ideas on how to get himself up for the fancy-dress balls he liked to attend when he had one of his spurts of gaiety. "A whole kind of pressure was lifted after the war," he says of those parties. "I got wonderful effects with false whiskers. I got a special thrill from that."

Even in his most ambitious dreams, however, Grosz didn't dare to think that he would become as completely American as he has. He lives in Douglaston, Long Island, with his wife and two sons and thinks that he has changed himself from a German radical into an American conservative. He believes that fate brought him to America and saved him from Hitler. "When I came west, there was a guiding star," he says. "Somehow, somebody wanted to save me."

WHEN the last war ended and Grosz returned to civilian life, after several painful years in the German Army, he had one aim, he says—to desecrate the system that had made him suffer. He joined the movement of artists known as Dada. One of Dada's projects was to blow up all the museums and art galleries in Germany. Grosz began to feel a certain disillusionment about Dada when this project was not carried out. He believed that all art of the past was a fraud and he proved that he had the courage of his convictions by squirting water on a Millet in a Berlin museum. Grosz thinks that he has a strong vein of peasant good sense and that this was responsible for his complete disillusionment about Dada, which came late in 1919. He was taken by a Berlin critic to see what the critic said was "an art event of the first magnitude." It was a canvas by an artist named Malevich, a Russian Abstractionist. It had nothing on it. It was simply a white square of canvas. Grosz decided that such negation, brilliant as it was, could not solve the problems of the time. "I decided I would pitch in and help," he says. "Everything was going to hell. It was no time for nonsense. They were fantastic times. My cousin came home from the Army and sold me a machine gun for five marks. You could buy field-artillery guns for about three dollars and twenty-five cents. The Fascists were already forming. They murdered Erzberger, a Catholic member of the Cabinet of the Weimar Republic. Then they killed Rathenau, Weimar foreign minister, because he favored a policy of collaboration with the Allies. Then the Weimar Republic went reactionary. It formed the *Frei Korps*, composed of ex-soldiers, and they slaughtered thousands of workers. There was terrific terror in those days. In addition to Hitler, there was a man named Heuser. He had a black beard and a riding whip he would crack when he spoke. He said he was a superman. I remember a typical painters' party. At it was a man named von Solomon, who said he had murdered Rathenau. He even said then, in 1922, 'One day we will go to America and conquer it like the Vikings of old.' Everything was mixed up together, but already one thing was clear. There were the people and there were the Fascists. I chose the people."

When Grosz chose the people, he went to work with feverish industry. "I was so choked with hate," he says, "I could not stop drawing. I had to release it or go mad. I drew day and night." He drew for left-wing Socialist papers, for Communist papers, for pacifist papers, for any other publication that would take a stand against reaction. His first drawing of Hitler, done in the twenties, showed him in a bearskin, with a swastika tattooed on his arm. Within two years Grosz filled a hundred and fifty large books with sketches for drawings and paintings. They all showed a preoccupation with the class struggle which Grosz now finds both revolting and naïve. In his pictures, which had such titles as "Victory of the Machine," desperate workers, spent and exhausted, slumped over tables in dreary tenements. In a double-panelled drawing called

"Five in the Morning," he drew German miners plodding to work on one side and profiteers spewing out the ingredients of a night's revelry on the other. He stalked the German businessman as if he were game and recorded his antics in bawdyhouses, night clubs, and restaurants. With a biting, bitter line, he showed the Krupps and Thyssens at work, at play, and at love. At great peril, he followed groups of Storm Troopers as they made their nightly rounds of violence, so that he could sketch them on the spot. A typical drawing based on a sketch made during this period is called "A Writer, Is He?" It shows four Storm Troopers who have broken into an author's room. One Nazi is going through the writer's manuscripts and books searching, with slavering eagerness, for incriminating heresy. The writer, a small, stout fellow in a nightshirt, has been pushed against a wall, a machine gun in his belly. He is making feeble motions to adjust the spectacles without which he cannot see. A picture called "He Didn't Believe" shows a worker about to be executed, and "No Echo Here" pictures a man who has been brought to the quiet of the country to be slaughtered. "Isn't It Wonderful to Be Alive?" reveals Grosz's typically fatuous Germans at play, and "That'll Learn 'Em" shows a horribly bloody professor, in a nightshirt, being dragged by Storm Troopers, after a raid, before three Nazi leaders who are about to dispose of him.

The venomous savagery of Grosz's drawings was unprecedented. They not only rocked Germany but they were taken up by intellectuals all over the world. John Dos Passos wrote of Grosz, "He knew how the old men, the fat men, looked. Looking at his work was like hearing a well-imagined and properly balanced string of cuss words." Italo Tavalato, a critic, writing in Rome in 1924, said that Grosz was "a judgment of God" and "the scourge of the bourgeoisie" and that his drawings amounted to "capital executions" and gave "the effect of a rain of stones and blows." A rather pretentious Groszian literature came into existence; it compared him not only to every great artist of the past but to such disparate figures as Faust, Mephistopheles, Don Quixote, Sancho, Hamlet, Falstaff, Luther, the Devil, Siegfried, Parsifal, and Rabelais. Invariably every critic who wrote about Grosz said he was another Dean Swift. Rom Landau, a sculptor, writing in Paris in 1927, said that "His pencil is at the service of the hungry mother, the freezing child, the abused workingman. He is the accuser of the hypocrite whose churches are the night clubs, whose priests are the women of the street; the accuser of the unjust judges, the fat profiteers, the hated militarists. He is the pitiless Daumier of a tortured Germany."

Most Germans, regarding Grosz less benignly, set about, in their practical way, to convince him of their displeasure. An American artist recently asked him, "But were you ever actually threatened?" "You faced that always," Grosz replied, a trifle complacently. "Strong-arm guys would stop you on the street and say, 'One day we will give you a good beating. You will hear from us.' I usually went around with a group of friends. I was very much liked. They would form a cordon around me. In the centre I used to walk. In 1920 an Army man in a restaurant tried to shoot me, but he hit a waiter. 'Is there any decent man here who will give me a revolver to shoot this rat?' he cried, and a general gave him a revolver. I was taken to the police station to save me. That happened often." Most of Grosz's brawls, as he calls them, seemed to take place in restaurants. He will identify a restaurant in Berlin, if he happens to be with German exiles, by saying, for instance, "That was where I had a bottle broken over my head." If an American is present, Grosz will explain, "That happened often." He remembers one restaurant as the place where "an officer twice tried to stab me" and mildly adds, for the benefit of the uninitiated, "In those days there was somesing very menacing." Grosz, like almost every-

one else, made speeches on the streets of Berlin. "In those days," he says, "I believed in such metaphysical abstractions as justice and truth. Now I wholly accept the cruel purposelessness of the universe." He often mimics his speeches, making obscene noises punctuated by cries of "Liberty!," "Fraternity!," and "Brotherhood!" As he imitates the old Grosz, he runs his hands up and down an imaginary column of noise descending from his mouth. "Now, when I hear that kind of talk," he says, "I say, 'That's all right, but how much money do you make?' Now I like plain, businesslike talk. I don't like artists who put their souls on the table."

Grosz was arrested and tried three times on charges that his art was inimical to Germany and its institutions. The first trial was in 1919, the second in 1924, and the third in 1927. The first time he was charged with defaming the German Army and was fined two thousand marks. The second time he was accused of defaming the morals of the German nation and was fined three thousand marks. The third time he was charged with defaming religion and was fined fifteen hundred marks. "I was not an innocent child playing with fire," Grosz says. "I wanted it to hurt. When they tried me, it gratified the artist. It made me feel that my drawings hit home." Grosz was twenty-six at the time of his first trial. His manner was proud and Byronic and the newspapers of other European countries were filled with editorial praise. Sometimes he was disdainful and often he treated the Court as if it were a child. In the first case the judge held that Grosz would not be guilty of defaming the Army if the uniforms in his drawings were those of the old Imperial Army and not those of the Weimar Republic. He asked Grosz what kind of uniforms were on his soldiers and Grosz snapped, "What the hell do you think I am, a military tailor?" Grosz now says, "I almost felt that when I talked a million of my countrymen were speaking through me and that I stood for something absolutely good. In those days prison would have meant honor. I thought fate put me here and I would stand up to it." In his third trial the drawing at issue was a picture of Christ on the cross in a gas mask and military boots. When asked to explain it, Grosz said, "Although personally I have never cared for Christ, I believed that had He returned to earth during the war He would have again proclaimed peace. He was of military age, so I also believed He would have been a soldier. If He had proclaimed peace in the German Army, He would have ended as I have shown him."

Although Grosz's manner was composed during the trials, he was quaking internally. "You get the fear from years and years, from your forefathers," he says. "An American is freeborn, but a German is not freeborn. I never lost my not what you call stagefright but my *Staat* fright, or state fright." Grosz thinks his nature began to change after the last trial. Since late in 1919, he had outwardly been a Marxist and a materialist, holding that everything could be explained rationally and that man could master his environment by reason. "But I always had doubts," he said, "and when I got plastered, I shocked my friends by middle-class misgivings. I began to read Strindberg. He used to tell his friends—he was a little cracked—'Now don't be surprised. I'm going to vanish in a moment.' I began to admire his philosophy. I got more and more so that I could not imagine mankind triumphant. I got more and more so that I believed in things you cannot see."

Grosz's metamorphosis continued rather slowly until 1932, when he came to America. Then it surged forward decisively. "My romantic sense was in no way disappointed," he says of his arrival here, "except maybe by the heat. I perspired like a madman. The water made little pools beside my feet. I had many times soft drinks until my belly was distended like with a bellows." He was disturbed because Americans demanded that he continue his satirical line drawings and he found himself unable to do so. He was inclined, instead, to paint water colors and oils. In his autobiography, which is soon to be published, he wrote, "I, who for many years had made nothing but satirical grimaces, suddenly couldn't bear it any longer. All these misdrawings and distortions simply nauseated me. There was a division in my psyche. All men seemed as alike as so many eggs. I became concerned with landscapes and nature and with trees and leaves of grass and turtles and ants, and there came a time when my paintings of them became a true mirror of my inner nature. I began also to paint my vision of unavoidable terrors and destructions to come, which were a sort of self-portrait. As for man, I had done my share by him and my drawings had been exhibited as proof of my degenerate nature. I had fought. I had lost when Hitler came in. Now I had to accept defeat. I was disappointed, but no more than any man who discovers

ABOARD A TROOPSHIP IN CONVOY

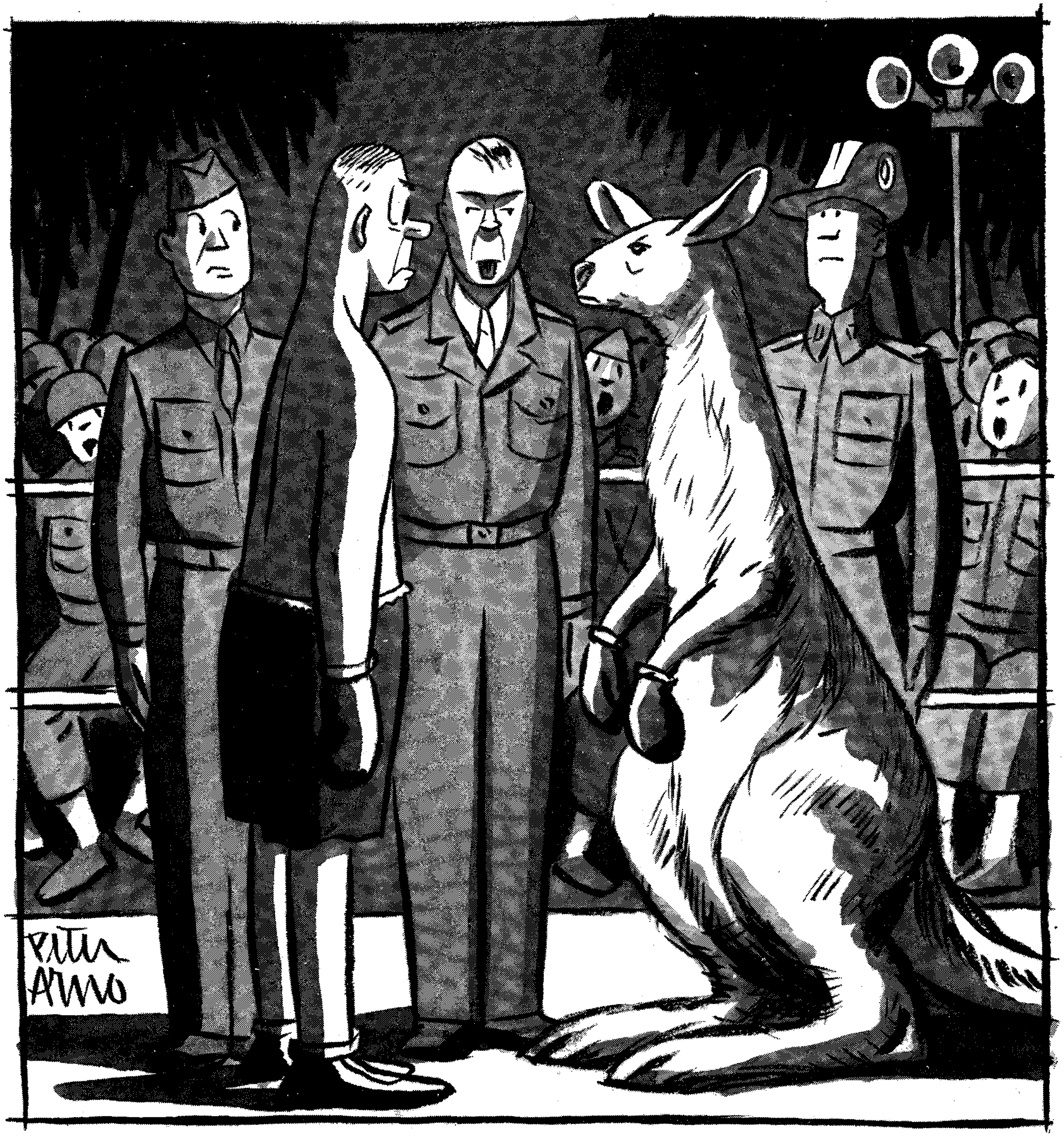
We grumble up the gangplank to the ship,
Zigzag past periscopes toward history,
And know that in each squad of twelve, one man
Wears doom, like dungarees, and does not know.

He will not see the Brooklyn Bridge again,
No, not though all his buttons glow like planets,
Shining like prayers to intercede for him,
Though he ban sins and wrinkles from his bed
And scrape his mess kit clean with sand and soap—
Not even this can coax a soldier's furlough
From death for one who strolls among our twelve.

This morning we,
Because not knowing which of us he is,
Swore twice as gruffly at each other with
That soldiers' gentleness we won't admit.

—Sgt. Peter Viereck

• •

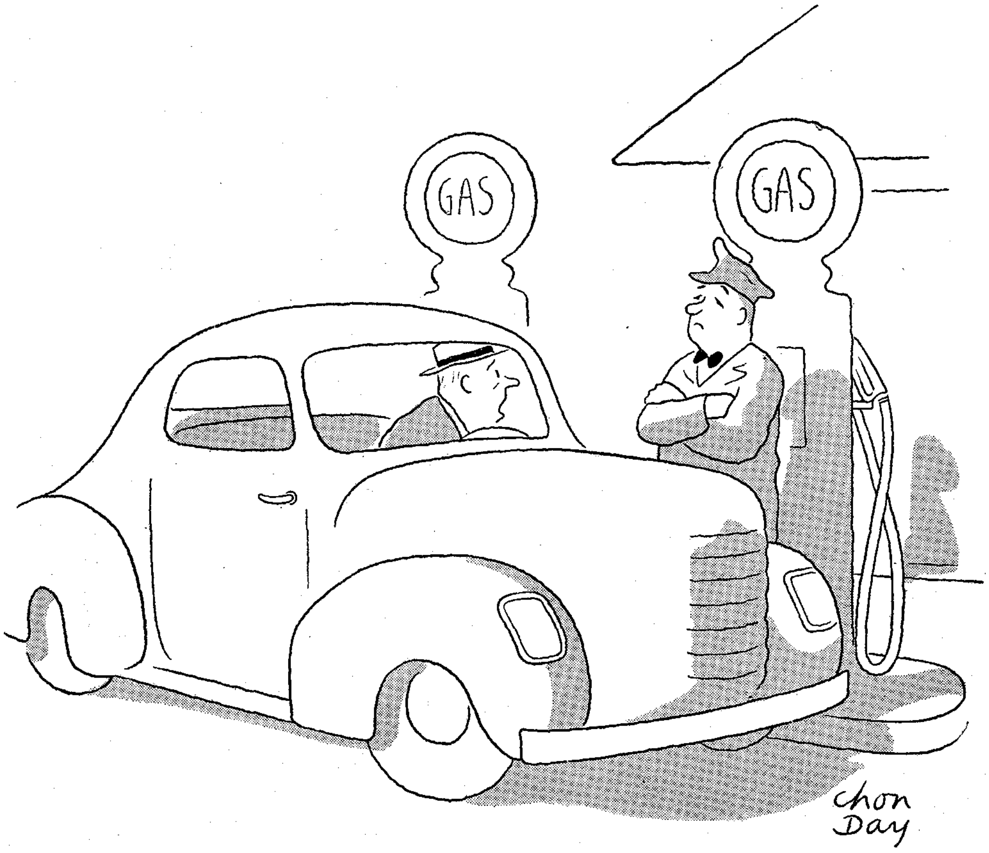


"All right, men, you know the rules as well as I do. No hitting in the clinches. When I tell you to break I want you to break clean. Now go to your corners and come out fighting."

• •

that his life's work has been in vain and utterly meaningless."

GROSZ, who has always been sensitive to his environment, thinks that it was natural that he should have changed characters when he changed countries. The change affected him so profoundly that it even transformed his water-color technique. His water colors, in his own words, "became hazy and unclear, suited to my new, blurred vision. A kind of steam across the background is in great contrast to my European method of brevity and decisiveness." Grosz's oil technique also changed in America. In Germany he usually painted on a white background, but now he always paints his canvas dark red, deep brown, warmish gray, or neutral green with a special tempera that he calls "a homemade water color." He used to outline a picture with an underdrawing, but now he starts right in painting. He paints in layers, beginning with a neutral color and then glazing it with brighter hues. After a half

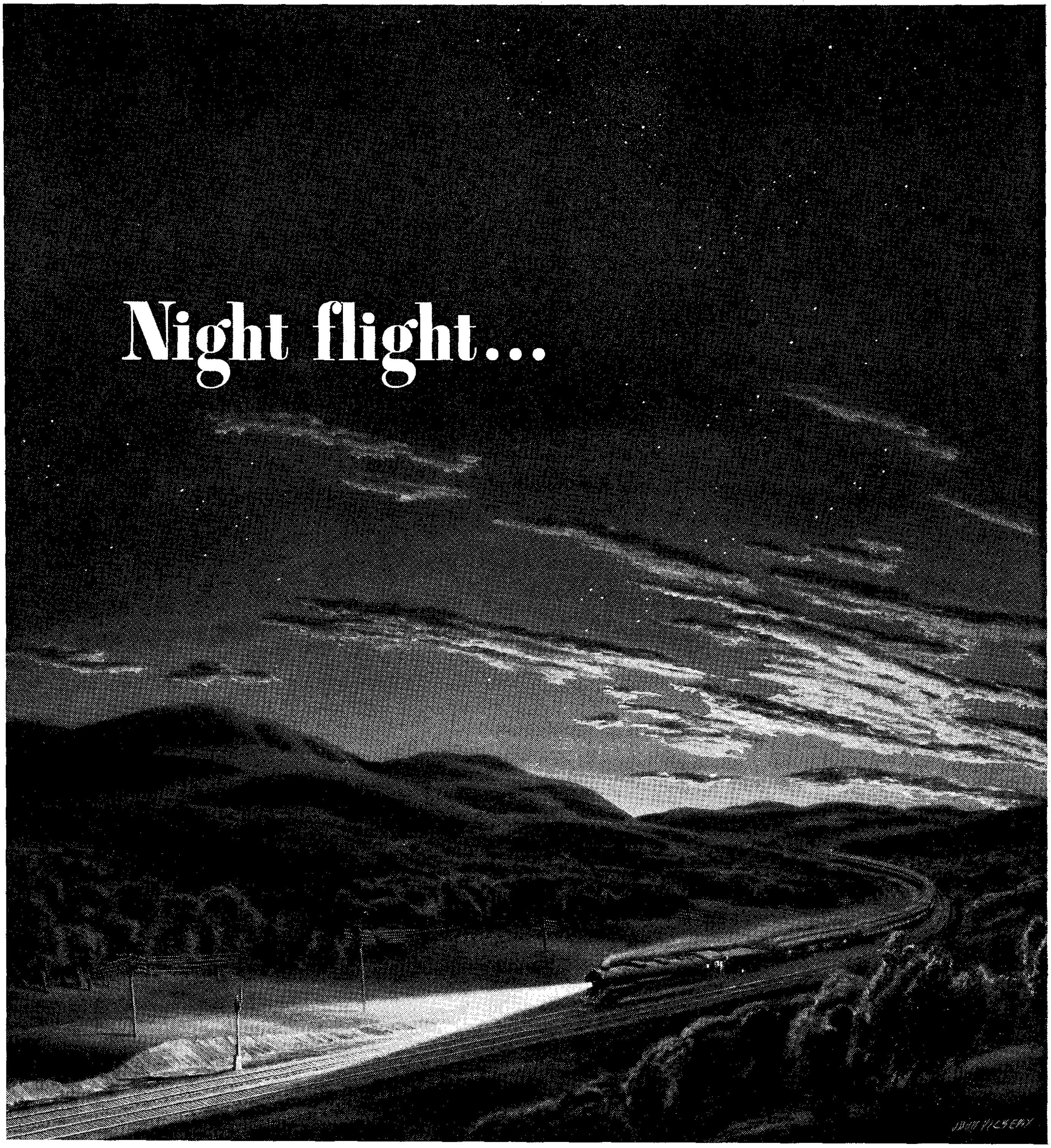


"But, Henry, I'm your own blood brother!"

day's work on a canvas, he usually puts it aside to dry and begins work on another; the next day he goes back to the first one. He works hard on the lights in his oils, using impasto, which is a heavy application of pigment; to the impasto areas he adds a bit of sand and dry white chalk powder. Even when a painting, by ordinary standards, is finished, he goes over it repeatedly, heightening the lights and reflections with a very fine sable brush dipped in "heavy, honeylike linseed oil, which drops from the brush like little pearls." He makes many sketches before he starts a painting, but even after this preparatory work a painting sometimes takes an entirely different course and turns out to be something quite unlike what he had planned. "You set out to paint a woman," he says, "and it ends up a lion, if you know what I mean. Some paintings are more unknown to oneself than they are to others. I can't explain that. Sometimes you set out to paint and instead of a beautiful landscape it comes out a desert. Sometimes you really paint in a circle. Round and round, without any result at all."

Despite an occasional arid period, Grosz is extraordinarily fecund both in ideas and industry. Over a thirty-five-year span, he has filled some three hundred and fifty sketch books, done about six thousand finished drawings, and painted more than two thousand water colors and four hundred oils. Once started, he is usually swift in execution, often spending little more than an hour on a drawing and only two hours on a water color. An oil, however, may take him anything from one month to three. Grosz receives between $2,000 and $5,000 for a large oil and between $200 and $500 for a water color. A Grosz drawing usually brings about $150, although as much as $1,000 has been paid for one of his early satiric drawings, which are now regarded as collectors' items. Many American museums own Grosz paintings. Among them are the Metropolitan, the Whitney Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Los Angeles Museum, the Minneapolis Institute, the Springfield, Massachusetts, Museum of Fine Arts, the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, and the Duncan Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington. His dealers are the Associated American Artists, which receive a commission of thirty-three and a third per cent. Two years ago they gave a large retrospective exhibition of Grosz's work and the Museum of Modern Art simultaneously put on a similar show. Among Grosz's best private customers are Bernard Reis, a New York accountant; Fred Zimmerman, a bass-viol player in the Philharmonic; Arnott J. White, a wealthy young man who lives on Riverside Drive and likes to write lengthy scenarios, or program notes, describing Grosz's paintings; Erich Cohn, a New York manufacturer of macaroni; and Edward James, a California patron of the arts. Other collectors of Grosz are Billy Rose, Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, and Edward G. Robinson. Grosz has illustrated a score of books, the most recent being an edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy." His income is also augmented by the $150 a month which he is paid by the Art Students League, where he holds classes twice a week. In addition, he gives six lectures a year for the Department of Architecture at Columbia University. Although Grosz sells as much as most artists of repute, his income is uncertain and fluctuating. He may make as much as $15,000 one year and as little as $6,000 another. He has a frank lust for money, insisting that he likes its feel and its smell, and an equally frank fear that he, his wife, and his two sons, both of whom attend private schools, may suffer from the lack of it. For the past year Mrs. Grosz has done the housework and the cooking, turning out substantial German dishes, which her husband greets with a satisfaction that is punctuated by dark asides prophesying eventual starvation for the entire Grosz family.

Grosz gets up at eight in the morning. In the winter he usually wears gray flannel trousers and a violently colored lumberjack shirt when he is painting. In summer he generally wears shorts and a sport shirt. He breakfasts on orange juice and two cups of coffee, skips a rope in his studio, which is on the second floor of his house, and then takes a cold shower. He works from nine until six at night, often not eating lunch. "After six," he says, "I clean my brushes meticulously and put my colors, which are on a piece of glass, into a basin under water to wash them." He then goes downstairs and reads the *Long Island Star-Journal*, works for a half hour in his workshop or his garden, depending on the season, then eats supper, usually in the kitchen, and helps his wife with the dishes. Martin, his thirteen-year-old son, sets the kitchen table for the next morning's breakfast and Grosz, who now



THE beam of a giant headlight stabbing through the black, the long call of the engine's whistle, the thunder of the train in its flight through the night – those are things which, at this season, bring thoughts of "home for Christmas."

But this year it's different. The men and women in the service – those who can be spared for a few days from their pressing business of Victory – have first call on the trains.

But if you find that you must travel at that time:

Ask your local ticket agent about the less crowded trains and the best days on which to take them.

Cut your hand-baggage to one piece – check the rest.

Tag all luggage to avoid mistakes and mix-ups.

And if your plans change, cancel your reservations promptly.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

LISTEN: DECEMBER 11, 1943

Sunday evening, December 12 will be observed as some sort of unofficial national holiday because Fred Allen comes back on the air that night over the full CBS network, at 9:30 in the East, 8:30 in the Midlands, 7:30 in the Mountains and 6:30 on the Coast.

★

If you have sat charmed by the poisonous excellence of Master Skippy Homeier, aged 12, the Nazi brat in *Tomorrow the World*, you may be interested to know that he is another of the youngsters on the stage who got their start on CBS—a member of the class of those who owe their first dramatic experience to dear old Alma Columbia (Mater, for short). Skippy played for 5 years on the CBS air in *Let's Pretend* and *Big Sister*.

Another member of the class is wonderful Eric Roberts, a sort of dramatic cousin to Skippy, whom a 100%-American audience was eager to spank evenings at 8:40 and twice on matinee days in Lillian Hellman's *Watch on the Rhine*. He learned at CBS in *Let's Pretend, The American School of the Air*, and the *Columbia Workshop* programs.

On station WCAU (CBS in Philadelphia) matriculated Master Ezra Stone. Ezra's first radio job was a shrill and pretty awful recitation in the Horn & Hardart *Children's Hour*. Ezra, for some years past, has been *Henry Aldrich* of *The Aldrich Family*, but now he is Master Sergeant Ezra Stone, of the cast of *This Is The Army*—somewhere in Censored. (Please write him for Valentine's Day: Master Sgt. Ezra Stone, c/o the Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D.C.)

The class of Dear-Old can't be fully enumerated here. But on the CBS Saturday morning children's classic *Let's Pretend*, Nila Mack has raised up such stage celebrities as Patricia Peardon, whom you saw in *Junior Miss;* Peter Fernandez, the incomparable *messenger boy* of *Love's Old Sweet Song;* Gwen Davies, soloist with the Bobby Sherwood band and at present singing the commercials on *Let's Pretend;* Jimmy Lydon, playing *Henry Aldrich* in the movie *The Aldrich Family;* Raymond Roe, who jumped from a part in *Life with Father* to land a contract with the movies—his first part being opposite Ginger Rogers; Patricia Ryan, who won the radio lead in *Claudia* in a competitive audition of 150 girls.

So you don't have to be born in the tray of a theatrical trunk to be a mighty promising factor in the make-believe world of tomorrow. You don't even have to be a town boy in Stratford-on-Avon. The make-believe world is expanding—in fairly direct ratio to its economy.

★

The tallest radio transmitter tower in America is that of WNAX, CBS in Yankton. From the top of it, 927 feet up, you can see way to hell and gone, and broadcast even further.

★

Two more firsts—in one week:

1. November 14, Sunday, at 9:07:20 a.m. EWT, listeners to CBS *News of the World* heard the first American correspondent's voice broadcasting from Naples. It was Farnsworth Fowle, of CBS.

2. Sunday afternoon, November 21, at 4:30:00 EWT precisely, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz released in Honolulu the first news of the American landings on Makin and Tarawa islands. Twenty seconds later, Webley Edwards, CBS correspondent in Honolulu, read the communiqué to all continental America over CBS—beating all other news services by a cool ten minutes.

You've got to expect alertness like that in the normal operation of the Number One News Service on the air, even if the points of origin of the broadcasts are about 8,100 miles apart.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

prides himself on being the perfect suburbanite, goes for an evening walk with Mrs. Grosz and their Scottie, Punch. Grosz ordinarily goes to bed at nine and reads horror stories until midnight.

Once in a while, however, he goes back to his studio and remains there until long after midnight. Sometimes, on such occasions, he delves into three large crates filled with books, newspaper clippings, and magazine articles about his career. Not long ago he took a friend with him on one of these journeys into the past. As he looked through the clippings, he whispered now and then, as if to himself, "I was once very famous." He lighted his pipe and pointed out that his match pack had his name in red on the cover. "If you decline a little in fame," he explained, "you have to have these devices. That's one thing I like about America. You can have your own name put on anything." As he went on through his mementos, he exclaimed over a Berlin newspaper photograph of him taken in 1927. "Here's somesing important," he said. "Already I am smoking a Yankee corn cob." He delved deeper into the years, finally coming to the clippings which described his fight against the Nazis and the savage bitterness of the drawings he claims he now hates. "On Judgment Day," he exclaimed suddenly, "I will take back nothing!" He picked up another clipping of a critical article and looked at it bleakly for a long time. The man who had written it suggested, as an epitaph for Grosz, these lines of Yeats' for the grave of Swift:

> Savage indignation there
> Cannot lacerate his breast.
> Imitate him if you dare,
> World besotted traveller; he
> Served human liberty.

—Richard O. Boyer

(This is the last of three articles on Mr. Grosz.)

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Chicago Journal of Commerce*]

ICC said immediate action is required to prevent shortage of equipment on these lines. Hence the ICC as Roxane to Walter Hampden's "Cyrano") and Clay Clement, are her parents, both of them bringing understanding and quiet skill to a has ordered "not to use after being unloaded and to return empty all coal cars (hopper cars and gondola cars having sides not less than 38 inches in height)" owned by the four affected railroads, either via the direct route or the service route. All conflicting car service rules were suspended.

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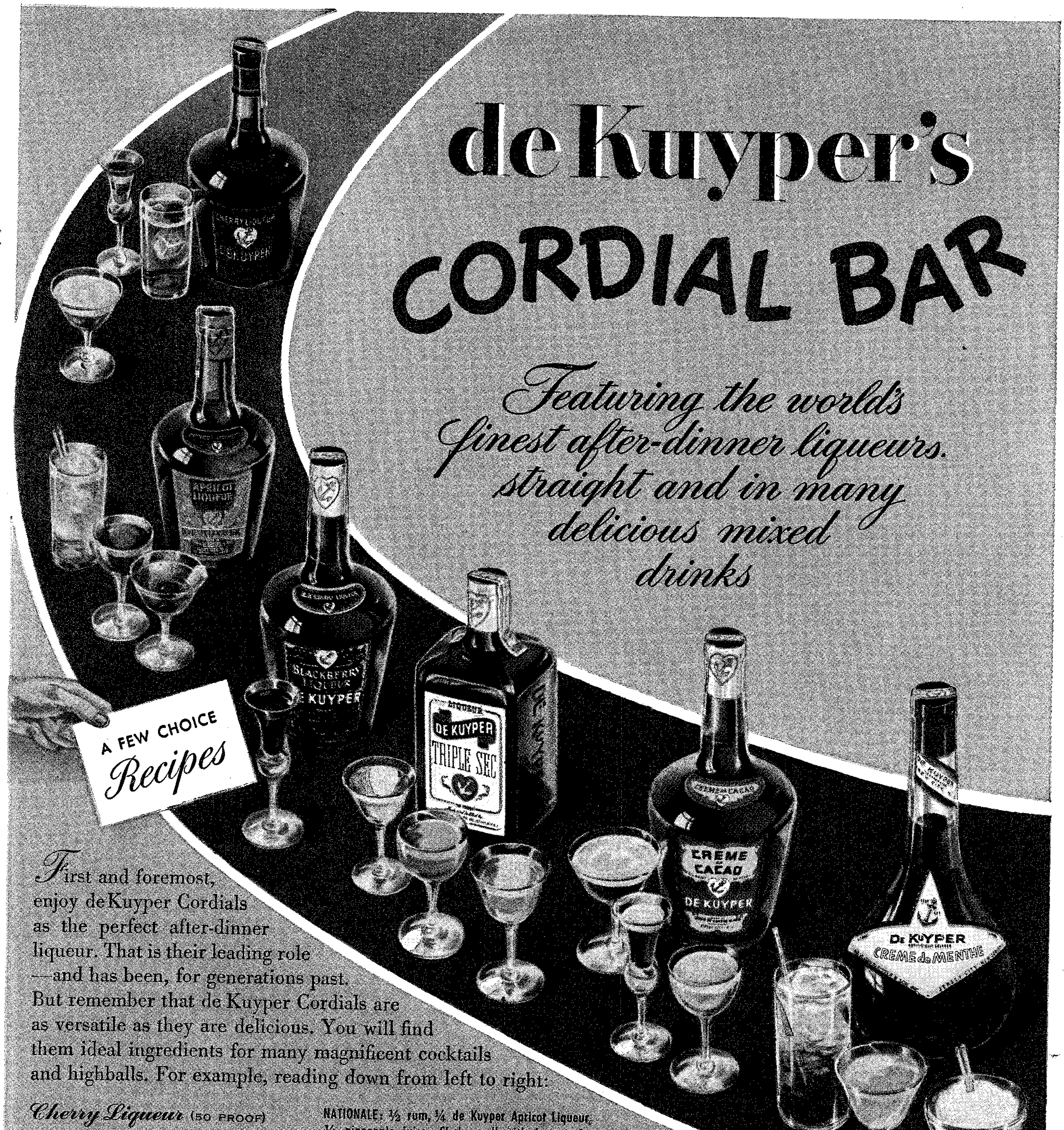

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First and foremost, enjoy de Kuyper Cordials as the perfect after-dinner liqueur. That is their leading role—and has been, for generations past. But remember that de Kuyper Cordials are as versatile as they are delicious. You will find them ideal ingredients for many magnificent cocktails and highballs. For example, reading down from left to right:

Cherry Liqueur (50 PROOF)

POUSSE CAFE: ¼ de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Menthe, ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ¼ de Kuyper Triple Sec (or de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur). Use liqueur glass and pour ingredients carefully in order listed above so that they do not mix.

SINGAPORE GIN SLING: Juice of ½ lemon, dash of bitters, 1 oz. de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, 2 oz. gin, garnish with cherry. Fill with club soda.

NORTH POLE: ⅓ de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, ⅓ gin, juice of ½ lemon, 1 white of egg. Shake with ice, strain in claret glass, with whipped cream on top.

Apricot Liqueur (74 PROOF)

APRI-COOLER: 1¼ oz. de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur, in a 10-oz. glass, juice of ½ lemon. Stir with ice. Fill with club soda.

PARADISE: ⅓ gin, ⅔ de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur. Shake well with ice, strain.

NATIONALE: ½ rum, ¼ de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur, ¼ pineapple juice. Shake well with ice, strain, decorate with pineapple stick and cherry.

Blackberry Liqueur (70 PROOF)

A popular after-dinner liqueur.

Triple Sec (80 PROOF)

WHITE LADY: ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec, ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ gin. Shake with ice, strain.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS: ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec, ⅓ brandy, ⅓ gin. Add a dash of lemon juice if desired. Shake with ice, strain.

SIDE CAR: ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ brandy, ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec. Shake with ice, strain.

Creme de Cacao (60 PROOF)

COMMODORE: ⅓ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ⅓ rye or bourbon whiskey, ⅓ lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grenadine. Shake well with ice, strain, serve in champagne glass.

ANNO 1695

ANGEL'S TIP: Fill a liqueur glass ⅔ full with de Kuyper Creme de Cacao. Pour a little sweet cream over a spoon so it floats on the cacao.

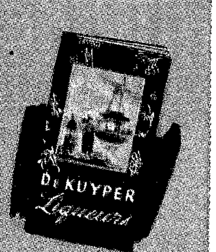
ALEXANDER: ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ½ gin, ¼ sweet cream. Shake well with ice, strain.

Creme de Menthe (60 PROOF)

LONG GREEN: Fill Tom Collins glass with cracked ice, pour in 1½ oz. de Kuyper Creme de Menthe. Fill with soda.

STINGER: ⅓ de Kuyper Creme de Menthe (white), ⅔ brandy. Shake with ice, strain.

FRAPPE: Fill frappe glass with shaved or crushed ice, pour in de Kuyper Creme de Menthe.



Today, as for the past nine years, de Kuyper Cordials are being made in America *identically* as in Holland. Send for free Recipe Booklet, describing 12 delicious de Kuyper Cordials. National Distillers Products Corporation, Dept. NN3, No. 12, Wall Street Station, New York.

NEW ACQUAINTANCE

"WELL, I'm so glad you could come," said the young woman with the hat that looked as though it had been made of chipped licorice. "You're going to love Verna. You and she will hit it off together." She glanced anxiously down the length of the restaurant aisle to the doorway. "Verna's tall," she said. "I wouldn't exactly say that she was pretty, although a lot of people think so."

The other young woman at the table nodded politely. She was wearing a hat as lush as her friend's was unyielding. It was a blur of assorted flowers and veiling and it was held in place by veiling looped beneath her chin. "Shall we order, Peggy?" she asked. She tapped with her fingers on the luncheon doily as she spoke.

Peggy picked up the menu and studied it, then laid it back on the table. "Shall we have a cocktail while we're waiting for Verna?" she asked. She glanced again at the doorway. "I do hope she didn't misunderstand. You don't suppose she thought I meant the Pierre Hotel, do you? I didn't mention hotel at all. I just said Pierre's." The other young woman didn't suppose that she had. "This is really amusing, isn't it, Jean, my living way out in the sticks and you and Verna being practically neighbors here in New York and never meeting and my finally getting the two of you together." Peggy laughed delightedly. "Honestly, I've been trying to get around to this for ages. Your ears must have been burning, the things I've told Verna about you."

"Maybe she got her dates mixed," said Jean.

"Oh, no. I gave her a ring this morning. I stopped at a drugstore and phoned her. She didn't make sense at first. I think I woke her up. I said, 'For heaven's sake, stop mumbling.' Honestly, she's a scream, she's got the best sense of humor." Her eyes were on the doorway and she let out a little gurgle of recognition. "Here she is now. Here's Verna!"

Jean turned her head, stared a moment, then turned back. She took a compact out of her pocketbook and by the time she had powdered her nose and snapped shut the compact the newcomer had reached the table and was being greeted affectionately by Peggy.

"I was worried sick about you," Peggy was saying. "I was afraid I hadn't made it clear about meeting here instead of—Jean, this is Verna Malloy. Verna, you've heard me speak of Jean Archer." A silence followed the presentation, and when it continued beyond a mere pause, Peggy added, "Sit down, Verna darling. What a wonderful hat!"

VERNA sat down. Her hat was similar to Jean's, a fact which the owners of both hats had had time to notice. They smiled at each other briefly and disinterestedly; then, under the enveloping possessiveness of their hostess's gaze, they seemed to draw away from each other.

"Isn't this *fun!*" said Peggy. "What do you say we have a cocktail? Really, I absolutely insist that we all have a cocktail." A waiter hesitated beside the table and she looked up at him and said confidingly that they were going to have cocktails. "What will it be?" she asked her two guests.

Verna said she'd like a dry Martini. "Very dry," she added.

Her hostess chuckled as though the remark were amusing. After some indecision it was decided that they would all have dry Martinis, very dry. The waiter nodded and went away and the three at the table were left startlingly alone.

"Headache?" the hostess asked finally. Verna had raised one hand to her forehead and was holding it there.

"Oh, God," Verna murmured. "I'll say. Did I pin one on last night, did I get stinking!"

Her hostess clucked sympathetically.

"You'll feel better when you have a cocktail. Won't she feel better, Jean?"

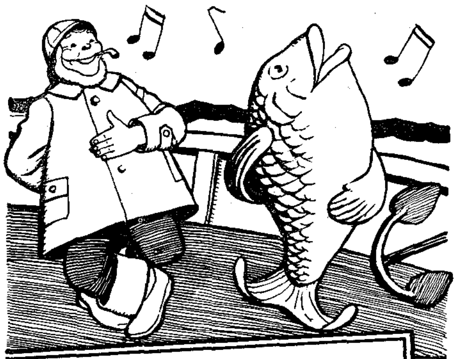
Jean was looking at Verna with some interest now. "Sometimes it helps, but you can't tell," she said. Then she addressed her first remark to Verna. "What were you drinking?"

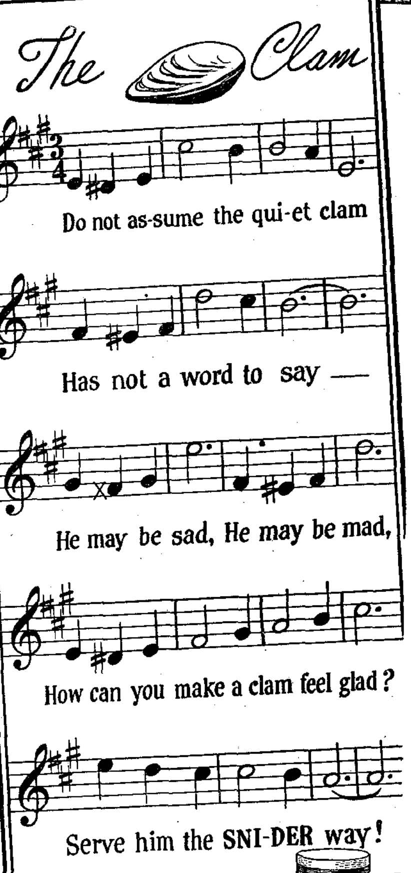
"Scotch. But after dinner I switched to brandy."

"Uh-uh," said Jean. "That was it."

"I know," said Verna. "I *should*

SNIDER SEA CHANTIES




The Clam
Do not as-sume the qui-et clam
Has not a word to say —
He may be sad, He may be mad,
How can you make a clam feel glad?
Serve him the SNI-DER way!

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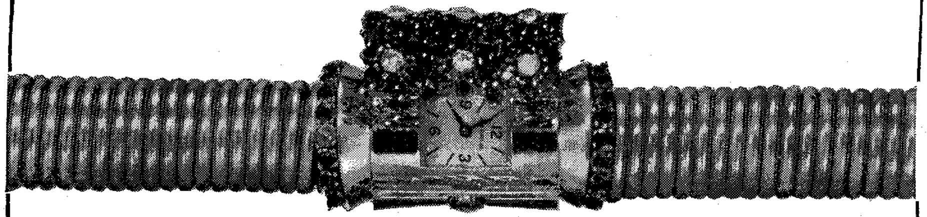

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know. I guess I just never learn, that's all." She opened her pocketbook and drew from it a compact embellished with brightly colored stones.

"How pretty!" Peggy cried.

Verna flipped up the mirror and stared into it. She scowled at her reflection.

"Is it a dried-out feeling?" asked Jean. "My skin always feels like old parchment afterwards."

"Like old parchment is right," Verna said pleasantly. "I don't get enough sleep."

"Sleep! Do you go to sleep and then wake up in a few hours with your heart pounding?"

"Oh!" said Verna, grimacing.

"And that awful brassy taste?"

The two young women nodded and smiled at each other, a swift and almost tender understanding rising between them.

"I feel like a hag," Verna went on. "I get worse ones than anyone."

"You look fine," Jean told her amiably. It was with only a shade of effort that she added, "I love your hat."

"Well, thanks," said Verna.

Their hostess watched the two women contentedly and with the air of a proud sponsor. "You two," she murmured. "I've been wanting to get you two together for the longest while."

—DECLA DUNNING

•

Lassalle fell in love in a few moments, carried the woman of his choice down exactly three flights of stairs, and then, as though his intellect had interfered to dampen his emotions, he let the whole matter drop.—*From "Genius and Character," by Emil Ludwig.*

Break any bones?

•

Son's voice changed at age of 10. Now he is 13, eight feet nine inches tall, 155 pounds, strong in mind and body, but I am worried that he may become abnormally large. (Mrs. K.W.M.)—*Letter to the advice column in the Louisville Times.*

Don't cross that bridge till you come to it.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Wilmington (Del.) Journal-Every Evening*]

Miss Amy Longfellow Hughes, daughter of Mrs. Alden V. Keene of Middletown, will register as a freshman at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass., on Friday, Oct. 29. A dance will be held at the college on the following Saturday night.

DODGE, TODAY, MEANS TOTAL WAR PRODUCTION

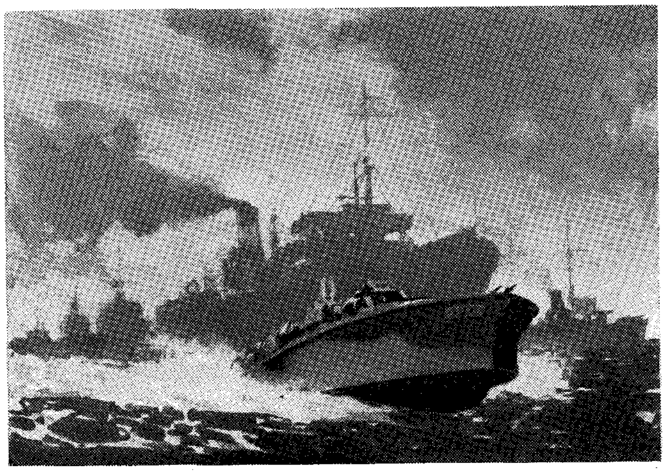
Never a dull moment in HAMTRAMCK

No American city is closer to the battles than Hamtramck.

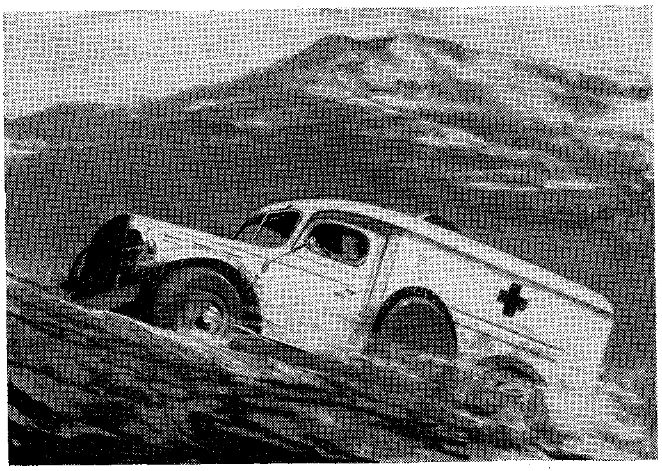
Its working citizens have made their mark upon the war. Its sons and daughters are in there fighting it.

Pictures coming home from invasion beaches and remote fields of action tell the story of Hamtramck—and of Dodge Dependability—as Allied ships, guns and fighting vehicles press home the attack.

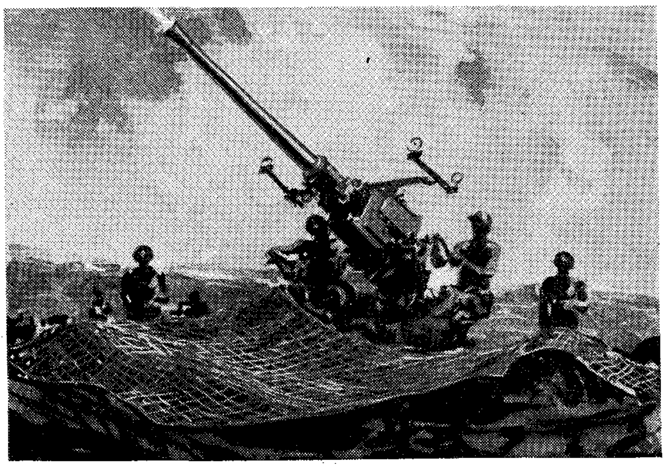
Note— Hamtramck is a big and independent city entirely within the boundaries of Detroit. Dodge plants, laboratories and offices comprise some of its major institutions, employing a total of more than 20,000 men and women in war production work.



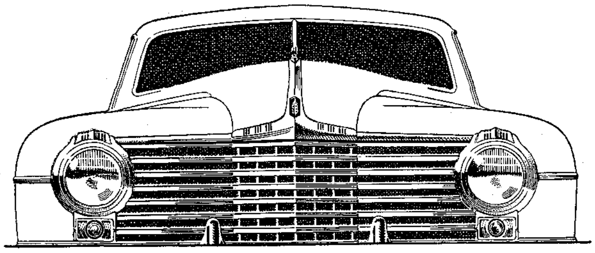
For the better navigation and the greater safety of both fighting and cargo ships—Dodge makes the famous Sperry Gyro-Compass in quantity production.



Dodge makes Ambulances for the U. S. Army. They are vehicles of mercy on every battle front, companions and team-mates to the Dodge fighting trucks.



Dodge makes basic parts for the famous Bofors Anti-Aircraft Cannon, used for land and sea defense in almost every Allied field of action.



The millions of Dodge cars (and trucks) that give source and background to this enormous war production have, of course, been throttled down to the slower speeds and limited mileage of war-time. But their dependable qualities assert themselves, the world over, in this vital military form.

Dodge
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BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

Tune in Major Bowes every Thursday, CBS, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

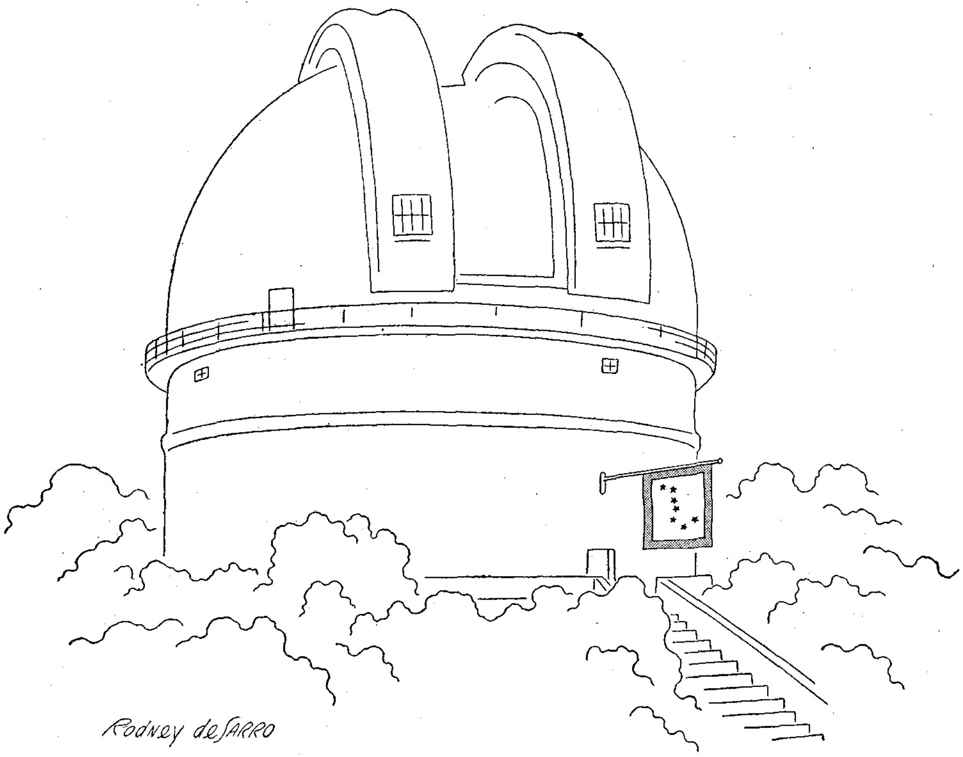
TOW-ROW AND HITTY-MISSY

IN the eyes of a large and quarrelsome circle of admirers—people who either know the difference between a chichevache and a bicorne or know where to look it up—Mrs. Elizabeth S. Kingsley is the unquestioned queen of puzzle-makers. She is the inventor and sole producer of the Double-Crostic, a literary puzzle which, in the words of one articulate fan, "is to the crossword puzzle as wine is to water." Mrs. Kingsley, who is grateful that a chichevache is a medieval monster fond of eating patient wives and that a bicorne is a medieval monster fond of eating patient husbands, has been turning out Double-Crostics with frightening regularity since March, 1934, when her first one appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. She hasn't missed a week in the *Saturday Review* since. In addition, fifteen volumes of her puzzles (all new, all different) have been published by Simon & Schuster, and recently she embarked on a monthly series for the *Times Sunday Magazine*. The *Review* holds a copyright on the term "Double-Crostic," so none of Mrs. Kingsley's few imitators can call his puzzles Double-Crostics. None of them, furthermore, has any standing in puzzle circles. Altogether, Mrs. Kingsley has constructed about fourteen hundred Double-Crostics. When her five-hundredth consecutive one appeared in the *Saturday Review* a few weeks ago, it seemed to me a good time to pay a call on her and find out something about the attraction her puzzles have for thousands of professors, bibliophiles, literary people, and arthritis sufferers throughout the country.

Mrs. Kingsley received me at the Henry Hudson Hotel, on West Fifty-seventh Street, which serves her as both home and office. I found her a plump, gray-haired, motherly-looking woman in her middle sixties, deep in the construction of a Double-Crostic. Flanked by a window overlooking the Hudson and by a huge dictionary on a wooden stand, she was seated at a card table covered with anagram blocks. "If I were a lady bountiful," she said, as soon as I had sat down, "I would supply every home in the land with a Webster's New International Dictionary. Funk & Wagnalls once complained that I showed a prejudice toward Webster's, but I recommend only what I consider the best to my people. They will stand for nothing less." I told Mrs. Kingsley that if she really wanted to be a lady bountiful, she would clear up some of the mysteries of Double-Crostics for me. She explained, first of all, that solving a Double-Crostic gives you a literary quotation, together with the name of the author and the book or poem quoted. On paper, a Double-Crostic resembles a crossword puzzle, insofar as it has empty squares to be filled in and definitions like "extract from a calf's fourth stomach" in six letters. The similarity to crosswords ends there. To begin with, let us relax and picture to ourselves a crossword-like diagram, every square of which is numbered. Now forget about the diagram and imagine, off to one side, a vertical row of blank lines, each with separate spaces for the letters of the various words defined. Once we have decided, let's say, that "rennet" is as good an extract from a calf's fourth stomach as we're likely to get these days in six letters, we write down the "r," the "e," and the "n," and so on in the spaces reserved for that word. Beneath each space, we find a number. Returning now, none too eagerly, to the crossword-like diagram with the numbered squares, we merely set down, in the correspondingly numbered empty spaces there, the letters which belong on them. Once we have figured out all the words, put them on the blank lines, and transferred all the letters into the various numbered squares, we have the quotation that Mrs. Kingsley has mined for us, reading from left to right, and word for word, down through the diagram. Moreover, reading down the first letters of the words filling the vertical series of once-blank lines, we get the name of the author and the work being quoted. If all this is not clear, and there is no reason it should be, run out and get yourself a Double-Crostic. Modern authors are fairly well represented, but Mrs. Kingsley leans heavily on the classics for her quotations. More often than not, the quotation turns out to be, say, from Sheridan's "A Trip to Scarborough" ("Court, city, country, all are changed or changing") or Thackeray's "On a Lazy, Idle Boy" ("What was it that so fascinated the young student by the river? Not the pons asinorum.")

The anagram blocks spread before her on the table, Mrs. Kingsley explained, help her in the construction of a puzzle. "Once I have decided on my quotation, I break it up into devilish little words for my people," she said. "I have some veritable stumpers here today, like 'slobbery,' which is drivelling in eight letters, or 'thetic,' a prescribed position, in six. 'Ismene' is most intricate; she was the sister of Antigone, you know." I nodded. "As for 'cassowary,' that's a fine word—takes care of a nasty 'y' and merely means a ratite bird. They have rudimentary wings and breast bones, of course, but no keel. Quite the opposite of a bird with a keel."

As Mrs. Kingsley talked to me, she went ahead with the construction of the puzzle she had been working on. She



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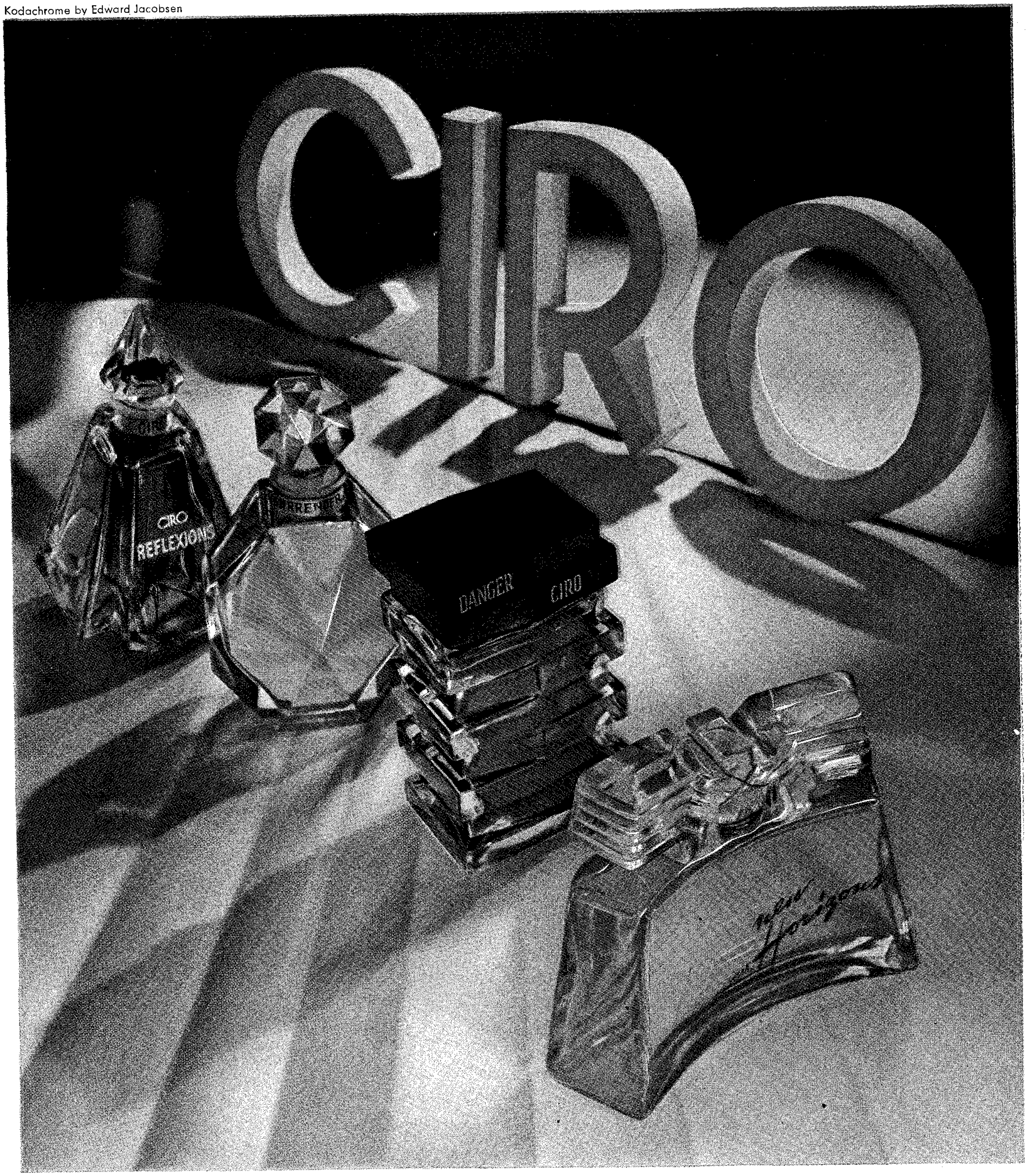
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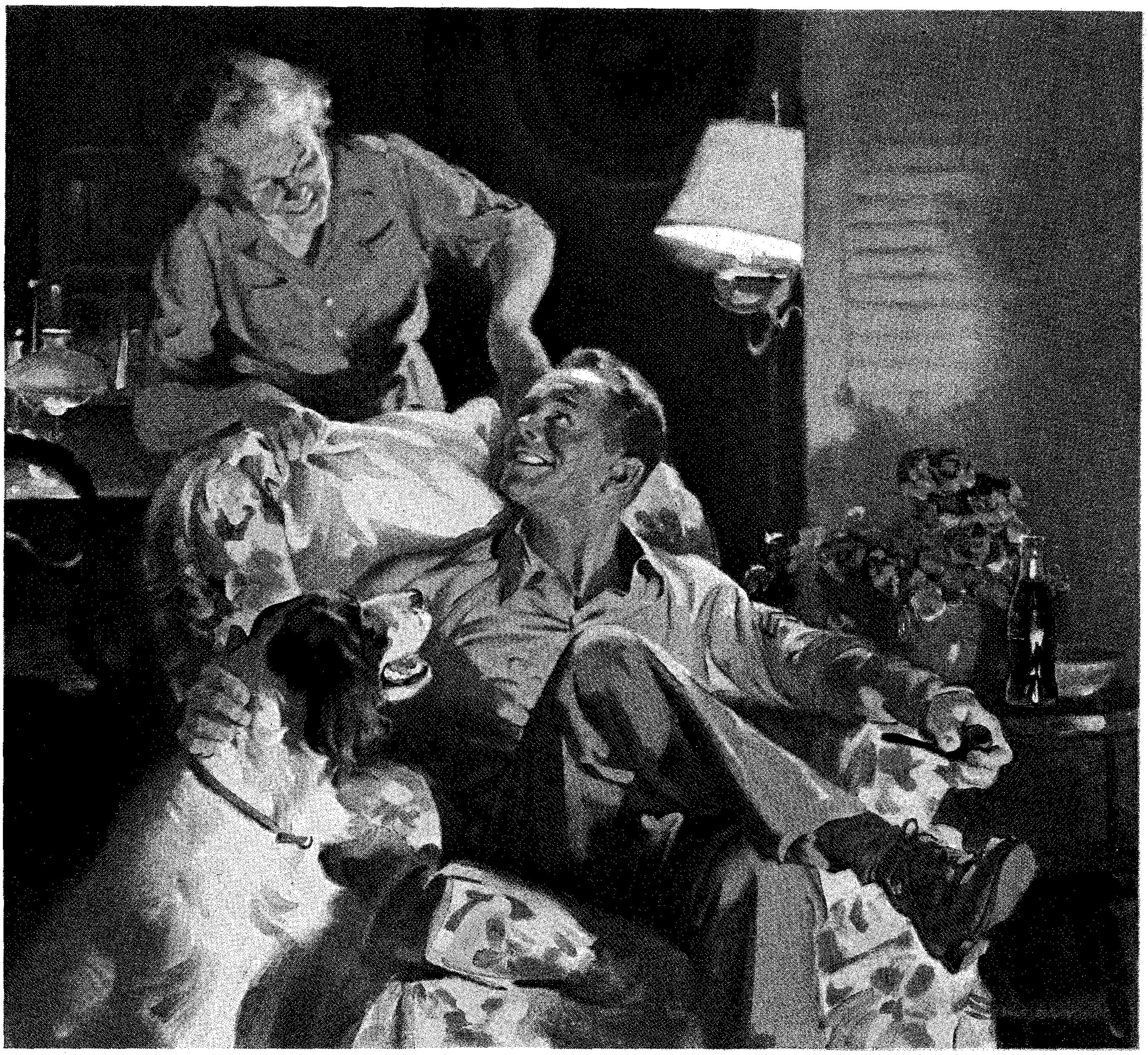

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told me that a perpetual quarrel rages among her fans over the ethics of using reference books in solving a Double-Crostic. "I always tell my people, 'By all means use whatever source is available,'" she said. "After all, *I* look things up." One of her more ardent puzzlers, Elmer Rice, has been a source of annoyance to conscientious, struggling fans ever since, some time ago, he wrote Mrs. Kingsley that he habitually finished Double-Crostics in less than an hour without so much as a *World Almanac* in the house. Mrs. Kingsley informed her following of Mr. Rice's prowess in the weekly column she writes in the *Saturday Review* to accompany her puzzle. "As a matter of fact," she said to me, lowering her voice, "a little bird tells me that Mr. Rice *peeks*."

Mrs. Kingsley's support of the reference-users is unequivocal, almost defiant. "It will do my people good," she said, "to look these things up. Knowledge is seeking and growth. How timeless the ages, how rewarding the search!" Her point of view is purely pragmatic. She feels that using reference works can also save her fans a good deal of inner turmoil. "Take the case of 'tow-row,'" she said. "I used it a while ago. It means 'uproar' or 'rumpus,' of course, but oh my! what a storm of protest burst about my head. From the University of Virginia a man wrote that the word was slang and had no place in Double-Crostics. 'Detestable' and 'horrible' were epithets applied to 'tow-row' by a Brooklyn professor. The fuss! You have no idea!" Mrs. Kingsley pounced on an anagram block marked "S" and placed it at the end of a series of blocks that read "Dorca." "Makes 'Dorcas,'" she said. "You know, the Biblical dressmaker who sewed for the poor. But 'tow-row'... Oh yes, the furies were bursting round me when I heard from a lovely old lady in Weston, Massachusetts. She wrote that while reading 'Kidnapped' to her grandson, she had happened upon the passage: 'And then there came a blinding flash, which showed me my uncle plainly... and hard upon the heels of it, a great tow-row of thunder.' 'Blessings on her head!' I cried. I was vindicated!"

Unexpected pleasures, such as the tow-row letter from the lady in Weston, are fairly common in Mrs. Kingsley's life. One gray, rainy Saturday morning last spring, her phone rang just as she was about to tackle a new puzzle. "This is Ambassador Grew," said the voice on the phone. "I am in the lobby." A moment later Ambassador Grew was in her apartment. "It was a most

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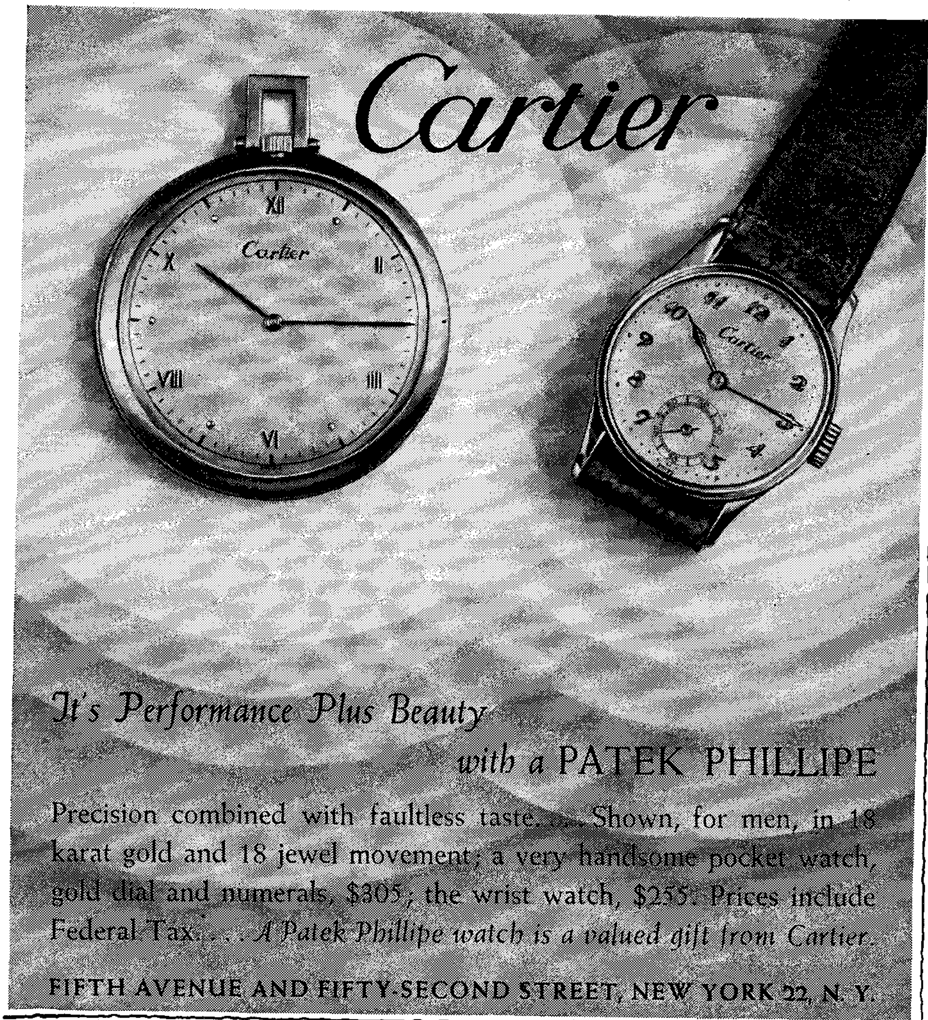

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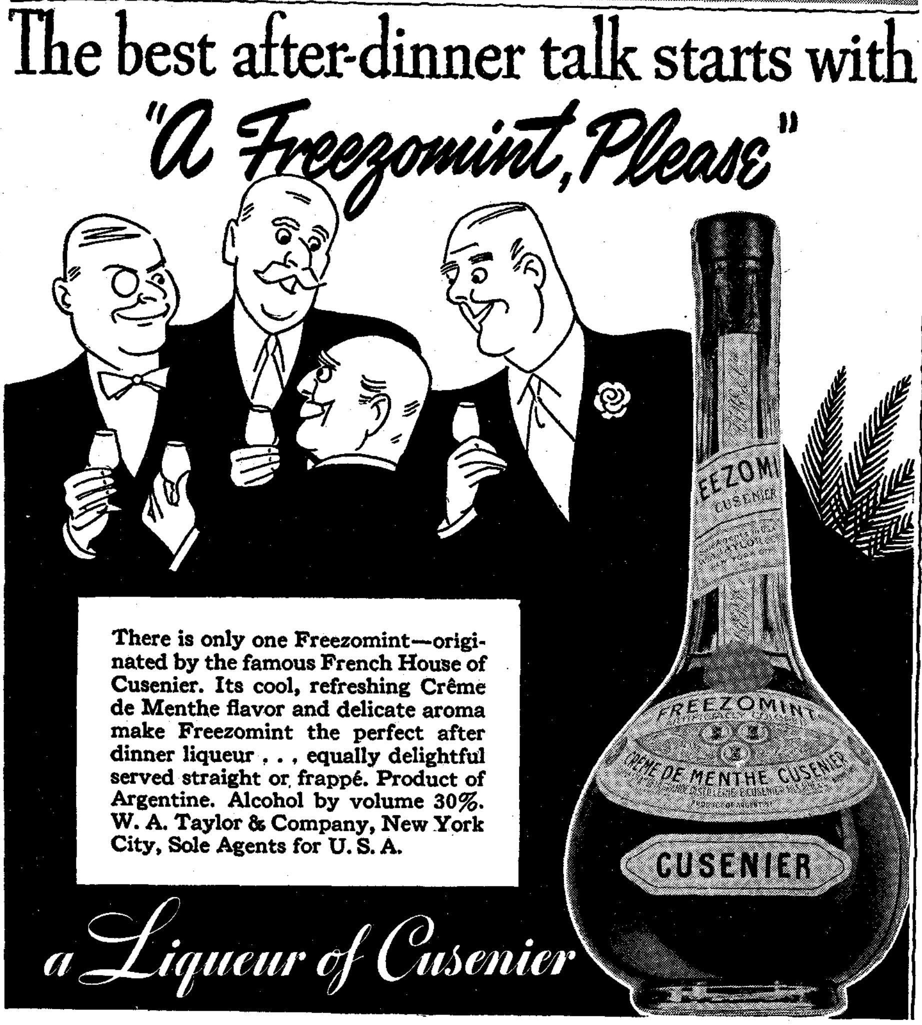

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inspiring morning," Mrs. Kingsley said. "The Ambassador was delightful. He said, 'Good madam, may I shake the hand of a woman who has given me much solace?' Double-Crostics and symphony records were his main comforts in Tokio, during his dark days there." The Ambassador, it developed, had been introduced to Double-Crostics by a Methodist-Episcopal missionary bishop. Grew also told her that Hugh Byas, the *Times'* Tokio correspondent, never missed a puzzle. "My people are most appreciative," she said. "Just the other day a gentleman at a Midwestern university sent me fifteen pounds of lovely pecans. Unfortunately, I was forced to return them, as there are no facilities in the hotel for cracking nuts."

MRS. KINGSLEY was born Elizabeth Seelman, the daughter of an English couple living in Brooklyn. The family was large and devoted to the humanities. "Father was in the sponge and chamois business," she told me, "but he considered it a privilege to take us to see Richard Mansfield and on other cultural errands, even on school days." At an early age, Elizabeth developed a talent for solving the scrambled-word puzzles—pies, they were called—in *St. Nicholas Magazine*, and she quickly mastered every brain-teaser in *Youth's Companion*, copies of which were always lying around the house. She was graduated from Wellesley in the class of 1898 and then taught English at Girls' High School, in Brooklyn, occasionally enlivening her classes with simple guessing games dealing with famous characters in literature. In 1906, in her late twenties, she met Clarence Darwin Kingsley, a teacher at Manual Training High, in Brooklyn. Mr. Kingsley, who was a crusader for the improvement of conditions in the schools, spent many pleasant evenings in the Seelman living room, showing Elizabeth and other members of the family how much valuable time was wasted by a certain number of unlucky Brooklyn schoolboys who had to travel between classes in school buildings scattered throughout the borough. Mr. Kingsley made his point with the aid of intricate colored charts, depicting the maze of streetcar routes traversed by the young scholars. The puzzlelike quality of his charts, as well as the educational interests Miss Seelman and Mr. Kingsley had in common, brought them together. After their marriage, Mrs. Kingsley gave up teaching and they moved to Massachusetts, where her husband became State Supervisor of Secondary Education. They

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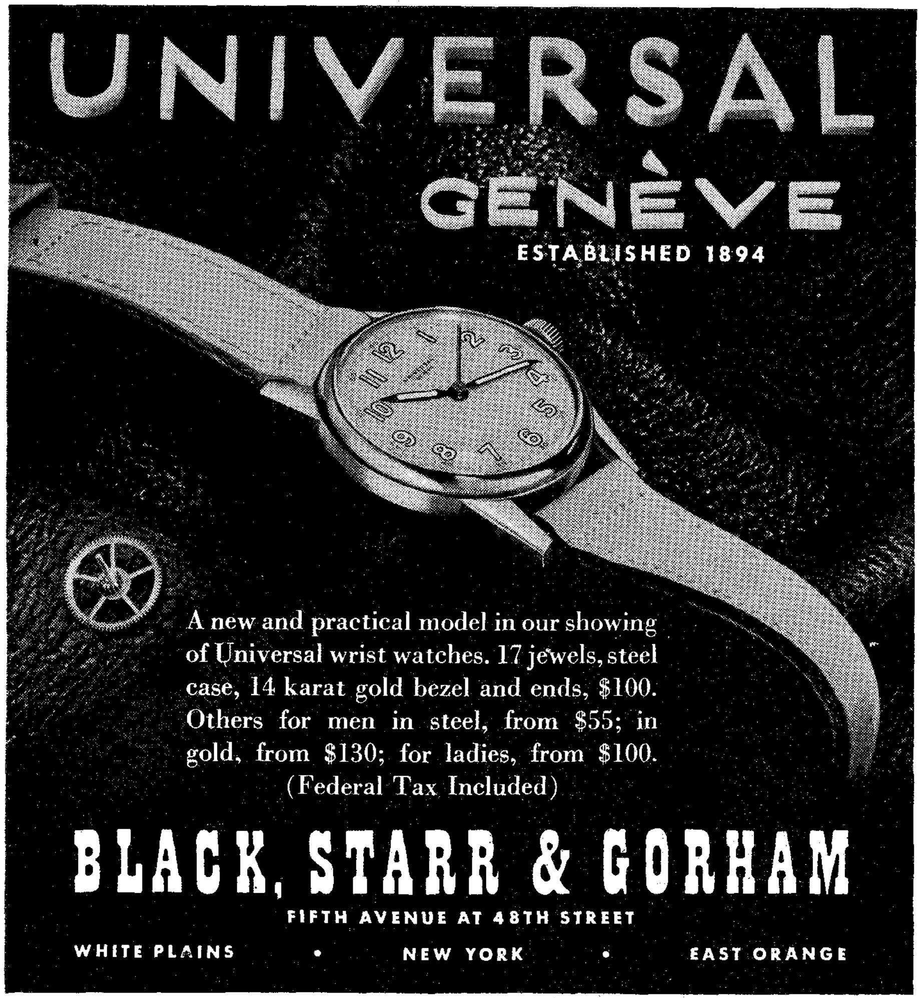

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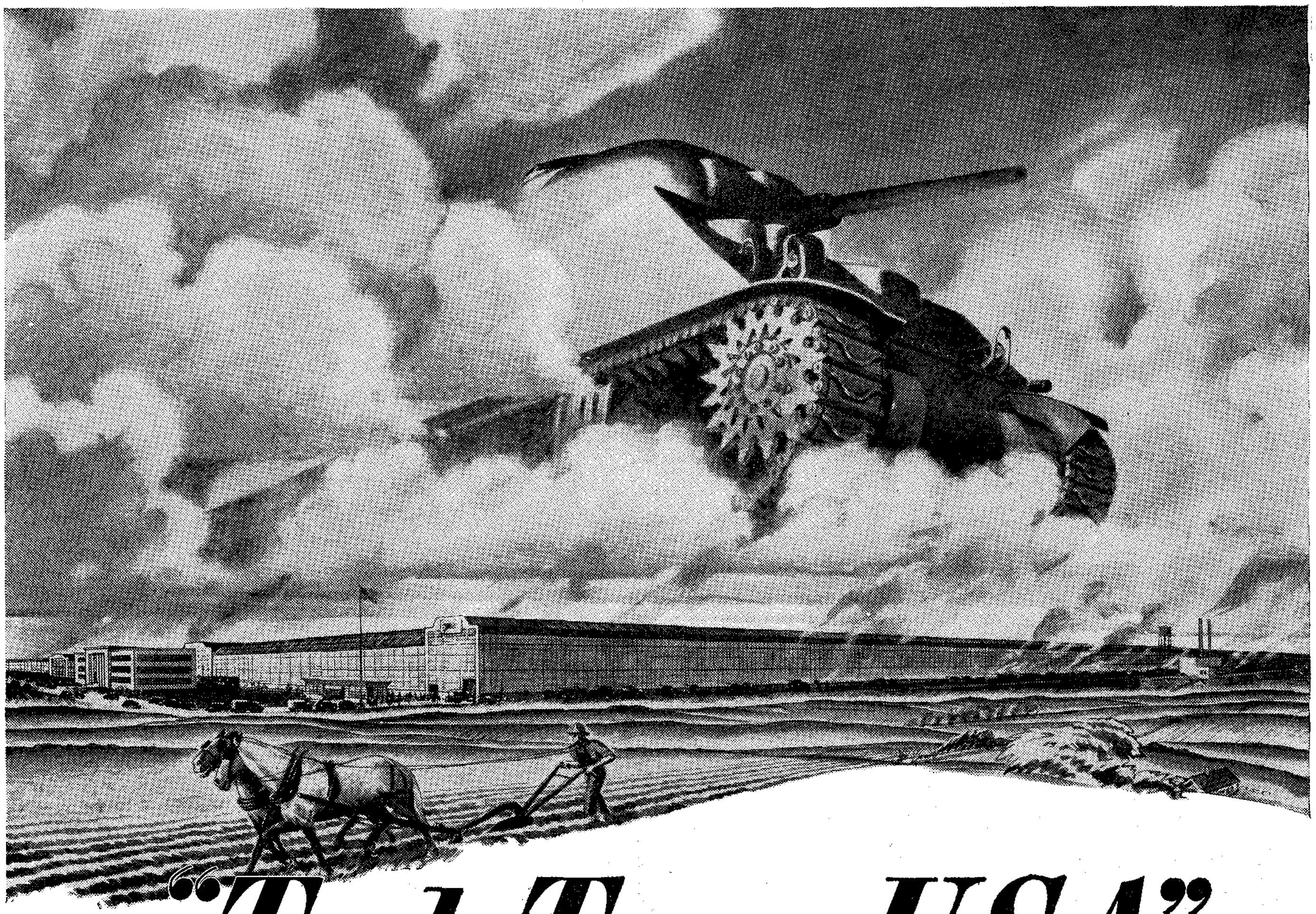
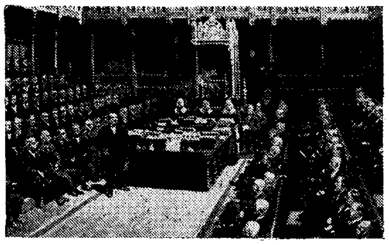
subsequently travelled about the country a good deal, Mr. Kingsley lecturing at universities and trying to impress grade-school authorities with the necessity of improving their buildings, especially the basements, which he felt stifled intellectual growth.

In 1926 Mr. Kingsley died and Mrs. Kingsley went back to Brooklyn to live with her family. A niece introduced Mrs. Kingsley to crossword puzzles, feeling that they might occupy her mind. Mrs. Kingsley raced through the ones she tried, she recalls, and remarked to her niece, "How futile! There is a certain fun in the thrill of the puzzle, to be sure, but what is the goal?" She determined someday to construct a puzzle with a goal and then dismissed puzzles of all kinds from her mind. She didn't want to return to teaching, so she got a secretarial job with Houghton Mifflin in Boston. Shortly afterward she went to work for the Babson Institute, at Babson Park, in the suburbs. Mrs. Kingsley was in charge of workers in the correspondence division—a sort of office mother. She made small attempts to humanize the atmosphere by bringing Loft candies to her girls and occasionally relieved the tedium by holding a whist party in the late afternoon. "But the company was more interested in the almighty dollar than in developing the personalities of its female employees," Mrs. Kingsley says. She left Babson Institute and, while pondering what to try next, attended a class reunion at Wellesley. She was disturbed at discovering how much attention the undergraduates were paying to writers of the James Joyce-Gertrude Stein school. "Suddenly it dawned upon me," she said, "that a puzzle which stimulated the imagination and heightened an appreciation of fine literature by reviewing English and American poet and prose masters would be a puzzle *with* a goal." She returned to Brooklyn, and in less time than it takes to tell, she had constructed the first Double-Crostic. As soon as she had finished one, she started on another, and within six months she had finished a hundred.

A friend in a publishing house suggested that Mrs. Kingsley try to sell her puzzles to the *Saturday Review of Literature*. On a Friday morning in March, 1934, she left a portfolio of sample Double-Crostics with the receptionist at the *Saturday Review*. On Tuesday the magazine contracted for a weekly series. Double-Crostic No. 1 appeared in the March 31st issue. The puzzle was launched with an elaborate set of definitions, which called for a



"Tank Town, U.S.A."



In Parliament—The voice of Winston Churchill is a Tank Town echo as he says of Rommel and the tanks: "The Lees and the Grants stopped him at El Alamein. The Shermans defeated him."

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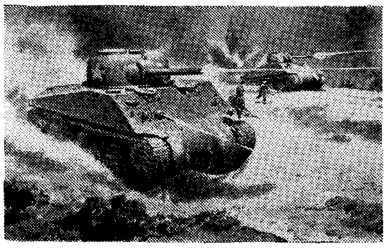
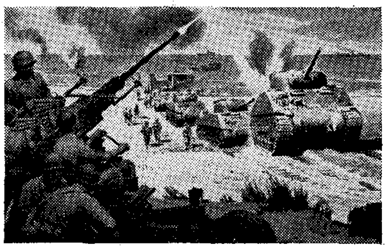


In Africa—Their rumble of attack on the African deserts and their clatter of victory in the streets of Tunis and Bizerte hark back to the scene of their making, Tank Town, U. S. A.



On the Italian Beaches—They fought their way through beaches and dunes to Salerno, where the flowers that draped them in victory became a far distant Tank Town ceremony.

On the Road to Rome—The roads to Rome become Tank Town highways as the giant Shermans advance on pavements laid by Roman emperors over 2,000 years ago.

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knowledge of such items as "a drupe with a single seed," "member of the tribe of Levi," and "doodle dandy." It produced a quotation from Tennyson's "Ulysses": "And tho' we are not now that strength which in old days moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are." Before long, the first book of Double-Crostics was published, and a lady in California wrote Mrs. Kingsley expressing her thanks for the mental stimulation of the puzzles and asking for the Pacific Coast rights. Mrs. Kingsley recognized the request for what it was—a symbol of her success—but she still recalls her outraged feelings. "Can you imagine the vulgarity of such people?" she asked me. "Obviously no training in the humanities."

OVER the years, Mrs. Kingsley has made a comfortable living from her puzzles. In addition to doing her books and her series in the *Saturday Review* and in the *Times*, she has created a number of puzzles for special occasions, notably for three of the late Edsel Ford's birthdays. A friend of Mr. Ford wrote her requesting puzzles with quotations from an obscure Scottish poet. "I looked up the poet," Mrs. Kingsley said, "and found he was gloomy and horrible and had died at thirty-six by his own hand, so I abandoned him." Instead, Mr. Ford received some simple, classical quotes. The family of a Springfield, Illinois, bank president has for some years arranged for him to receive a special puzzle on his birthday. Mostly these are on Kipling, Shaw, agriculture, and Gilbert and Sullivan, the banker's favorite topics. In 1938, the magazine *Banking*, deciding to make an excursion into the puzzle world, ordered half a dozen Double-Crostics. Mrs. Kingsley promptly obliged with suitable quotations from Benjamin Franklin ("All men are not equally qualified for getting money," and so on). Two years ago *Harper's Bazaar* ordered a fashion puzzle, and Mrs. Kingsley, after a tussle with her conscience, decided to offer the magazine a puzzle containing lots of culture but no references, direct or indirect, to fashions. *Harper's Bazaar* said no, either it was fashion or no Double-Crostic, and Mrs. Kingsley, to everybody's surprise, including her own, turned out a puzzle containing the words for "nickname of a designer" (Schiap) and "a very doggy type of check" (hound's-tooth).

In the construction of her puzzles, Mrs. Kingsley relies on Webster's, of course, and, for supplementary help, on "A Dictionary of Synonyms," "The

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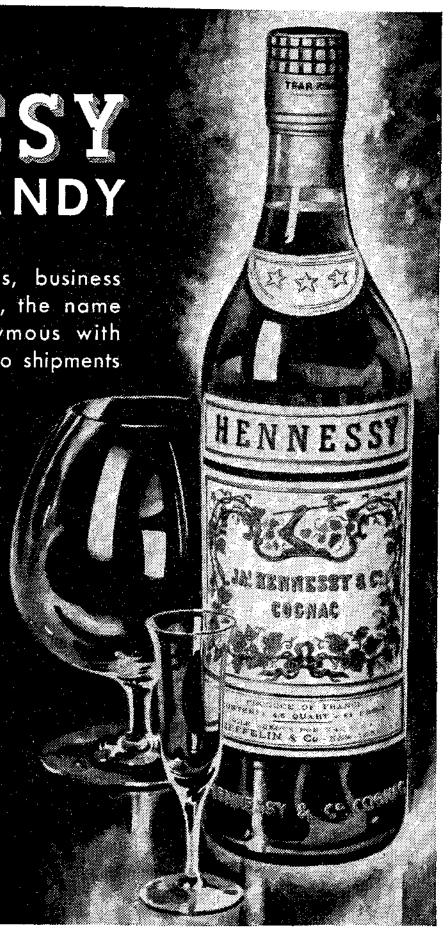

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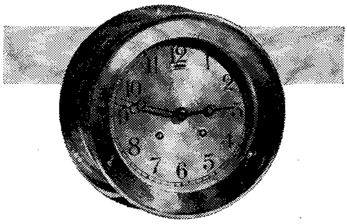

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SHEETS
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American Thesaurus of Slang," and Edith Hamilton's "Mythology." She is a member of the Mercantile Library, on East Forty-seventh Street, where for five dollars a year she has the privilege of borrowing books and taking them home for a week. She seldom leaves her hotel these days except to attend a symphony at Carnegie Hall or to spend an occasional Friday evening in Brooklyn with her three sisters and a brother, who solve Double-Crostics with the aid of reference books. All her sisters teach in the Brooklyn public schools, and her brother is a lawyer, fond of reciting poetry. Mrs. Kingsley often feels that people don't realize how much intellectual discipline is involved in creating a Double-Crostic. "Many complain over my use of mythological terms," she recently wrote one of her people. "Do you realize that 'h's are the bane of my existence, being as common as they are, and that 'h's predominate in Greek, Hebrew, Hindu, and other Oriental words? Moreover, myths embody the early science of peoples and involve, as it were, the childhood of a race, like fairy stories. They are part of early civilization, fascinating and vital." Not long ago a lady fan complained that Mrs. Kingsley not only had misspelled both "Iapetus" and "rhebok" in a puzzle but seemed to have an inexplicable devotion to Vedic divinities. "Vedic divinities are not a spontaneous choice for definitions," Mrs. Kingsley replied. "They are a godsend after hours of juggling. If you were constructing a puzzle and had letters left over and they made a Vedic divinity, what would *you* do?"

Mrs. Kingsley spends a large part of her day answering her correspondents, who write her at the drop of a syllable. She estimates that there are ten thousand Double-Crostic fans in the country and sometimes she gets the feeling that at least half of them are in correspondence with her. "I have nests of puzzlers at Yale and other universities," she told me. Word may come from a professor of mathematics at Wisconsin that he recommends Double-Crostics as discipline for his classes. There may be news of Annie Allen, the bedridden nonagenarian daughter of a former mayor of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a lady who solves every Double-Crostic that comes out. Or Annie Edwards, telegraph operator for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway at Scott Depot, West Virginia, may write that, having finished the latest puzzle, she has made a tracing of it and passed the tracing along to the local schoolteacher, who is most grateful. For some years Mrs. Kingsley conducted a bustling correspondence with Dr. Edward Delavan Perry of the Columbia University Greek Department, who persistently tracked down Double-Crostic words to their Greek roots and then put the roots away in a drawer. Professor Mortimer Cooley, Dean Emeritus of Engineering of the University of Michigan, has given her puzzles credit for helping him over the more painful stretches of his arthritis. Occasionally a letter contains a poetic outburst, such as the one which came to Mrs. Kingsley after she had used "hitty-missy" in a puzzle:

Come, come, now, Madam, "Hitty-Missy."
Do you want to turn us all quite sissy?
It made me ill to write it in
Though yours was the original sin,
Wherever was there such a word
Written or spoken, seen or heard?

To the querulous poet Mrs. Kingsley triumphantly replied that "hitty-missy" was merely a variation of "Hit I-Miss I"—meaning "hit-or-miss"—and therefore perfectly legitimate. "I informed him that it's precisely the same idea as 'willy-nilly,' which comes from 'Will-I-Nill-I,' " she told me. She keeps a list of peculiar words in a small brown notebook which she carries with her wherever she goes. As I put on my hat and coat, Mrs. Kingsley took the notebook from her purse. "I jot these down whenever I come across them," she said. "Here's 'wow-wow,' a lovely thing! *Four* 'w's. 'Hiwi hiwi.' What a word! Means a small marine fish in New Zealand. And 'chiffchaff'—just an English bird. All my people need do is look up 'chiffchaff' under 'willow wren.' Ah, yes! 'Ding-dong.' *And* 'omoo,' a romance in the South Seas. Don't tell *me* people aren't better educated for knowing these things! Just this morning I found 'chowry,' a whisk to keep off flies in the East Indies. Contains a nasty 'h.' 'J's and 'q's are awful, by the way. Usually made from the tail of a yak—chowry, I mean. You can readily see," she said, walking with me to the door, "that I am not erudite. I just find words and put them down. My classmate, Ruth Baker Pratt, the former congresswoman, once cried out at a tea, 'Elizabeth, *quickly*, who built the Trojan horse?' 'Frankly,' I replied, 'I do not know.' "

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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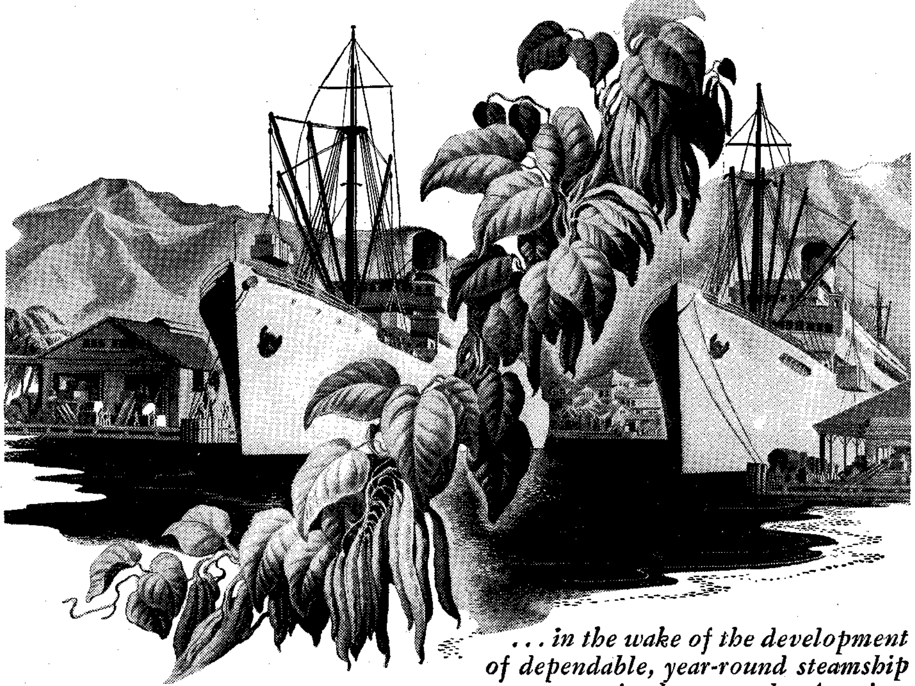
FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Manhattan Telephone Directory*]

Rko Theatres .... See RKO Theatres

The trade that grew like Jack's beanstalk



... in the wake of the development of dependable, year-round steamship service between the Americas

At the turn of the century, our seaborne trade with many Middle American countries was still in its infancy . . . mostly a matter of ships picking up cargoes, hit or miss, when and where they could.

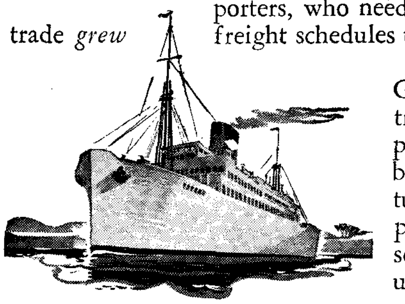
But around 1900, enterprising men began to encourage the expansion of crops grown along the Caribbean—bananas, sugar, coffee, pineapples, cocoa—and secured ships to carry them north. They soon found cargoes for the return trips in northern manufactured goods.

This healthy *two-way* trade *grew like Jack's beanstalk.* By 1910 imports from the Caribbean were almost twice those in 1900—exports more than double. In 1940, the total export-import trade was six times the 1900 figure.

One of the pioneer shipping lines to Middle America was the United Fruit Company's Great White Fleet. For over 40 years these famous white ships have played a prominent part in the growth of inter-American trade.

Expediting banana exports was one of the Fleet's earliest functions. Since bananas are harvested *all year,* this line was one of the first to institute year-round scheduled sailings. This provided a regular two-way service of great importance to exporters and importers, who needed swift, dependable freight schedules to expand their trade.

Today ships of the Great White Fleet are transporting war supplies. When ships can be spared, they'll return to their great peacetime route . . . serving the economic unity of the Americas.



Great White Fleet
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
U.S. MERCHANT MARINE
GUATEMALA ★ EL SALVADOR ★ HONDURAS ★ NICARAGUA ★ COSTA RICA
PANAMA ★ COLOMBIA ★ CUBA ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I.
Back the Attack—Buy EXTRA War Bonds!

WHAT TO GIVE

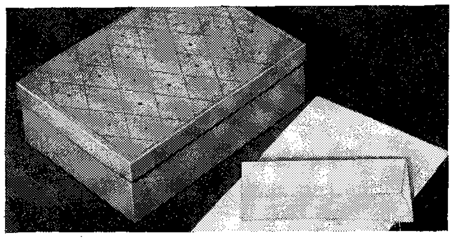
by JANE EATON

These are letter-writing times. That's why the popular, practical gift of letter paper is more welcome than ever this year. And here are three of my best gift ideas from my own "Give-List."

WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO

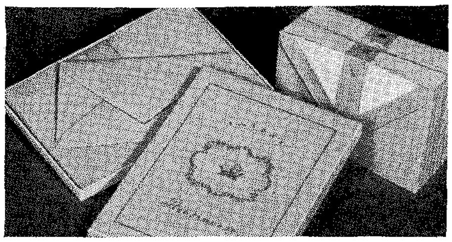
★ Look for this striking white and silver box. It houses Eaton's most patrician papers. Outstanding is CALAIS RIPPLE, a substantial deckle-edged paper in white and characterful colors. $2.

TO PLEASE YOUR MAN



★ Eaton knows men prefer quality papers, appropriately tailored. Illustrated is one of many to choose from: Man-size sheets of sturdy white vellum paper in a leatherette box with simulated nailheads. $2.

A PRESENT WITH A FUTURE



★ Eaton's OPEN STOCK PAPERS are a perpetual pleasure. Sheets and envelopes can be matched . . . anytime, anywhere. Recommended: RANDOMWEAVE — for its fabricked finish and smart deckled edges. Paper, 85¢ a box. Envelopes, 40¢ a package.

If these are not available at your favorite store, you will find other Eaton boxes equally pleasing.

★

BE AN ANGEL . . . GIVE EATON'S

Eaton's fine letter papers

LIGHTEN THE AIR-MAIL LOAD
USE EATON'S LIGHTWEIGHT PAPERS

EATON PAPER CORPORATION, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

CHEESE

TIA JUANA means "Aunt Jane" in Spanish. Americans visit Aunt Jane for horse races, bullfights, divorces, and to purchase American-made products scarce or rationed in the country of their manufacture. These include silk stockings at $2.75 a pair, nylons at from ten to twelve dollars, and ninety-eight-cent alarm clocks at $7.50. Bobby pins, safety pins, and lengths of elastic, all at exorbitant prices, are leading items in each of the several hundred dusty tourist-trap curio shops lining both sides of the main street.

The restaurants feature, for $1.75, an "extra New York cut sirloin, weight over three pounds." On the days following the bullfights, these are apt to be tougher than usual. On the picture post-cards, though Auntie is less than a hundred miles from Hollywood, Lew Cody and Gloria Swanson are still hot stuff. Natives refer to the rest of Mexico as being in "Mexico," as if Tía Juana were a part of the United States, or not anywhere at all, which is a good deal the case as far as the town's spirit is concerned.

This rather special point of view carries over to the relations between the two countries at the border. My wife and I, returning to our country from Auntie, carried with us a half kilo of cheese, which we had decided to buy instead of less useful gadgets. We were assured by the Mexican cheese man that we would have no trouble with this article at the border.

He was wrong. Our American customs man, upon our confessing to being in possession of the cheese, inquired suspiciously, "You got the points for it?"

It turned out that when bringing anything rationed into the United States, it is necessary to give up the correct ration points for it, just as if you purchased the article at home. We did not have the points. We were sorry to part with our one-and-one-tenth pounds of cheese, which had cost us forty cents, for it was rather nice-looking cheese, but we didn't know what else to do. We told our customs man that we would make him a present of it. He recoiled, not, I felt sure, because he didn't like cheese but because he would be breaking the law by accepting cheese illegally brought into the country.

We then proposed that we simply deposit our cheese on a bench in front of the customs house and let things take their course from there on. The official shook his head. This could not be done, either. It would not suffice at all. He informed us that we must either produce the required ration tickets or return the cheese to Mexico.

Could he do the favor of returning it for us? He could not. It was up to us to return it in proper fashion with our own hands. This could be done only by crossing the roadway and going through the Mexican customs, on the other side of the fence.

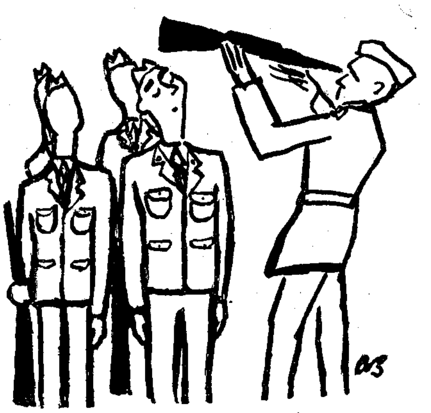
By this time the affair was becoming so absurd that we were determined to follow it through to the end. We questioned the legality of this cheese regulation and demanded that the law be investigated and shown to us. The customs official agreed to do this, but meanwhile, he informed us, we must move back with our cheese to the country from which we had arrived. He would shout to us what the result of his investigation was.

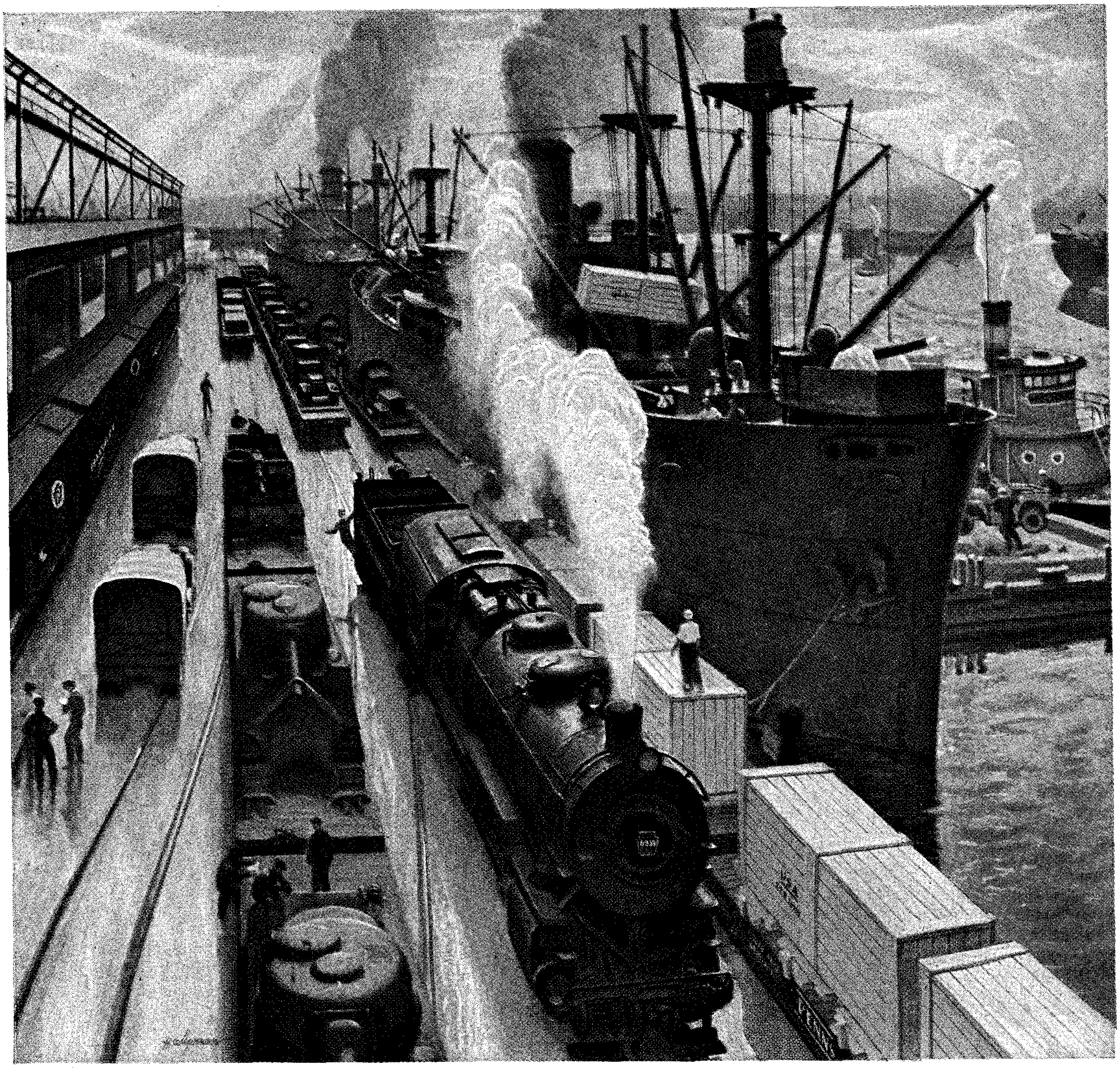
So we entered Mexico again. The Mexican officials, discovering our cheese, also had questions to ask about it. They weren't at all sure they cared to have any cheese entering their country. What kind of cheese was it?

When we pointed out that it was Mexican cheese and that it had only a few minutes before been purchased in, and brought from, their country, we weren't altogether believed. Why should anyone want to go into Mexico, buy a piece of cheese when there were many other much better articles to purchase, return to the United States, and then immediately go back to Mexico with it?

The cheese was unwrapped by the Mexican customs men, gazed upon, discussed, poked, pinched, smelled, a bit rolled between the fingers, another bit tasted, and generally argued about in fast Spanish. Out of this forum came final agreement that this was Mexican cheese and should be allowed to return home.

We stood, with our cheese, on the Mexican side of the fence. We waited for word from the Americans, who





KEEPING APPOINTMENTS WITH CONVOYS

In a day's combat, an infantry division fires about 300 tons of ammunition . . . 100 37 mm. anti-aircraft guns, 127½ tons . . . and the thousands of army vehicles "passing the ammunition" and other supplies each burn up an average of 10 gallons of gasoline . . .

All of these materials — the guns, the "gas", the ammunition, the vehicles — *plus 700,000 other different military items*—must come by sea.

A gigantic supply task without parallel in the history of the nation, this job calls for the finest coordination of American railroads with ships.

The railroads must bring everything to ship sidings exactly as needed—and when needed. Any slip, any delay, may hold up a convoy sailing.

So keeping appointments with convoys is one of the most important jobs railroads have these days.

If pushing a "convoy train" through ahead of your passenger train caused you to be a little late for an early-morning business appointment, the Pennsylvania Railroad feels sure you will gladly overlook it. The demands of war must have not only railroad equipment —but the right-of-way!

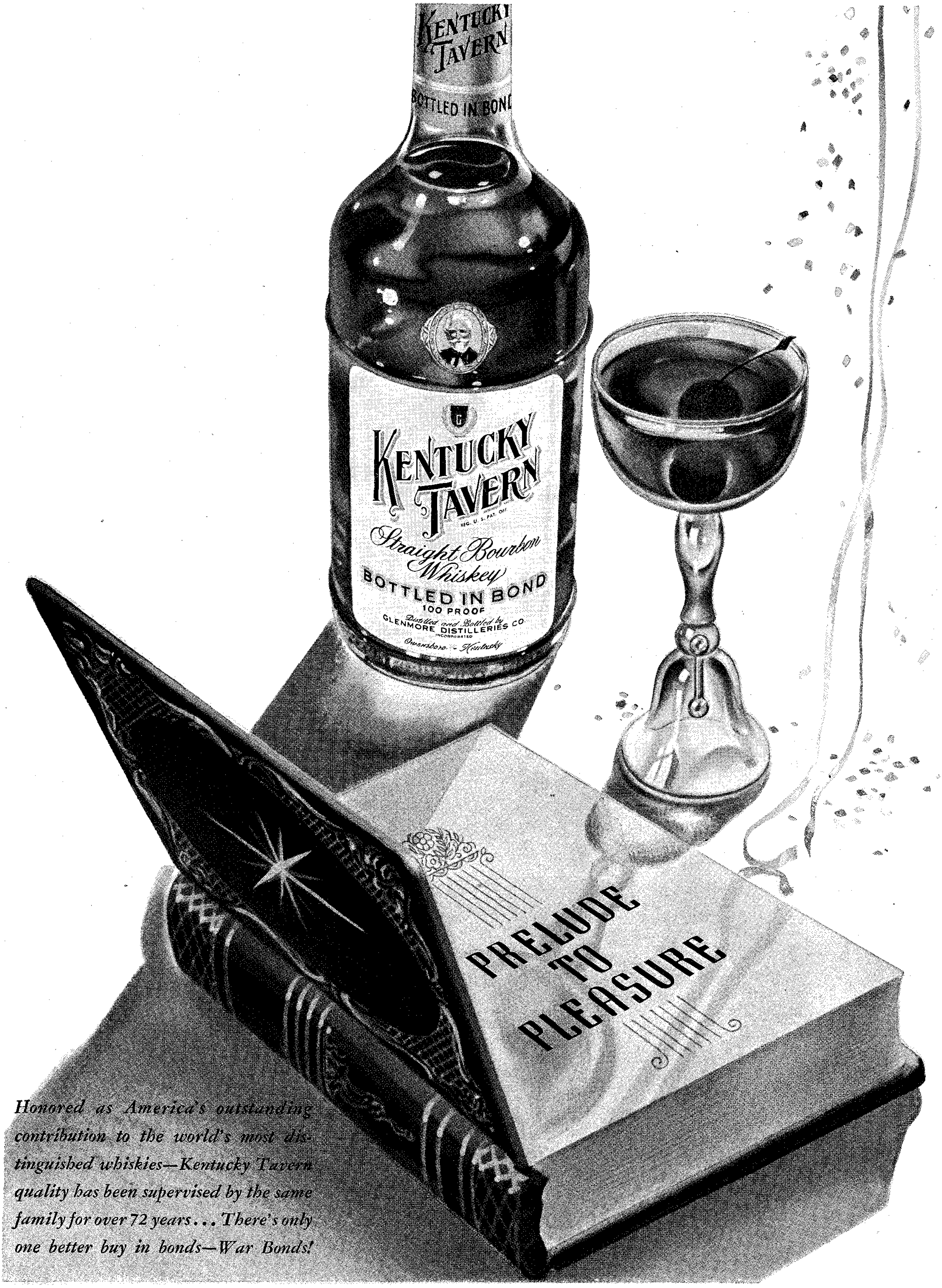
★ *37,023 in the Armed Forces*
☆ *71 have given their lives for their country*

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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PRELUDE TO PLEASURE

Honored as America's outstanding contribution to the world's most distinguished whiskies—Kentucky Tavern quality has been supervised by the same family for over 72 years... There's only one better buy in bonds—War Bonds!

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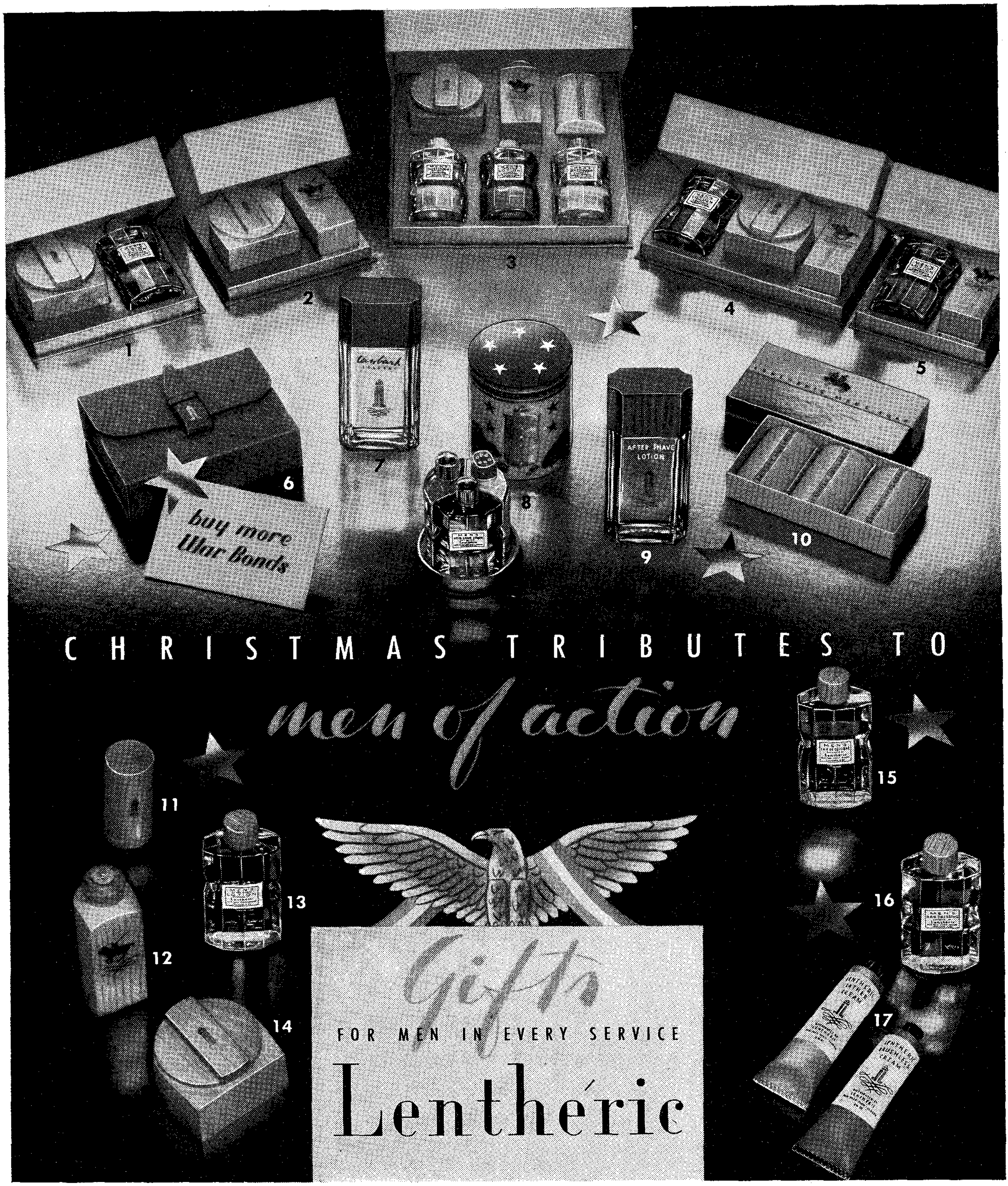

1. ***Gift Set:*** Shaving Bowl and Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion............**$2.00**

2. ***Gift Set:*** After-Shave Powder, with matching Bowl of Shaving Soap.........**$2.20**

3. ***Master Gift Set:*** Pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne and Scalp Stimulant; Bowl of Shaving Soap, matching container of After-Shave Powder, and Soap....................**$4.85**

4. ***Gift Shaving Set:*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, Shaving Bowl, and After-Shave Powder.......**$3.00**

5. ***Gift Set:*** After-Shave Powder, and pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion........**$2.00**

6. ***Travel Kit in Genuine Leather,*** black or brown: Fitted with Shaving Stick, After-Shave Powder and After-Shave Lotion **$3.10**

7. ***"Tanbark" Cologne,*** de luxe decanter **$2.50** and **$4.00**

8. ***"The Three Musketeers"*** (Military Presentation): Pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, After-Shave Powder, "Tanbark" Cologne......................**$1.95**

9. ***After-Shave Lotion,*** de luxe decanter **$2.50** and **$4.00**

10. ***Men's Soap,*** 3 cakes ....**75¢**

11. ***Shaving Stick,*** in wood container...**65¢**

12. ***After-Shave Powder,*** in wood container **$1.00**

13. ***After-Shave Lotion,*** pinch-bottle..**80¢**

14. ***Shaving Soap,*** in wood bowl....**$1.00**

15. ***Eau de Cologne,*** pinch-bottle.....**80¢**

16. ***Men's Hair Dressing***............**80¢**

17. ***Shaving Cream,*** lather and brushless. Each............**50¢**

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX

All Shaving Soap, After-Shave Powder and Shaving Sticks in wood containers

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA
Roma offers a wide choice of TABLE WINES • APPETIZER WINES DESSERT WINES • But, before you buy wine—buy War Bonds
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ROMA
BOTTLED AT OUR WINERY IN CALIFORNIA
Vintner's Select
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SAUTERNES
Naturally fermented grape wine
MADE AND BOTTLED BY
ROMA WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CAL.
WINES true to type . . faithful in flavor . . sound of character . . reasonable in cost . . . America's largest-selling wines.
ROMA WINES

TUNE IN to the Roma Wine Show. On your local Columbia Station every Thursday night (Monday night on the Pacific Coast). Stars of stage, screen and radio. See your local paper for station and time.

Roma Wine Company . . . Fresno . . Lodi . . Healdsburg, California

were presumably thumbing books on regulations and going into a huddle. Once our own man came out of the customs building and called through to us in Mexico, asking accusingly, "That's white cheese, isn't it?" We called back that its color was white.

He went inside his building, muttering. He had spoken so severely that we held out no hope for our cheese. We decided to give it to the hungriest-looking Mexican hanging about the border. But first we thought we would taste it ourselves. Having tasted, we found it so good that we kept right on eating it.

As we polished off the last crumb, our customs man appeared and informed us genially, "You folks are all right. No points are required for that kind of cheese. Bring it on in."

We brought it on in.

—Theodore Pratt

•

TO SOME BLOODTHIRSTY WRITERS

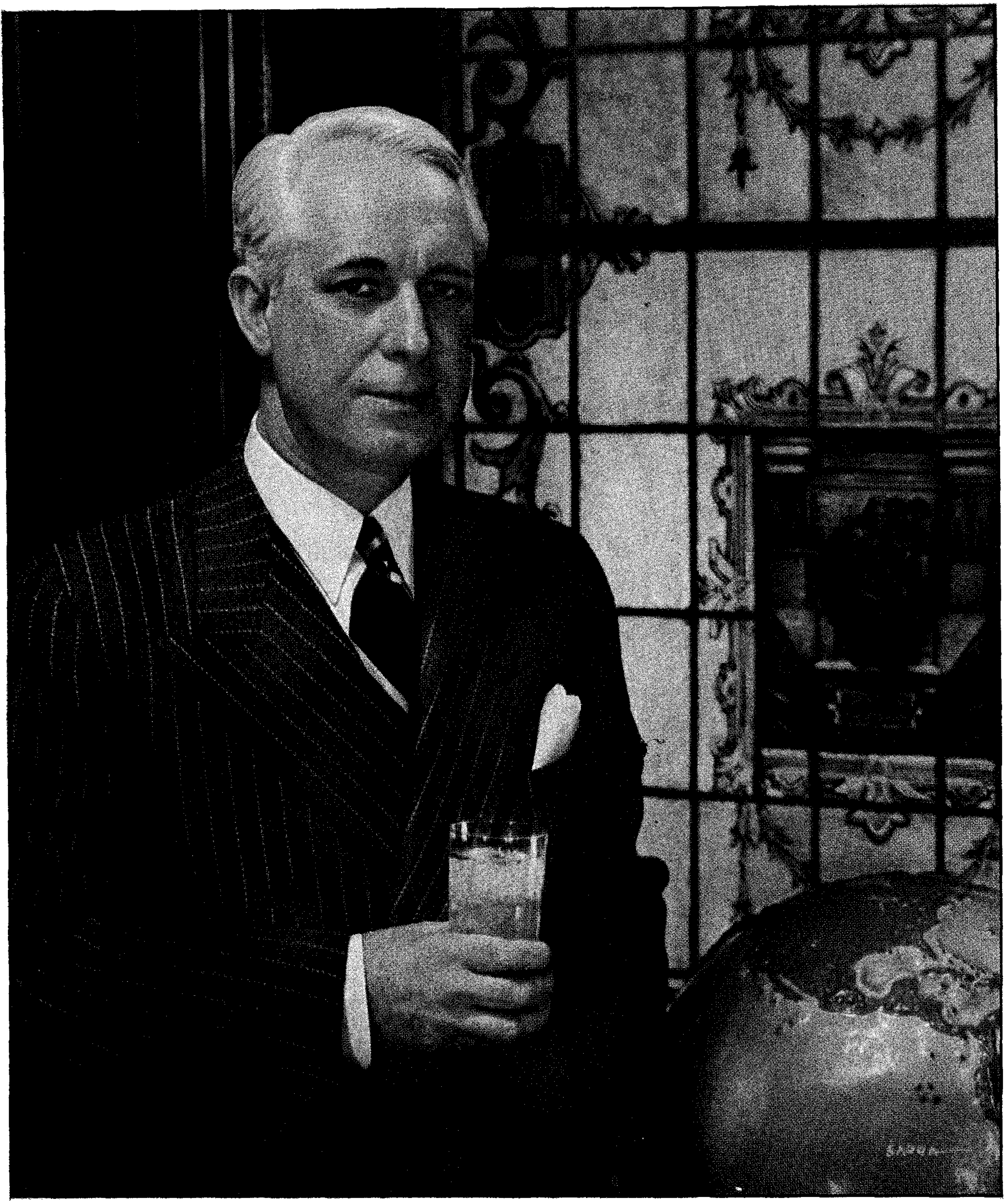
At the Stork Club very late,
Let us drink and drum up hate.
Another round, and while we swill,
Arrange to kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!
Let's make sure when Victory's won
We'll be more savage than the Hun;
What does Freedom triumph for
Except for men to kill some more?
Why else are other people slain
But that we bluster might and main?
Let others do the dying, drilling,
It's we who'll plan the postwar killing;
Soldiers have little time for loathing,
That's for us chaps in tailored clothing.
Waiter, some caviar, some sparkling
  wine,
We're planning blood baths on the
  Rhine.
And we'll be here to toast in gin
Nice peacetime slaughters in Berlin.
It's up to us, far from the front,
To bay like wolf packs on a hunt,
It's up to us who think and write
To fume and writhe and rage and bite.
All Germans must die! But us no buts,
The dirty job's for guys with guts.
Do we mean us? Oh, clearly not!
We'll keep our brave typewriters hot.

—Irwin Edman

•

Beaux Arts Apartment Hotel. The only smart East Side hostelry having twin buildings facing each other at 310-307 East 44th St., New York City.—*Caption on a picture postcard.*

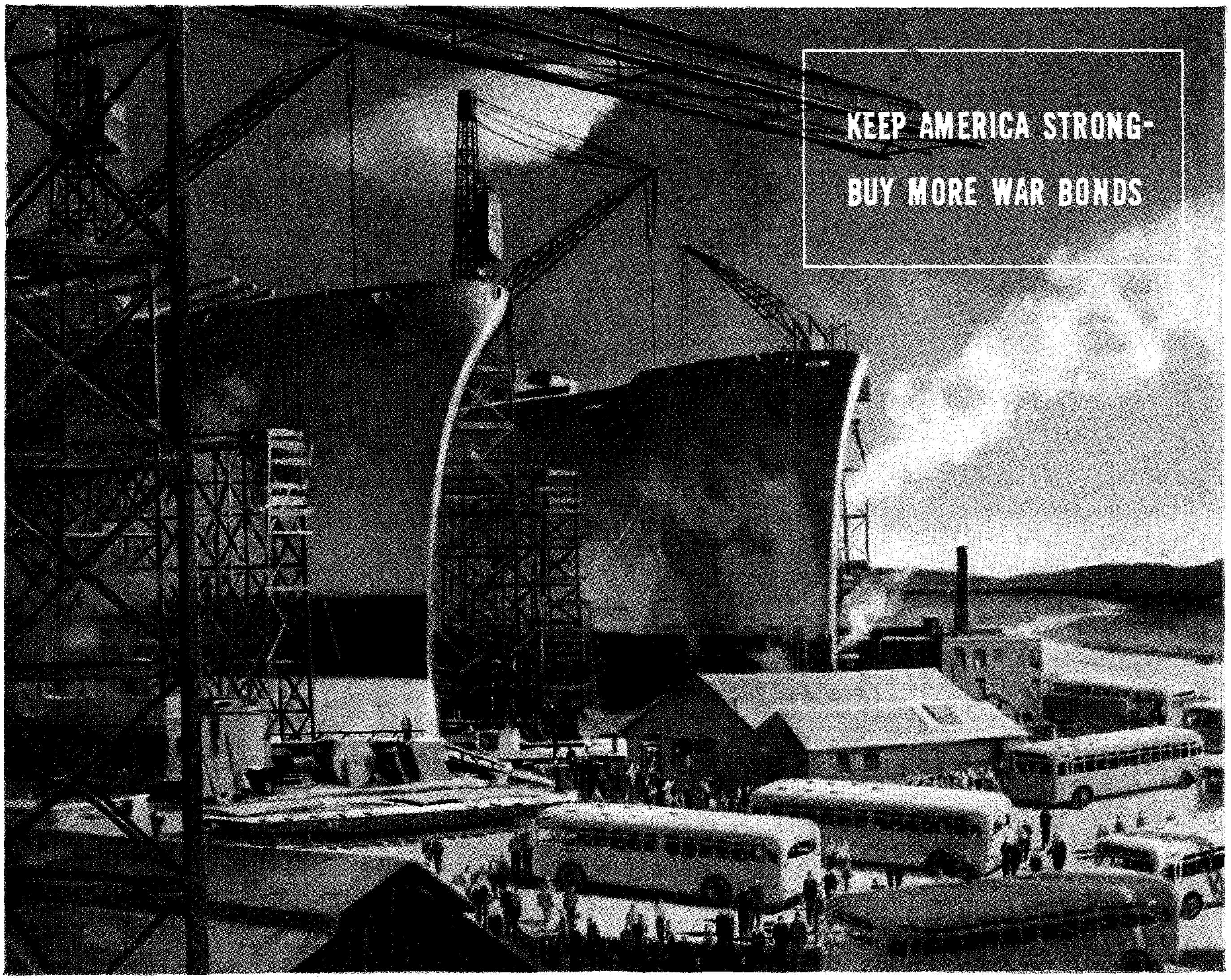
Who wants to be so darned exclusive these days?



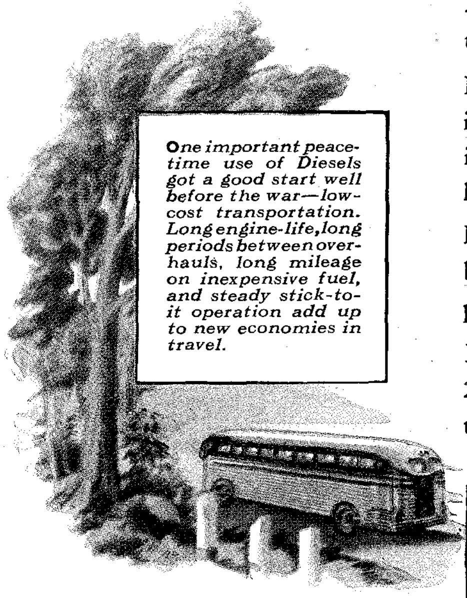
For Men of Achievement...LORD CALVERT

Because Lord Calvert is so *rare*...so *smooth*...so *mellow*...it has been, for years, the most expensive whiskey blended in America. Never produced except in limited quantities . . . Lord Calvert is "Custom" Blended for those who can afford the finest. Each bottle is numbered and registered at the distillery by Calvert.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY.



PEACETIME TRANSPORTATION ON A WAR JOB



One important peacetime use of Diesels got a good start well before the war—low-cost transportation. Long engine-life, long periods between overhauls, long mileage on inexpensive fuel, and steady stick-to-it operation add up to new economies in travel.

NEARLY EVERY DIESEL ENGINE General Motors makes now goes to work for Uncle Sam.

Most of them go right into the fighting—into tanks, trucks and tractors, into combat ships, patrol boats and landing barges.

But here are GM Diesels doing a big wartime job in a home front application.

It's a Navy "task force" of some 250 General Motors Diesel coaches that carry thousands of Mare Island Navy Yard workers in California to and from the job every day over a fifty-mile radius.

These are doing the same day-in-day-out dependable job which thousands of GM Diesel-powered coaches were doing before.

And they point to the days ahead when General Motors can devote its expanded plants to providing bus operators with engines and parts improved and refined through their work at war.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
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ENGINES ..*15 to 250 H.P.*.. **DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION,** *Detroit, Mich.*

ENGINES .*150 to 2000 H.P..CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio*

LOCOMOTIVES ....*ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

THE THEATRE

FUNNY AND WONDERFUL

A GREAT deal has been said by now about the size and general magnificence of "Carmen Jones," but perhaps there hasn't been quite enough emphasis on the fact that it is a terribly funny show. Opera is fundamentally a rather ponderous business and even its best humor has a glum and oppressive quality not unlike the jokes made by Shakespeare's clowns. The music may be very gay, but the behavior of the singers, while sometimes heavily skittish, doesn't exactly suggest that they have a very high opinion of comedy. Billy Rose, I think, has fixed all that. It seems to be the proudest boast of Mr. Rose's press department that nothing has been done to alter the essential spirit of the original. I think myself that Mr. Rose and Oscar Hammerstein II have played hell with it, and I think it is a fine thing.

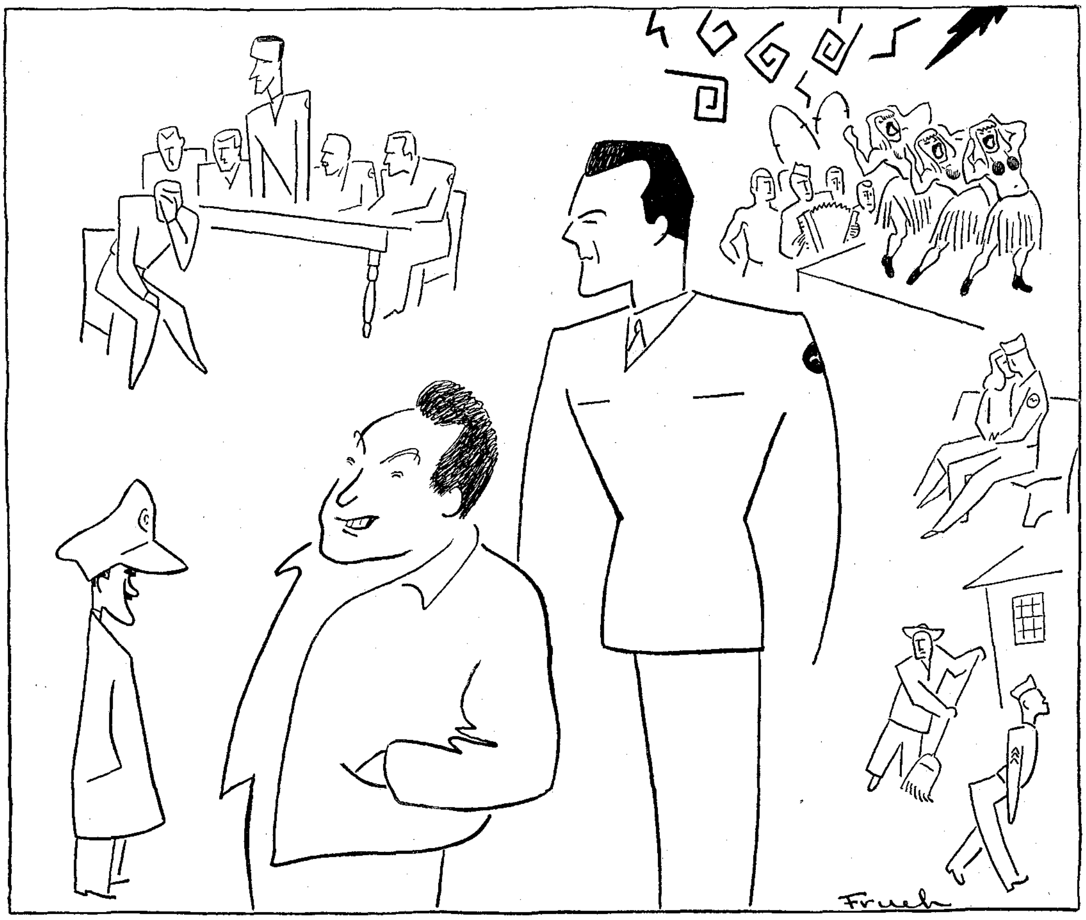
At the risk of stirring up the editors of *PM*, who have a way of confusing factual comment with a patronizing attitude, I'd like to say that a good many Negroes still have innocent and hilarious ideas about the white man's elegance and that "Carmen Jones" is full of scenes that probably represent the average Afro-American notion of café society. Billy Pastor's night club (the inn of Lillas Pastia when presented at the Metropolitan) is quite a place, lit up like Palisades Park and featuring a fine wrought-iron circular staircase that ends in midair, but it is the terrace of the Meadowlawn Country Club, near Chicago (originally the smugglers' den), that really captures the essence of the fashionable life. No expense obviously has been spared on this stylish retreat and it is the home of almost intolerably refined conversation and deportment.

"Evening, Mr. Jones," says the president, a vision in gray tails, "I was pleased to see you sunk a fifty-foot putt this afternoon," and everything else is also rather larger and grander than life. All this somehow belongs with such things as the super-night club of Pal Joey's dream, the gold hat Bill Robinson wore in "The Mikado," and even de Lawd pulling in a planet to light his cigar in "The Green Pastures."

The humor of "Carmen Jones" doesn't, of course, stop with the scenery and incidental business. Carmen herself is a steam-heated seductress, whose technique may remind you of Mae West, and she is often very funny considered as Bizet's classic femme fatale. I like to remember her skipping derisively around a baffled M.P. and singing, "You ain' a policem'n, you ain' a policem'n, an' you c'n do nothin' to me," and also her pretty version of the habanera:

You go for me an' I'm taboo,
An' if yore hard to get I go for you,
An' if I do den you are through, boy,
My baby, da's de en' of you.

This scene, incidentally, ends with a pickaninny chorus chanting "Carmen Jones is goin' to jail, sit all day upon her tail," and perhaps that will give you a fairly good idea of what has happened to old Bizet, although the Toreador Song ("Stan' up an' fight until you hear de bell") certainly has its points, too, taking me back to the days when little boys wrenched this same stately air around to fit "Toreadora, don't spit on the floor." It is hard to say why the application of rowdy or simply colloquial words to highly respectable music should always seem so comic, but it does. Mr. Hammerstein



"WINGED VICTORY"

The three major figures here, in ascending size, are Pvt Phillip Bourneuf, Pfc Edmond O'Brien, and Cpl Mark Daniels. Around the edges are various aspects of life in the Army Air Forces as it appears in Moss Hart's pageant at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
PAUL ROBESON
in the MARGARET WEBSTER PRODUCTION
OTHELLO
JOSE FERRER • UTA HAGEN
MARGARET WEBSTER • JAMES MONKS
Production designed and lighted by
Robert Edmond Jones
SHUBERT Thea. 44 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

The Innocent Voyage
By PAUL OSBORN
Based on the novel by Richard Hughes
with OSCAR HOMOLKA
BELASCO Thea. 44 St. E. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE · Alfred DRAKE · Joseph BULOFF · Joan ROBERTS
ST. JAMES Thea. 44 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A Triumph" —BARNES, Herald Trib.
JAN KIEPURA—MARTA EGGERTH
in THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
Conductor Isaac Van Grove
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

KATHARINE CORNELL and JOHN C. WILSON
present
LOVERS AND FRIENDS
by DODIE SMITH
with
KATHARINE CORNELL · RAYMOND MASSEY
HENRY DANIELL, CAROL GOODNER, ANNE BURR
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
PLYMOUTH, W. 45. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"I COULD SEE 'WHAT'S UP' 10 OR 12 TIMES!" —Rascoe, World-Telegram.
MARK WARNOW presents
"WHAT'S UP" NEW MUSICAL HIT
Jimmy SAVO · Johnny MORGAN · Gloria WARREN
Staged by GEORGE BALANCHINE
NATIONAL • 41 ST. W. of B'way • PE. 6-8220
Eves. incl. Sunday 8:30 Mats. Sat. & Sun.

"Roland Young tears the house down." —Rascoe, World-Telegram
ROLAND YOUNG · MARGARET LINDSAY
ANOTHER LOVE STORY
A New Comedy by FREDERICK LONSDALE
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:40, Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT" Life Magazine
Robert Reud & Paul Czinner present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with ERIC BLORE
SENOR WENCES · CHRISTINE AYRES · SARA ANN McCABE
Nadine GAE · Tommy WONDER · Jack McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50. (No Perf. Mon.)
TWICE SATURDAY & SUNDAY 2:35 & 8:35

is dealing in basic humor, an extension of the snowball-and-silk-hat principle, but he manages it superbly, and if he doesn't make you laugh, I'm afraid you're a jaded man and ought to get away for a while.

The details of the production at the Broadway are undoubtedly familiar to almost everybody by now, so I'll go into them only very briefly. Beyond such ingenious changes as turning the cigarette factory into a war plant making parachutes and Escamillo into a prizefighter called Husky Miller, Mr. Hammerstein has stuck pretty closely to the Meilhac-Halévy-Mérimée story; the Bizet score is practically all there, with orchestral arrangements by Robert Russell Bennett; Howard Bay designed the five witty and imaginative sets; Raoul Pène duBois did some costumes guaranteed to knock both your eyes out; Eugene Loring handled the dances, including a Spanish number which is magnificent parody; Charles Friedman directed the libretto; and Hassard Short supervised things generally. There are something like a hundred and fifteen colored actors, bearing such fascinating names as Urylee Leonardos, Randall Steplight, and J. Flashe Riley, and they have been assembled from switchboards, prize rings, police departments, and even occasionally the stage. They sing and clown with a combination of natural abandon and imposed discipline that seems to be possible only to members of their race, and if the principals don't know much about acting, it is all right with me. If "Carmen Jones" had to be taken seriously as a tragedy, along with all its other wonders, it might be too much of an experience to crowd into one night.

"LOVERS AND FRIENDS," at the Plymouth, is strictly for the females of the parish. While the gentlemen, especially those of the press, sat observing it indignantly on opening night, most of the girls seemed to be having a lovely time. The cards, you might say, were heavily stacked in their favor, since Dodie Smith, who wrote the darn thing, has assigned an extraordinary amount of charm, perception, and nobility to the heroine of her piece and made her hero the great, clumsy, transparent boy-man so dear to all writers of caramel fiction. All around me in the audience, ladies nudged one another and giggled as Miss Smith uncannily reproduced their own unforgotten triumphs over the male. Their escorts, as noted, just looked somewhat glazed.

Miss Smith's plot, in bleak essence,

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT
KISS and TELL
NEW YORK BILTMORE THEATRE with Jessie ROYCE LANDIS · Robert KEITH · Joan CAULFIELD
PHILADELPHIA LOCUST THEATRE with Violet HEMING · Walter GILBERT · Betty Anne NYMAN
CHICAGO HARRIS THEATRE with Katharine WARREN · Clay CLEMENT · Patricia KIRKLAND
SAN FRANCISCO CURRAN THEATRE with Katherine ALEXANDER · Jack DAVIS · June DAYTON
Written by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Mr. Abbott

"The funniest show we've seen in three years." —Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

Richard Rodgers presents
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
by FIELDS, RODGERS & HART
Vivienne Segal • Dick Foran
MARTIN BECK THEA. 45th St. W. of 8th Ave. Matinees Thurs. and Sat., 2:40

"Rose Franken's 'Outrageous Fortune' is the BEST New Play of the Season!"
— GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
Journal-Amer., Nov. 15, 1943
48th ST. THEATRE, East of B'way

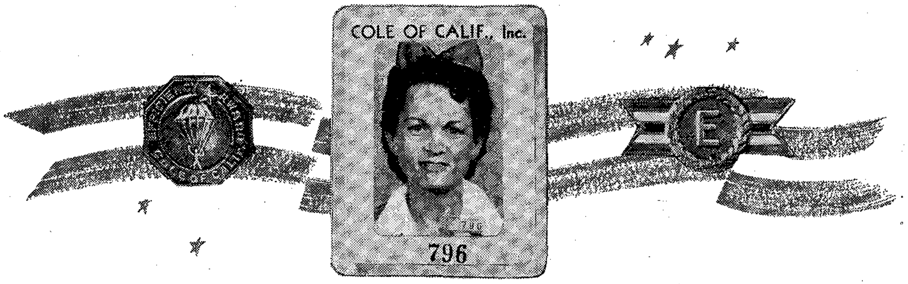
The U.S. Army Air Forces PRESENT
Winged Victory
by MOSS HART
Curtain 8:15 and 2:15 Sharp
44TH ST. THEA. Every Eve. Except Mon.—Mats. Wed. & Sat. — No Mail Orders Accepted

MICHAEL TODD presents
ETHEL MERMAN in
SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
Book by HERBERT AND DOROTHY FIELDS
COLE PORTER SONGS
ALVIN, West 52nd St., Mats. Wednesday & Saturday

"HILARIOUS, SPARKLING FUN!"
HENRY ADRIAN presents 7th WEEK
VICTORY BELLES
A Farce Comedy
with MABEL TALIAFERRO · BARBARA BENNETT · MARIE GALE
AMBASSADOR Thea. W. 49th St. CI 7-0760
Evs. Inc. Sun. 8:50—Mats. Sat. & Sun., 2:50

"A TRULY AMAZING PLAY" Rascoe, World Tel.
TOMORROW THE WORLD
BARRYMORE THEA. NEW YORK
Ralph BELLAMY • Shirley BOOTH
SELWYN THEATRE CHICAGO
Elissa LANDI • Paul McGRATH

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 72



HER CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR HIM

She'll work on Christmas day,
if her war job demands it.
She's been giving every day of the year,
America's war worker, spending
eight hours at the machine, six days a week,
and her hours afterward for home and children.
She chose to give all her time and energy,
and to this she adds:

War Bonds Weekly *Rationing Board Work*
Blood Donations *Saved Kitchen Fats*
Buying only what she and her family need
Exchanging stamps for all rationed goods

She has given all she can
Have you?

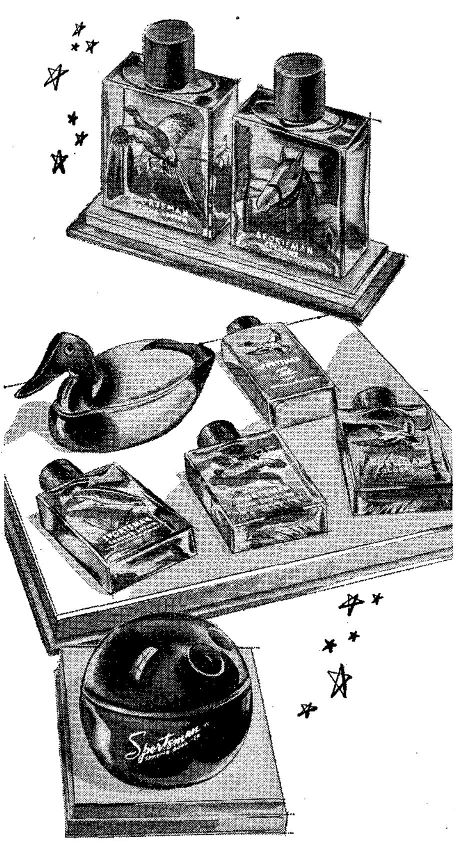
Cole OF CALIFORNIA

Uncle Sam Needs Millions More Women In War Jobs.

FOR THE MOST

Important Man

ON YOUR LIST



For the most important man on your list . . . a Christmas eye-opener he'll enjoy for months to come . . . "tops" in refreshment, created in the best tradition of masculine good taste.

SPORTSMAN Shaving Lotion and Cologne in handsome bottles with colorful sports designs . . . pair of 8 oz. bottles, 5.00; 4 oz., 3.00

SPORTSMAN Shaving Lotion, Cologne, Hair Dressing, Talc and Decoy Shaving Bowl, stunningly packaged 7.75

BOWL-ER Shaving Bowl. Black ceramic replica of a three-grip bowling ball. In gift box. . 1.50
SHAVING BOWL-ER* (Refillable)

See the complete selection of SPORTSMAN Gifts at Better Stores Everywhere

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Sportsman
TOILETRIES FOR MEN
distinctly masculine
decidedly correct

JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC.
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has to do with a virtuous ex-actress, whose husband, a foolishly confiding man, tells her he loves and wishes to marry a little secretary. It seems that his youth is slipping away and, while he still *respects* his wife, he—oh, all right, let it go. Anyway, there is some conversation of a gallant, rueful, and won't-you-sit-down nature, but finally she agrees to give him a divorce. Here we skip a little time. The actress has decided to go back to the stage and, further, imagines that she is in love with her producer, a glossy type who woos her with phonograph records and Rupert Brooke. The husband has been batting around with the secretary, who is, however, invincibly chaste and not interested in any proposition not involving the clergy. This is an untidy situation all around, but Miss Smith resolves it briskly and, after another gap, this time of twelve years, we find the husband and wife reunited (he's pretty antique for further dirty work anyway) and the producer contentedly married to somebody else. Miss Smith doesn't say what happens to the secretary, but otherwise everything is as neat and shiny as the works in a watch. The prose at the Plymouth is neat and shiny, too, written with that peculiar birdlike twitter and lilt that makes British clichés so much more irritating than our own.

Essentially, of course, Miss Smith's play is a vehicle for a star, and Katharine Cornell gives it the old Candida, with special emphasis on the humorous understanding. Raymond Massey, asked to portray a very tiresome man, does so with a very monotonous performance, and Anne Burr, as the secretary, has nothing much to do except confront Miss Cornell, which is naturally rather uphill work. Comedy and love, on their secondary levels, are handled by Henry Daniell and Carol Goodner, and I thought they both brought unusual wit and character to their dim parts. Motley has executed a fine living room for dubious epigrams. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

ATTENTION!
ALL MERCHANTS

My name has been mentioned recently as being a member of the O.P.A. Price Panel of which is beyond my knowing anything about it. I have never attended any O.P.A. meeting of any kind and am not affiliated with any O.P.A. agencies, and defy any person to prove to the contrary.
VICTOR S. HENRY
—*Notice in the Palmyra (Pa.) Palm Advertiser.*

A man's honor at stake, obviously.

CHERYL CRAWFORD *presents*
MARY MARTIN
KENNY BAKER JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with PAULA LAURENCE & TEDDY HART
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH
Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
IMPERIAL Thea., 45th St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat.

Josephine HULL Effie SHANNON in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
"A violently funny and batty murder play."—*Time Magazine*
HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
Rosalind RUSSELL • Brian AHERNE
"WHAT A WOMAN"
with WILLARD PARKER • A Columbia Picture
GALA STAGE SHOW • SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

SERVING AGAIN
Christmas In Wartime
will be happier for all of us if we share it
THE SALVATION ARMY WAY
SHARE YOUR CHRISTMAS through THE SALVATION ARMY
ON EVERY FRONT

Luncheon
Cocktail Hour
Dinner-Supper
The Café Lounge and Bar
CONTINUOUS DANCING FROM FIVE O'CLOCK
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVE. AT 58TH ST.

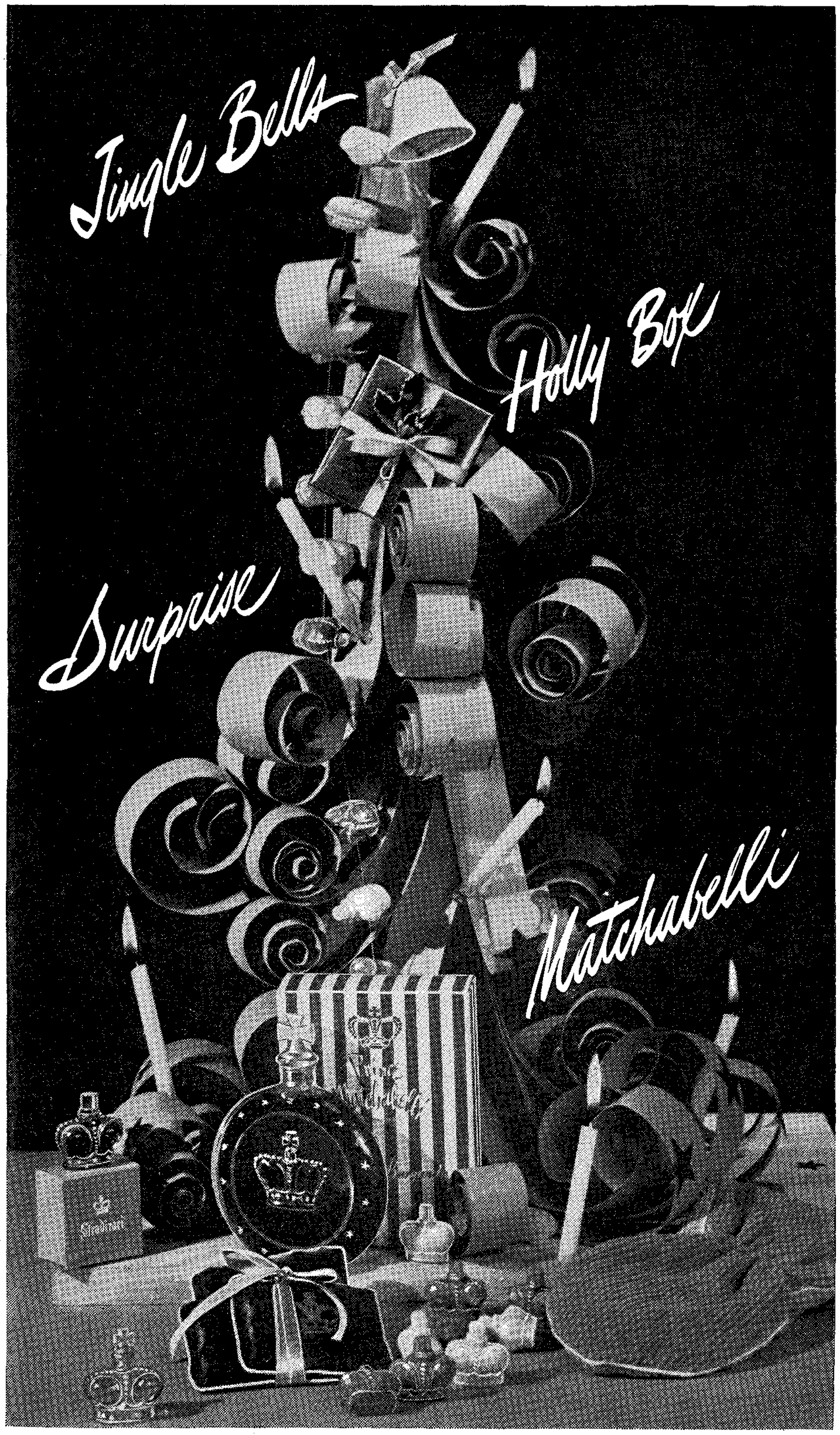
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Baker's Gross

BY rough count, "What a Woman" is the one-hundred-and-forty-fifth picture about a career girl who is interested only in her job and not in men. Of its sort, it is not as good as some but better than most, and for those who are still game after the first one hundred and forty-four, it should have a certain charm. Rosalind Russell, as the career girl, is lively and attractive, in spite of a tendency to lean too heavily on a funny line or piece of business. Brian Aherne, as one of the men she doesn't have time for, at least at first, doesn't undertake to do much actual acting and is consequently agreeable or not, depending on whether you like to look at him. Willard Parker, a bit of new talent, is cast as a secondary man. He is handsome and tall, but not yet of sufficient stature, in the figurative sense, to get the girl. Like other gay comedies, this one is gay at times and drags at times, and also like others, it finishes with a bang, in the hope that nobody will notice one or two loose ends that are hanging around. As I say, it is not a unique job, but it might appeal to somebody with a tremendous appetite for the type.

This particular career girl is an agent, not the secret kind but the kind that gets other people jobs for ten per cent of the take. She attracts the attention of a publication called the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, which decides to do an article about her called a "profile." Mr. Aherne is assigned to the job, and during the course of it becomes attached to the girl, and so on. He is assigned to write four installments on her, though cooler editorial heads in the audience might incline toward two or three at the most.

NOW that I think of it, the one-hundred-and-forty-fourth picture about a career girl was "No Time for Love," which turned up last week a day or so before the one mentioned above. It has Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray as a female photographer and a sandhog, respectively. It's just possible, in spite of an apparent school of Hollywood thought to the contrary, that Miss Colbert is miscast as a



A Prince Matchabelli Christmas—Deck her tree with exciting presents . . . all the sweet scented thoughts Matchabelli wraps so charmingly. Treetop: "Jingle Bell", hiding dram of perfume, 1.50. Next, Holly Box for frosted crown bottle of Duchess of York perfume, 3.50. Foot of tree, Stradivari perfume, 2 drams 3.00. Three "Abano" amber sachets, 2.00. "Sparkling Burgundy" bubble bath, 1.00. Little soap "Bagatelles," that come in cellophane candy bag for a sweet 1.00 gift; "Potpourri" talc mitt, 1.00.

*All prices except soap, plus 10% tax.

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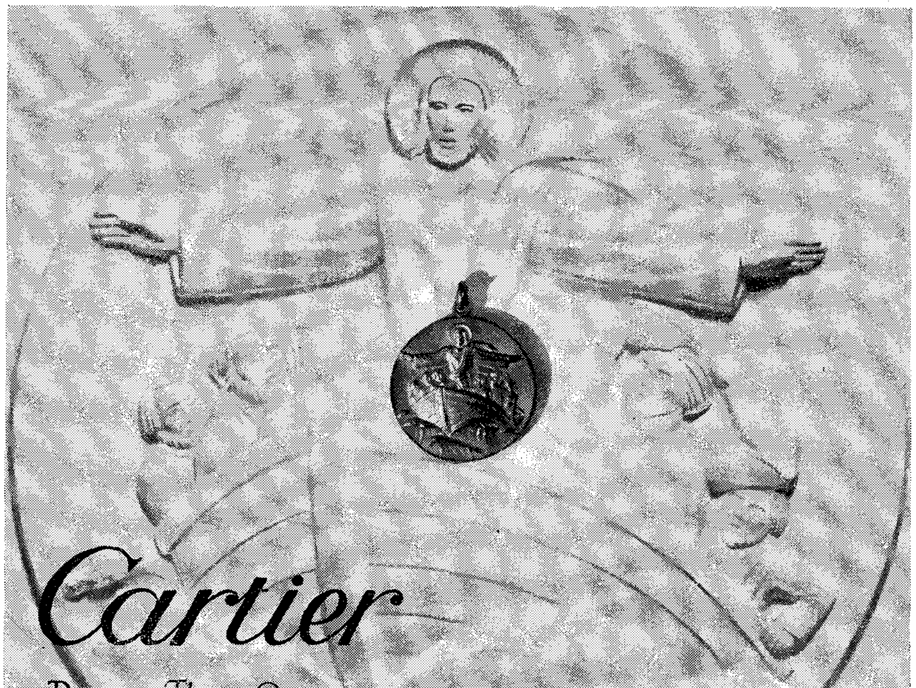
MINNEAPOLIS • PHILADELPHIA • ST. LOUIS



Protect Them Overseas—
With This "Safe Journey" Medallion Created by Cartier*

A wonderful gift carrying your affectionate thought.
In gold $25.; in silver $4.50. Federal tax included.
Other Cartier gifts—for men too—from $1.00
Christmas cards from 15¢
Very large selection of diamond engagement and wedding rings.
Information sent on request * (design pat.)
FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

"I hae my opeenion!"

Men who love fine Scotch whisky choose Teacher's first for one good reason—they say *together* . . .

"It's the flavour"
86 PROOF
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow
TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

light comedienne. She's an obviously intelligent actress and she obviously understands comedy, but she doesn't seem to have any other natural equipment for it. Though good-looking, she's not what you'd call a cute girl. She can't bounce or chirp or perform any other handy little trick to help put a line across; with her, it's all pure headwork. Mr. MacMurray, as a magnificent, hulking brute of a sandhog, is a trifle miscast himself. He is called upon to knock some pretty rough customers around, and he can't weigh—this is just a guess—more than a hundred and seventy-five. Now I don't want to hear that he once lifted bar bells for a living.

SEVERAL earnest grabs at your heartstrings are made in "Happy Land," but you may be able to fend them off. The picture is about just folks in a small town in wartime and is built somewhat along the lines of W. Saroyan's "The Human Comedy," but it doesn't have the fluidity of "The Human Comedy," or the comedy either. All it has is the sentiment. Also, there is a slight air of paternalism about it that often creeps into movies about plain people in plain towns. "These people are lovable in a hick sort of way," such movies seem to be saying. Or maybe, in this particular case, it's just Don Ameche being over-homespun as the local druggist. At any rate, the picture's message, which is that life as it is in America is what boys are dying for and it must go on even though they are dying, is rather obscured by too much elaborate simplicity. The druggist's wife is played by Frances Dee; his son, who dies, by Richard Crane; and his father, who is already dead but returns as a shade, by Harry Carey.

"In Old Oklahoma," with Martha Scott and John Wayne, is a Western with oil in it and one more actor dressed up to look like Teddy Roosevelt. . . . "A Young Man's Fancy" is a quaint English picture about love's knowing no social barriers. The action takes place in 1870 and the picture looks as though it might have been made about then.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

The squab pie, which one finds both in Maryland and Virginia, is a grand dish and lives right inside a dozen oysters per person and placing them in a skillet with a tablespoon of butter, a tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, pepper and a little lemon juice.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Roundabout sort of a damn thing.

OF ALL THINGS

THE Cairo conference put an end to the old custom of kicking China around. In the future, China will be cast in the rôle of a star player instead of as the ball.

•

According to other plans made at Cairo, the Japanese people will no longer have to associate with what they call the lower orders of mankind. Everything is being arranged for them to sit in their flowery kingdom and hobnob only with each other.

•

Representative Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois has caused widespread astonishment by announcing that he will run for President. This is the first time anyone has ever become a candidate without first putting up a token resistance.

•

The decline of Germany's fortunes has given Dr. Goebbels the hardest job of his career. He is working night and day warning his fellow-countrymen against the dangers of underconfidence.

•

It has been proposed that members of the Cabinet appear before Congress at regular intervals for questioning. No doubt the secretary who knows the right answer will be asked if he wants to try another for double or nothing.

•

The Russians hope that when the war is won an immense German labor force will be drafted to rebuild the houses the Nazis have destroyed. The chief paperhanger has probably already been selected.

•

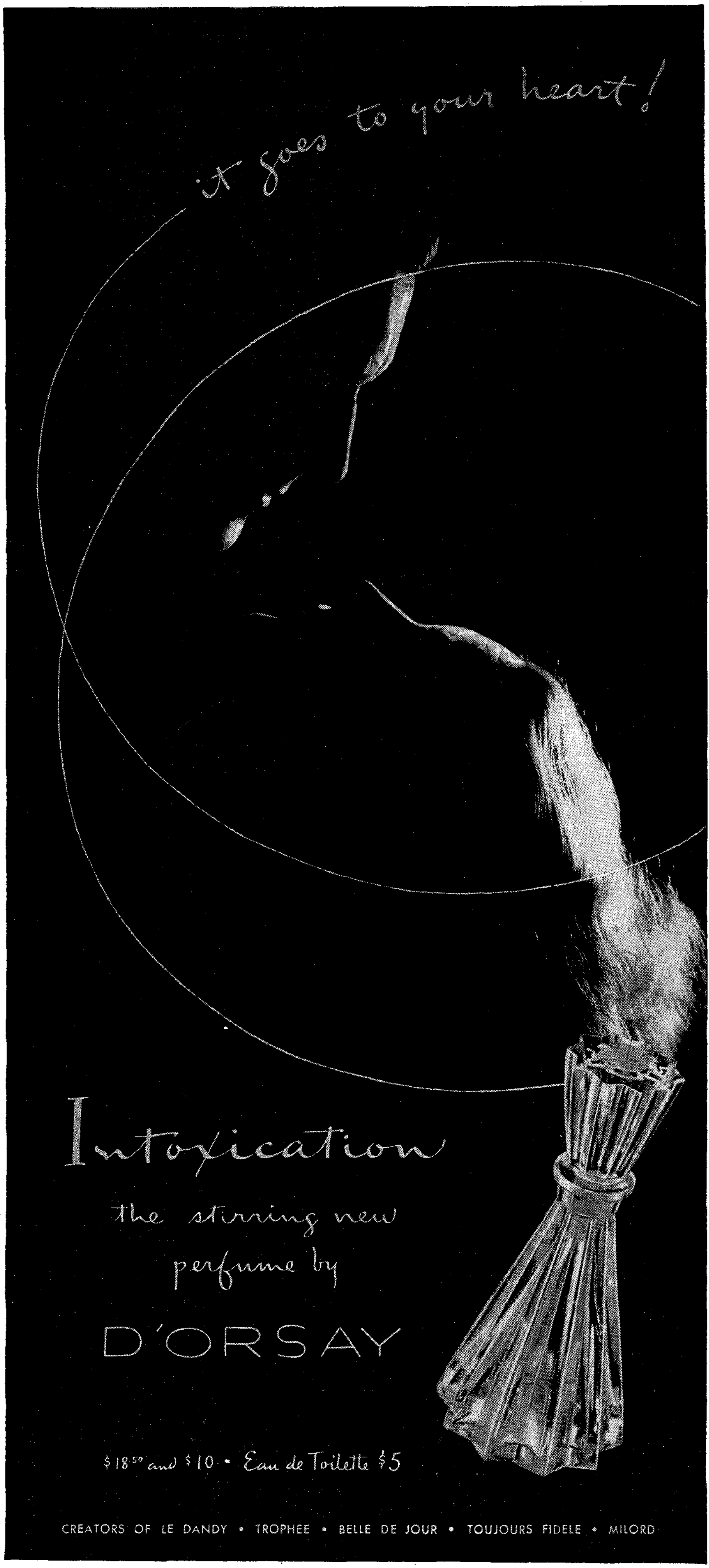
The Treasury announces that the next War Bond drive will begin in January. It plainly hopes that everybody will make at least one good New Year's resolution.

•

It is pleasant to hear that so many thoughtful citizens have completed their Christmas shopping. There will now be more room in the stores for the rest of us.

•

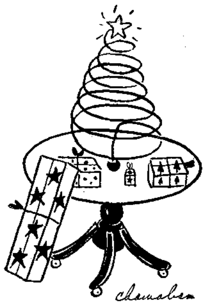
The nation's gold supply is declining at the rate of $2,000,000 a day. The Treasury now has only twenty-two billion gold dollars to rub against each other. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



it goes to your heart!
Intoxication
the stirring new
perfume by
D'ORSAY
$18.50 and $10 • Eau de Toilette $5
CREATORS OF LE DANDY • TROPHEE • BELLE DE JOUR • TOUJOURS FIDELE • MILORD

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS—MOPPING UP



THIS year we are winding up our annual survey of the Christmas-gift situation somewhat earlier than usual, because all you shoppers are supposed to be winding up your shopping at an earlier date too. Nevertheless, it turns out that this year, like any other, just as the end is in sight, we find ourselves faced with a slew of dazzling ideas for presents that we had somehow missed before. While there is next to no time left for buying things to send through the mail (the post office can't promise long-range delivery by Christmas on any parcel mailed after December 10th), there's nothing to stop you from picking up last-minute presents to hand out around town. So we'll go ahead with a hodge-podge (stimulating, we hope) designed to supply you with suggestions enough to see you through these final, frantic days.

We have already, in earlier issues, dealt with the following subjects:

September 25th.... Gifts for men and women in the armed forces, here and abroad.
November 13th.... Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs, food for the services.
November 20th.... Accessories in the big shops, lingerie shops, gifts for men, art for Christmas.
November 27th.... Gifts for the house, jewelry, games for adults.
December 4th.... Toys, perfumes and other vanities, children's books.

Besides the hash of notions assembled below, we have compiled a few observations on holiday wrappings (page 83) and our annual list of Christmas books (page 98). Taking a deep breath, we wish you the happiest holiday season the times will allow and remind you that no gift that we or you can think of is better than a War Bond. So, to begin:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: Men's brown or black calf belts, quite conventional-looking, which turn out to have a zipper compartment to hold spare cash or secret documents; $3.50. For civilian women and Waves alike: Two-yard-long aviator scarf of white rayon crêpe; $3. No lady hiker is going to turn up her nose at a pair of ankle-height, waterproof blue jungle-cloth shoes, lined with sheepskin and fibre-soled; $9, and they require no ration ticket.

AMERICA HOUSE, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd): Hand-knit mittens (some fleece-lined) of natural-color homespun wool, with a small, neat design; from $4.50. Among the toys: A miniature foot-high roadside vegetable stand stocked with fake vegetables in little baskets, or a baker's stand with pies, cakes, rolls, and such provender (also phony); $8.50 for either stand.

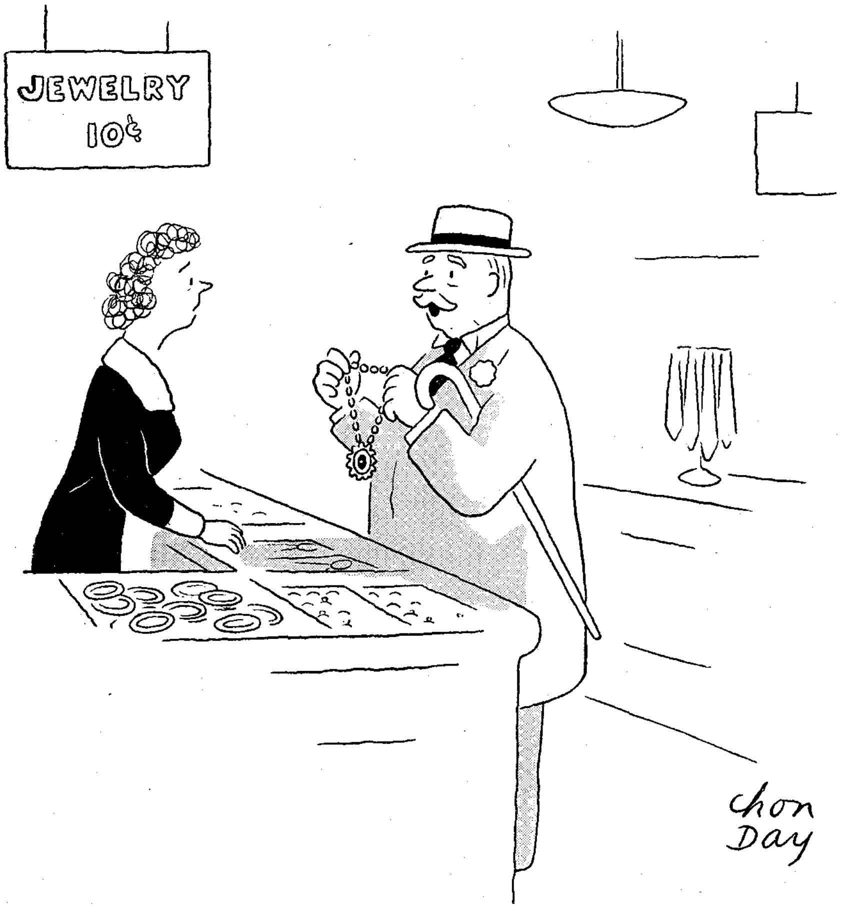
BENDEL: Lucite powder jars with double-mirror tops—one side regulation, the other magnifying; $10. In the gift shop: An address book, nowadays more useful than ever before, indexed, loose-leaved, desk size, and bound in old, or copies of old, prints coated with shellac; $5.95. Small knitting boxes, covered with the same sort of print; also $5.95.

BITTER & LOUD, 209 East 72nd: Heavy, square bowls of polished Haitian mahogany, for fruit or salad; $8.50. Others with three sections, at $12, to serve cocktail snacks. Cigarette boxes of wood, decorated with lithe Egyptian leopards instead of the usual scarabs and King Tutankhamens; $10, with two compartments, cedar-lined. There are place-mat and napkin sets for six ($13.50), a tray cloth and one napkin ($2.75), and bureau scarves, which are not too plentiful ($3.75), in fine Irish linen of a sharp yellow or a creamy white, with unusual hand-blocked flower designs. For youngsters: Wood bookends painted with knights in armor or maps; $5.75 a set.

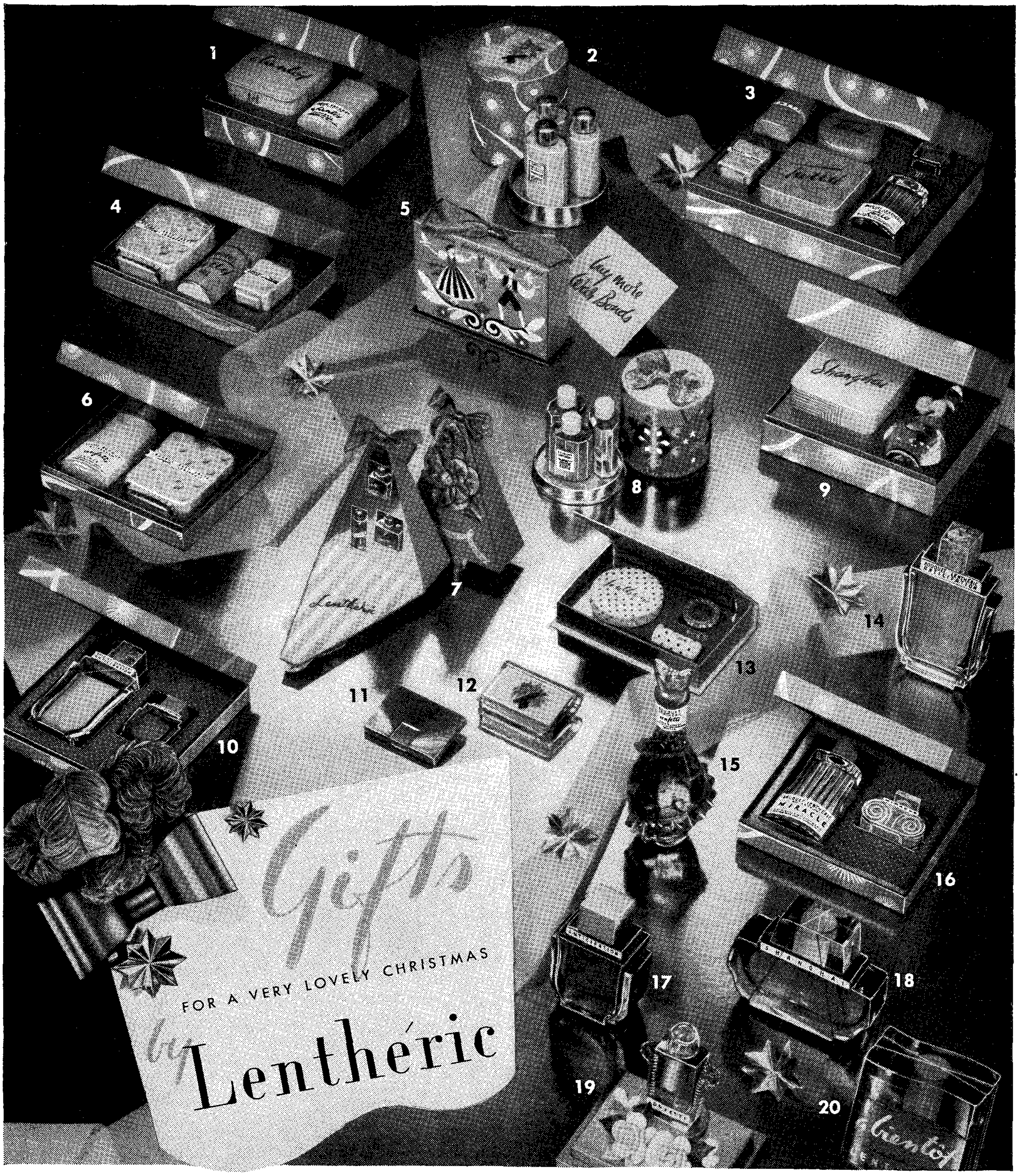
BONWIT TELLER: Attractive Mexican jewelry made of green-dyed onyx (looks like dark, smoky, gray-green jade) set in silver: Cherry-shaped earrings of onyx, with silver stems ($15), and a mammoth spray pin to match ($35); a beetle clip pin with a green onyx body and silver feelers and legs ($20). For the services: men's canvas-soled, twill-sided shower slippers in a folding twill case ($2); small leather sewing kits, with thread of the appropriate colors, a razor blade for cutting it, and so on ($1); compacts—the drawstring pouch type with mirror bottoms—of khaki twill for Wacs ($1.50) and in blue kid for Waves ($2.50). Note to men: The 721 Club, on the second floor, with a separate entrance on Fifty-sixth Street, has attractive and helpful young ladies to guide you through an impressive array of women's gifts; it's for male customers only.

CARLIN COMFORTS, 10 East 50th: Their own exquisite sachet powder, in simple, wide-mouthed bottles; $1.75. Warm mohair throws from Scotland, in plain or plaid pastels; fluffy enchantment at $25.

ALBAN CONWAY, 68 East 55th: Reproduc-



"This will do nicely. She's not very bright."



1. ***A Bientôt Gift Duet:*** Bath Powder and Crème Bouquet; also in Tweed, Miracle, Shanghai and Confetti........................... **$2.45**

2. ***Crème Bouquet Trio:*** Flacon each, Miracle, Tweed, Confetti..................... **$3.30**

3. ***Tweed Gift Presentation:*** Perfume, Bath Powder, Face Powder, Bouquet Lenthéric, Soap, Sachet........ **$9.95** In Confetti..... **$10.45**

4. ***Tweed Gift Presentation:*** Bubble Bath Salts, Sachet, Talc; also in Miracle and Confetti.. **$3.25**

5. ***"Folk Dance"*** (Crème Bouquet Trio): Flacon each, Miracle, Tweed, Confetti.......... **$3.30**

6. ***Confetti Gift Duet:*** *Crème Bouquet and* Bubble Bath Salts; also in Miracle and Tweed.................. **$2.45**

7. ***"Merry Merry Merry"*** (Perfume Trio): Tweed, A Bientôt, Confetti................... **$4.40**

8. ***"Three Merry Messengers":*** Flacon each, Confetti, Tweed and Miracle Bouquet Lenthéric. **$2.05**

9. ***Shanghai Gift Duet:*** Bouquet Lenthéric decanter, Bath Powder; also in Miracle, Tweed, A Bientôt and Confetti....................... **$3.75**

10. ***Anticipation Gift Presentation:*** Perfume and Bouquet Lenthéric................... **$18.50**

11. ***New Sterling Silver Double Loose Powder Vanity***........................... **$16.50**

12. ***Plastic Loose Powder Vanity.***
Double........................... **$5.50**
Single........................... **$5.00**

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX

13. ***"Wonderful" Soft-Focus Make-Up Set*** with Tweed Face Powder-Pact, Plastic Lipstick and Rouge........................... **$3.00**

14. ***Bouquet Lenthéric Anticipation,*** decanter .... **$3.00** and **$5.00**

15. ***Bouquet Lenthéric Confetti,*** decanter................. **$2.25** and **$3.50**

16. ***Miracle Gift Presentation:*** Perfume and Bouquet Lenthéric; also in Tweed........... **$5.95** In Confetti........................... **$6.45**

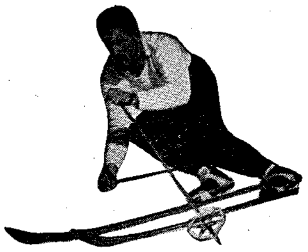
17. ***Anticipation Perfume*** **$15.00, $35.00, $60.00**

18. ***Shanghai Perfume*** .... **$5.00** to **$55.00**

19. ***De Luxe Perfume Presentation:*** Flacon of Tweed, Miracle, Confetti, A Bientôt, Shanghai and Pink Party..................... **$10.00**

20. ***A Bientôt Perfume*** .... **$5.00** to **$55.00**

BE SKI-WISE...



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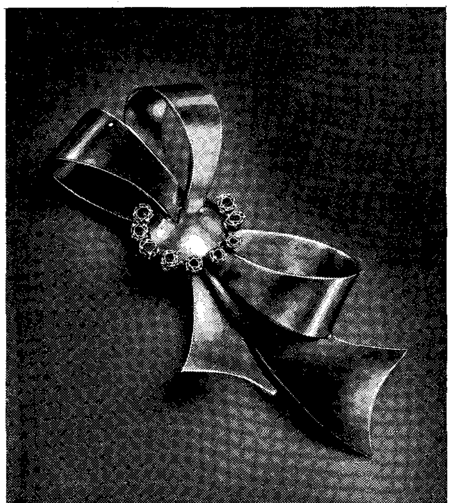

ILLUSTRATION ACTUAL SIZE

EXQUISITE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Elegant, two-tone gold bow knot brooch encircled with Oriental rubies (or sapphires)

TAX INCLUDED $88.00

(mail orders)

Claudia Fishel

Jewelry of Distinction

535 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

tion Victorian porcelain vases made into lamps; $14.95 complete, including a silk shade and real ivy or other greenery in the vase. Low black tray tables, with plume or flower designs painted under glass; $40. As always, his giant Christmas candles of mahogany-colored wax, to burn 2,500 hours (that's somewhere in next April); $5.

MARK CROSS, 655 Fifth Avenue (52nd): Drawstring handbag, a derivation from the poke bags Quaker ladies used to carry, in black or brown capeskin, suède, or satin; $30. Calfskin compacts decorated with a heart in gold-metal nail heads, to be marked in the middle of the heart with gilt stamping. Including the marking, these are $5, and cigarette cases to match are $6.

DE PINNA: Still noted for children's clothes. Sizes 1 to 6 are to be found in a giant doll's house, and older children's things are just outside its door. Light-blue cotton-twill overalls with pearl buttons, for girls or boys aged one to three; $2.50. Cunning cotton machine-knit two-piece suits for boys from one to six; $2.95. Pinafores, in sizes 3 to 6, at $3.95 and $4.95; the organdie party ones have ruffled flowered cotton bretelles or a single flower appliquéd on the bodice.

DUNHILL, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): English handbags—lunch-box types in natural pigskin ($8.95) or morocco ($7.95). Women's English gloves, four-button slip-on style: washable doeskin in white or natural ($3.50), and black or brown capeskin, hand-stitched ($5). In the new costume-jewelry department here, there are honeybee earrings in red or royal-blue leatherette with braided bodies ($2), and a matching brooch consisting of two bees joined by a gold-metal chain ($2.50).

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER: A pigskin pocketbook with compartments for cigarettes, matches, folding money, and coins —perfect for lady war workers; $4.25. Children's washable oilcloth table mats decorated with appliqué doors and windows that the youngsters can push open and shut, chicks that can be made to bob their heads, and such; $2.50. Moiré tea cozies, dimity-lined; $4.95. To improve a dog's life, a feeding bowl that comes filled with liquid shampoo (pine-scented, as if *he'll* care), accompanied by three toys (unscented, as far as we can tell) for him; $2.95.

C. S. HAMMOND, 1 East 43rd: For youthful (and perhaps not so youthful) map students, a kit containing United States and battle-zone maps; ninety-eight cents. The Encyclopædia Britannica World Atlas, newly published, is a wonder; $9.95, with nothing left out. The Field Marshal wall map shows sea and air routes the world over, besides other special data, and has over a hundred marker flags; $2.49. An ethnological picture map of the world, illustrated by photographs of Malvina Hoffman's anthropological sculpture series, fine for bright youngsters; $2.

IRENE HAYES, 273 Park Avenue (47th): New England antiques, like iron grocery scales, cone-shaped tin milk dippers to hang on the wall, and iron pots that once hung in fireplaces; $15 to $30, and they can be filled with Miss Hayes' celebrated Christmas greens for a little more. Square glass building blocks, hollowed out to make substantial ashtrays that can double as paperweights; $6.75. Decorative holiday stuff, such as real mistletoe dangling from big plaster wishbones tied with red ribbon ($7.50).

HENRY A LA PENSEE, 9 East 55th: You'd swear the accessories here were made in France. Silk scarves painted with such messages as "I love you" written in eight languages; $9.75. Square metal compacts decorated with painted copies of celebrated pictures—Degas's ballet dancers, and so on; $11.50 and up.

HERB FARM SHOP OF LONDON (at Bonwit Teller and Altman): Herbs, vinegars, and other gourmet treasures, charmingly packed. Bath and beauty notions, such as a market basket filled with White Phlox talc, lilac toilet water, rose bath oil, and two cakes of rose hand soap; $5 (at Altman only). Five sachets—Night-Scented Stock, Green Moss, White Phlox, Lilac, and Royal Purple—at $3.25 a set.

INDIA ARTS & CRAFTS, 14 East 56th: Nautch-girl touches—lovely, lightweight jewelry, such as a versatile gilt-bead necklace to be worn choker style or let out to V-neck length ($12.75), and jingling silver charm rings ($6.75). Magnificent hand-woven and hand-hemmed silk scarves in endless colors and patterns, to go with furs and tweeds and almost anything else; from $7.75. Beautiful pale silk gauze Hindu saris with gold- or silver-thread borders; $5.95. Indian character dolls—languorous, jewelled ranees and all; from $5.

GEORG JENSEN, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd): For the young: Babies' pink, blue, or white felt bibs appliquéd with felt bunnies who have embroidered ears and pompon tails; $3. Party dresses in pink, deep-blue, or buttercup-yellow dimity, with Peter Pan collars, in sizes up to three; $8.50. A child's own silver service: spoon ($2.20), fork ($2.45), and pusher ($2.75). Pieces he can keep when he grows up: a handsome silver porringer ($13) and a fruit-juice cup ($5), which could later make an ashtray and a cigarette container.

LORD & TAYLOR: For children from seven to twelve: modern versions of a French schoolgirl's smock, made of black sateen

and buttoning down the back—long sleeves, red piping, and brightly painted in sketchy designs; $7.95. From Mexico, there are big, soft, square mufflers of wool, hand-blocked in splashy patterns —pink doves or wildly colored Russian fairy-tale motifs on white backgrounds; $7.95. Two canvas carryalls that fold flat (when not in use, fortunately), in dark green, red, brown, or orange, with matching bindings: a carpet bag ($10.95) or a deep duffel bag ($9.95).

ALICE H. MARKS, 6 East 52nd: A three-drawer, mirrored keepsake box filled with two pounds of her own chocolates and nut meats; $10.50. A handsome alligator wallet for a man, with all the compartments he could ask for; $12.50. Full-pack leather cigarette cases, with a window for a snapshot; $4. Nice glass wine decanters which, though modern, are perfectly at home with old things; $6.50.

E. B. MEYROWITZ, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd): Magnifying glasses for reading V-mail and maps; $1. Long, rectangular magnifying glasses, lucite-framed, that take in two newspaper columns; $6. Compact sports or opera glasses in brightly colored plastic frames; $20. Spectacles cases of French brocade in various colors, to go into the most elaborate evening bags ($7.50). A collection of old English barometers, mahogany-framed; $75 to $165, and all in excellent working order.

MUSEUM SILVER SHOP, 104 East 57th: Many little silver antiquities at under $20 (candle snuffers, serving spoons, and the like), and modern copies of small silver servers at around $10. Frankly modern things, such as silver-handled bottle-openers ($7.50) and ice-picks ($4.50).

ORREFORS, 5 East 57th: A crystal table bell (*you'll* have to find somebody to answer it) and a flaring vase, easy to arrange flowers in; $6 for either. Double inkstands of frosted glass, together with a pen tray, for a man's or a woman's desk; $15. Small crystal pieces typical of the traditional Orrefors magnificence, such as scoop-shaped clear or ice-blue trays, for ash receivers or for serving tidbits; $15 and $17.50.

RAND MCNALLY, 7 West 50th: Map of the world with stick-pin flags for marking the battle fronts; $1. A globe which may be picked up from its ebony stand; $6.95, including a plastic tape measure, scaled to both nautical and statute miles.

SCHIRMER, 3 East 43rd: Musical presents, including a musical bank ($9.50), Christmas-tree stands that play carols ($19.95), and little girls' plush muffs ($6.95). Musical cigarette and powder boxes, cider jugs, and the like; from $4.95. Recorders, those flutelike instruments from Shakespeare's day, now popular with moderns and not too difficult to master; $5 and up, in various keys.

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDERS, 610 Fifth Avenue (50th): Splendid wool shawls, the work of a mountaineer who does the whole job in the time-honored way—carding, spinning, and dyeing her own wool and looming it; $16.50, large and marvellously colored. Small wood carvings, such as geese of pale apple-wood

Wish good cheer this year with Yardley

- *Handsome harvest!* Men's Shaving Bowl, Invisible Talc, Lavender Hair Oil, Shaving Cream, After Shower Powder, Lavender Soap, $5.
- *"Bond Street" Perfume*, favorite of charming women the world over. $2.50, $4.50, $8.50, $13.50.
- *Beloved "Lavender,"* young as next year. Bound to be on every one's list! $1, $1.50, $2.50, $3.75.
- *Yardley English Lavender* in a lovely array of 3 tablets of Lavender Soap and Talc and Hand Cream, $2.35.
- *Yardley's Shaving Bowl* has no match for pleasing men! In the familiar container, $1.
- *Present perfect for him:* Yardley's Shaving Bowl, Invisible Talc, famous Lavender Soap, $2.55.
- *Duet to delight* men of any age . . . Yardley's Shaving Bowl and popular Invisible Talc, $2.
- *Grand gesture gift . . .* "Bond Street" Perfume, Bath Dusting Powder, Toilet Water, Talc, "English Complexion" Powder, $10.

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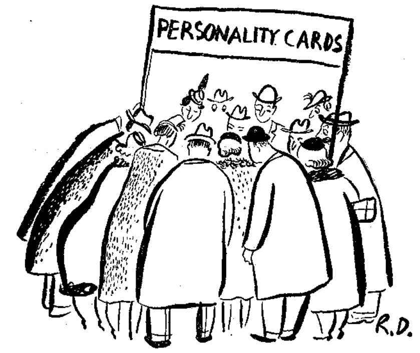
or darker walnut; from $1.25. For a child who loves his summers on the farm: a toy wooden barn, with sliding doors, holding eighteen cutout wooden animals (and the barn can become a birdhouse outdoors next spring); $3.50.

TEMPLE, 518 Madison Avenue (53rd): The wonderful Chinese porcelains and embroideries found here in prewar years have given way to antique and modern jewelry, much of it very charming. Antique earrings, fitted with screw fastenings, include gold-mounted intaglio carvings of Antony and Cleopatra (one for each ear); $125. Among the modern ones are oval moonstones rimmed with sapphires; $110. Antique gold cuff links that are actually tiny lockets and carry, all told, four pictures; $110. White-gold pocket knives with two steel blades; $30.

WANAMAKER: A wonderful tray for fireside or in-bed meals. It's of blond maple, with side pockets and an adjustable top that tilts to hold a book for reading; $8.95. The Infants' Department still has navy wool-broadcloth carriage covers lined with gray or beige rayon plush ($8.95) and matching zipper carriage bags ($12.95).

HOME STRETCH: For male smokers, a big, globular ash receiver in chromium with a brass base, spillproof and windproof and heavy enough to be a paperweight, is $4.75 at Arthur Vernay, 124 East 55th Street.... Spicy potpourri in a beribboned glass jar, made from an East Indian recipe by W. F. Cooper, 5 East 54th Street; $5.... At Bergdorf Goodman there are some taffeta aprons with two pockets and trimmed with ball fringe; in half a dozen colors and black; $12.50. While you're there, don't forget the chocolate rum balls, dipped in cocoa or bittersweet chocolate; $2 a pound.... Kargère, 714 Fifth Avenue (55th), has linen breakfast tray sets consisting of two napkins and a mat which is embroidered with things like "Bon Jour, Ma Belle;" $12.50, in several colors. ... Arthur Gilmore, at 16 East 52nd Street, has designed a de-luxe pouch handbag with an adjustable strap handle so that it may be carried as a purse or worn slung over the shoulder—in black or brown morocco with contrasting moiré lining, and large enough to take



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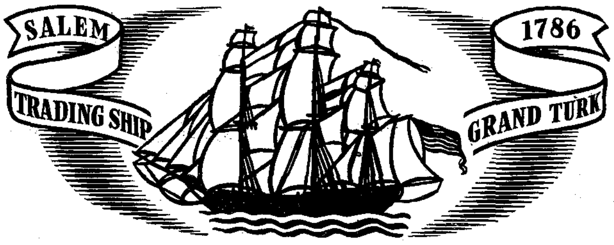
SAY MERRY XMAS WITH THE BRAND HE PREFERS

There's an easy way to please him this Christmas—give him Paris—his choice for style, quality and the extra service that's so important today. And this is equally important—don't let anyone deprive you of your American right to choose the dependable brands you prefer. Trust the trade marks that have stood the test of time. Your favorite store is showing Paris Gifts for Him. Paris Belts $1 to $5. Paris Suspenders $1 to $3.50. Paris Garters 55c and $1. A. Stein & Company · Chicago · New York

SUSPENDERS AND BELTS BY PARIS

care of overnight essentials; $30. . . . Alice Maynard, 558 Madison Avenue (56th), has everything possible for knitters, from the simplest needles up to a pair of sterling-silver ones ($5) or the works—every sort of implement in a striped-bengaline case for $14. . . . There are dignified and handsome Christmas cards at the Greek War Relief Association, 730 Fifth Avenue (56th)—photographs of Greece, with a message in both English and Greek; four for fifty cents. . . . Brocade pouch knitting bags, fastened with jewel-like buttons and glittering enough to double as evening bags; from $15.50 at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th). . . . A two-quart casserole, set upon a wickless brass alcohol stove, to keep the dish warm at the table; $7.95 at Lewis & Conger, and practically anybody should love one this year. . . . A useful contrivance at Young Books, 714 Madison Avenue (63rd), is a splendid household-accounts accordion file (stretches to twelve inches), covered with flower or bird prints; $2.50. . . . There are oolong, Lapsang Souchong, and other choice teas (seventy-five cents to $1.75 a quarter pound) at the United China Relief Shop, 444 Madison Avenue (50th). . . . In William H. Plummer's colossal Staffordshire-flower collection (both stores, 7 East 35th Street and 695 Fifth Avenue at 54th), you can find everything from tiny finger-bowl flowers (violets, pinks, and innumerable other small blossoms) at $18 a dozen, to larger-than-life single hibiscus flowers ($7.50) or poinsettias ($18) to use as table centres. . . . Among the nice trifles at Piccadilly Arcade (British War Relief), 6 East 57th Street, there are eighteenth-century English silver nutmeg boxes made into salt or pepper shakers; $7.50 apiece. . . . At Lanz, 668 Fifth Avenue (53rd), there are lovely traditional Tirolean suspender suits and dresses of hand-knit wool in charming color combinations (size two to four for boys, two to six for girls), with heart-shaped pockets in sharply contrasting colors; from $7.25, with matching sweaters at the same prices. . . . Mosse, 659 Fifth Avenue (52nd), has good-for-a-lifetime towels of an Irish linen he calls tuffle—rough, absorbent ones that actually grow handsomer with laundering; $42 a dozen. . . . A collection of antique Victorian jewelry at James Robinson, 716 Fifth Avenue (56th), includes things like a pair of big, carved, gold-button earrings ($35) and pendant crosses, such as an early-nineteenth-cen-



First American vessel to reach China and establish profitable trade on tea, silks and rare spices. One of the trading ships which identifies Old Spice Toiletries for Men.

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OLD SPICE . . . a name that men depend upon . . . Shaving Requisites, with the tangy refreshment and fine quality for which Shulton is famous. Distinctively packaged, individually or in sets, from 50¢ to $5.00.

THE RIGHT GIFT FOR ALL

First choice in Christmas Gifts this year is United States War Bonds and Stamps. Buy them today . . . for the Peace tomorrow . . . for the Prosperity of the future.

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tury one in brown topaz, gold-mounted ($55). . . . Jay-Thorpe's Christmas-gift shop has picture frames covered with suède in turquoise, soft gray-blue, terra cotta, or cocoa; $2.50 and $8.50. . . . The Yugoslav Christmas Bazaar, 11 West 57th Street, has recordings of six Chetnik songs; $2.49 for the set. . . . A new, blown-glass, coverless mixer which will fascinate anyone by making drinks without spilling a drop; $6.50 at Bloomingdale. . . . Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (20th), offers a copy of a French casserole, along with Florence Brobeck's book on casserole cooking, all for $3.25. . . . One of the year's most ingenious military toys—a tank-landing barge whose bow opens and discharges a jeep when you press a lever. It's $1.60 at most all toy departments. . . . A. L. Brandon, 852 Lexington Avenue (65th), has those flamboyantly colored folding cardboard panorama crèches so popular in the nineties—the Child, the Wise Men, hovering angels, and so on; $1 to $8.

Afterthoughts for men: The Lenthéric products, in simple wood containers, run from $1.85 (for a shaving stick and talc) up. Charbert has a new package called Something for the Boys (how did they ever think of *that* name?). It contains shaving soap, talc, and after-shave lotion; $3. Seaforth's offerings are inexpensive and come in nice crockery jars. The Sportsman's cologne and after-shave lotion come in masculine glass containers decorated with sporting motifs, in color; from $1.50 each. Gourielli puts together a Shave-Stick, a Foot-Stick (to apply to tired feet), and a fresh-smelling after-shave lotion, all for $3. Yardley's lavender comes in shaving bowl and talc; $2 a set. Lord & Taylor, and lots of other places, have Personna razor blades, *very* special; $1 for ten.

And, for either men or women, those good Kent brushes, all kinds and

Gold earrings and rings with cultured pearls in dramatic seashell motifs

$100.

$120.

$85.

$95.

Gold bracelet, $275.
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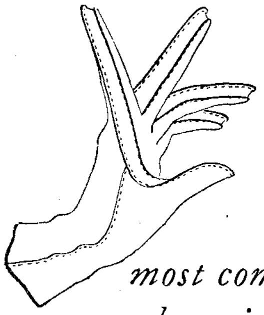

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Save essential war materials, such as linen and cottons. *No laundering either!*
By makers of ROYLEDGE Paper Shelving

every one a beauty, are almost everywhere.

Christmas Wrappings

IF you like Chinese tea papers as much as we do, it will be enough for you to know that Stevens-Nelson, 109 East 31st Street, have probably never had more beautiful ones than this year's collection—brocade-pattern papers, magnificent in green, red, or yellow; papers in clear yellows and firecracker reds; and papers lightly speckled or lavishly splashed with golden glitter. These make up into stunning packages, and their only fault is that they are likely to make what's inside seem an anticlimax.

Dennison, 411 Fifth Avenue (37th), is a trifle unwilling to stick its neck out and say exactly what it'll have on hand at any given moment, but you can count on there being *something* attractive there to wrap a present in. We hope you'll arrive in time to get a few sheets of one paper we especially admire—an old-fashioned design combining red roses, holly, and a candle. You'll find a supply of Dennison's wonderful ribbon, in practically all widths and colors, that almost ties itself into the most professional-looking bows and rosettes. There are sprays of artificial holly or mistletoe and jingle bells to dress up packages. Dennison won't mail your parcels for you this year (under the circumstances, who can blame them?), but they'll still wrap gifts, for so much a very pretty package, if you'll bring them in and call for them.

Lord & Taylor are sad about having to discontinue their ensemble sets of papers, ribbon, tags, and seals. But customers will still find there, and at other big stores (Macy, Altman, Bloomingdale, and the rest) a supply of wrapping materials which, if you have any knack with paper and string, ought to take care of you and your presents. At the Woolworth stores, and at Kress, 444 Fifth Avenue (39th), wrapping papers with the perpetual Old English scenes and characters are still around, and so are ones bearing modern stripes and traditional holly designs. If you get into a really tight spot at the last minute (or even if you don't), there are always the Sunday funny papers, to make the outside of a child's package entrancing, and lace-paper doilies from the pantry shelf to dress up the tops of plain tissue packages with their snow-crystal touch.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Elsa Maxwell in the Post*]

Felix was on his toes, sitting back in his chair.

Has grown old gracefully and with distinction

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Haig & Haig Ltd.
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
TWELVE YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
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100% SCOTCH WHISKIES • EIGHT YEARS OLD
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The Oldest *name in Scotch*
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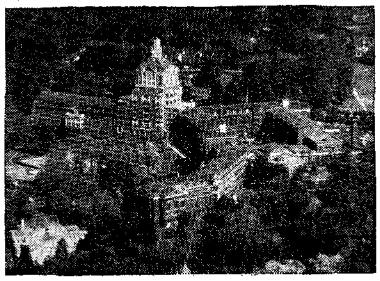
WALDORF-ASTORIA

THE SPA AT
THE HOMESTEAD
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



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OVERNIGHT FROM
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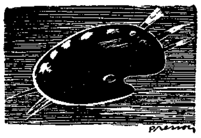
THE ART GALLERIES

The Whitney Returns



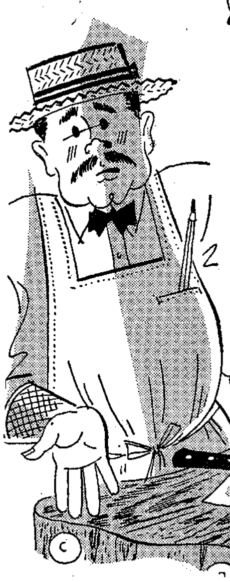
TO practically everyone's surprise, a few weeks ago notices began appearing that the Whitney Museum would shortly open its regular annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, paintings, water colors, and drawings, and, what's more, that the show would be held in the Museum's old headquarters, down on West Eighth Street. The surprise was occasioned by the fact that, as far as anyone had known until then, the Whitney had been engulfed entire in the maw of the Metropolitan back last spring, and it was stated at the time that one reason for the deal was that the headquarters had been sold for other uses, and so how could the Whitney hope to show anything anywhere any more except under the protection of the kindly Metropolitan?

Well, apparently it still is under that protection, for it is listed in the circulars of the current exhibition as a "wing" of the Metropolitan. But it's equally apparent that some slip-up occurred about the building, though whether in the field of real estate, museum management, or press relations I have no way of knowing. Everyone I spoke to was being extremely cagey, in the way museum people can sometimes be, and practically the only thing one can say with assurance about the matter is that, for the moment at least, the Whitney is still where it belongs, on Eighth Street, and let's all be thankful.

As if to celebrate the event, the show is a fine one—crisper, livelier, somehow healthier in spirit than a good many in the past. Here, I think, the surprise element played its part. Since most artists did not expect a Whitney annual this year, they didn't paint for it, but instead made their selections from the work of other years. Then, too, a good many of the younger artists, being in the services, just aren't painting any more, and they also had to fall back on older pieces. All this, though it robbed the show of complete contemporaneity, gave it a much broader base to draw on. You may notice some rather familiar things here and there (a few, I'm sure, must date back to the nineteen-thirties), but the general level of the work is unquestionably higher in consequence.

On the whole, too, there's a healthy

SHOW YOUR BUTCHER JUST WHO'S BOSS
EGGS ARE "MEATY" WITH A SAUCY SAUCE



When two old-time favorite condiments get together, you've got an exciting combination for any main-course dish. Spice-up rationed meals with Best Foods Mustard-with-Horseradish. Use it on all foods on which you formerly used ordinary mustard.

TRY BEST FOODS
MUSTARD
WITH
HORSERADISH
A Product of The Best Foods, Inc.

A documented history dating back to 1661 is evidence that Jamaica Rums are backed by centuries of "know-how." And rigid centralized control assures top quality in every drop, regardless of type or brand

JAMAICA LIQUEUR

The rich mellowness of fine, old Jamaica Rums suits them admirably for use, unmixed, as a novel liqueur for all appropriate occasions. A real treat for "persnickety palates" in search of something *different.*

GENUINE Pot Still JAMAICA
Jamaica RUMS
THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
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WINTER INVITES YOU
to the high, dry, sunny
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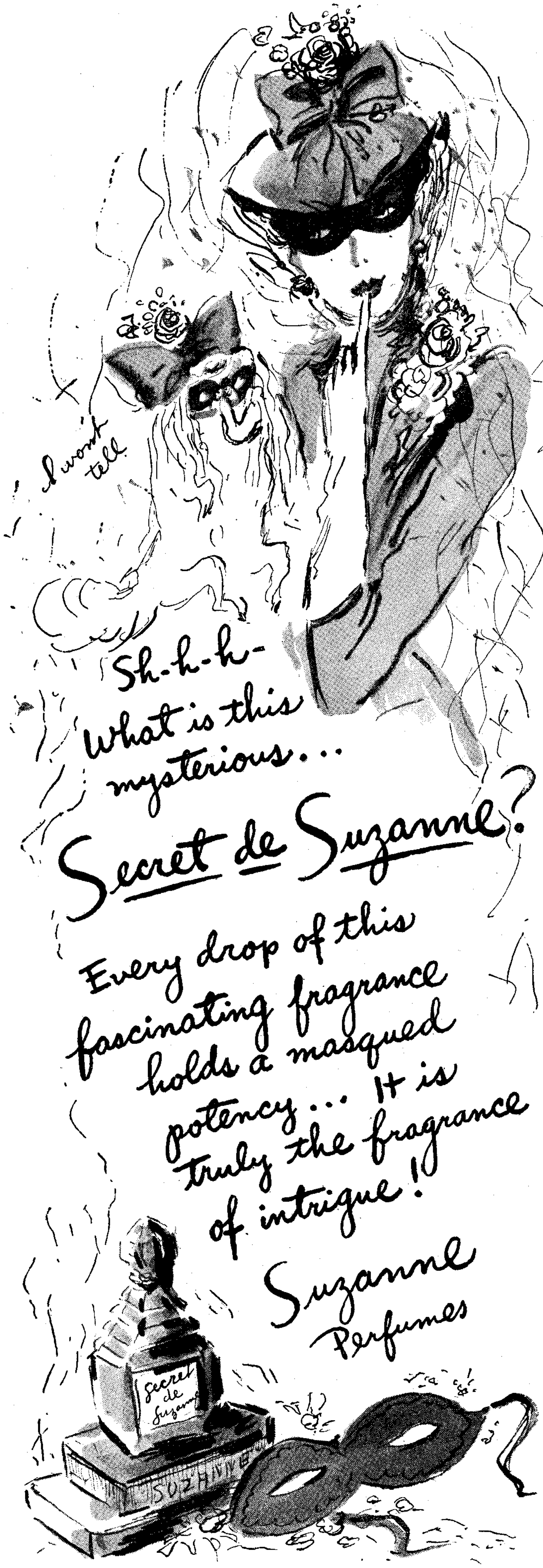
catholicity about the collection. Up to now, for example, the Whitney has tended to shy away from Surrealism, particularly that American branch in which the method is employed deliberately, to compress and give point to a picture's message. Sometimes, to be sure, the method is used merely to create a mood or to perk up the design, as in Darrel Austin's "Moon Song" and Zoltan Sepeshy's "Driftwood." Sometimes, too, it is so vague as to be practically meaningless. But in other paintings, such as Robert Gwathmey's "The South," Philip Evergood's sinister "Come and Help Granddad," and Julio de Diego's superbly evocative study of a shipyard (with contrapuntal effects) called "They Cross the Seven Seas," the method is used as it should be, with authority and deep significance.

The Abstractionists also have something of a field day this time, with Francis Criss's rather bare but well-patterned "Columbus Circle" and Charles Howard's small, Hans Arp-like "Departure" perhaps the leading examples. Among the more conventionally styled pieces, I liked Joe Jones' fine, icy "Eskimo Women Fishing," Aaron Bohrod's small "On the Move," Edward Hopper's "Summertime," and Carl A. Hall's windy, curiously rococo "Autumn." As usual at a Whitney annual, the water colors and drawings form a lively and satisfying collection, in which Milton Avery's cool "Brook," Morris Graves' "In the Air," and Van Day Truex's "Approaching Storm, Puebla" are especially to be noted. Also as usual, the sculpture, save for William Zorach's stately "Lament" and Theodore Roszak's abstract "Vertical Construction," seems dull and uninspired.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, at the Macbeth Gallery, a group of rebellious young painters who had decided to call themselves "The Eight" got together an exhibition. It was panned unmercifully by the critics, and for various reasons the group didn't last very long as an organization. Yet they had, individually and collectively, an influence on American art that has continued to this day. Now the Brooklyn Museum has assembled a collection of their works, including many that appeared in the original exhibition. There they are—the tough, sentimental George Luks; the studious Robert Henri; gentle Maurice Prendergast and the equally gentle but far more gifted Ernest Lawson; dainty Arthur B. Davies and the skillful and sensitive William Glackens; the theatrical Ever-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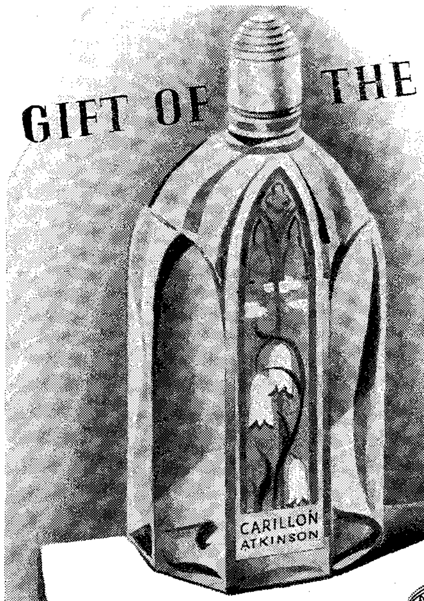

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ett Shinn; and, greatest of them all, the incomparable John Sloan. It's a show that's worth visiting not only for the excellent Sloans (especially his "Election Night," "The Haymarket," and the wonderful "Wake of the Ferry") but also for such other fine pieces as Luks' "Hester Street," Glackens' "Coasting, Central Park," and Lawson's "The White House" and "The Old Grand Central." If it's hard now to see what all the critical shooting was about back in 1908, that is one indication of how accustomed we've become to a great many things these men originated.

TWO Picasso shows are on the list this week, one at Pierre Matisse and the other at Paul Rosenberg. They complement each other very nicely, however, for the latter, a small affair, is focussed on his work of the late nineteen-thirties, while the former, a retrospective, is weakest in that very period. . . . At the A.C.A., they are showing new oils by Nahum Tschacbasov, a man who combines a half-mystic approach to reality with a Byzantine richness of design. His fault is in a tendency to the grandiose, and when he gives way to it, as in "Hope of Youth" and "Sandra and the Solar System," his canvases fall, or fly, apart into meaningless explosions of color. When he holds that centrifugal fancy of his within bounds, however, as in "Garden of Eden," "Shochet," and the lovely blue "Hope Chest," he produces paintings of exceptional power. . . . James Lechay, who has flirted desultorily with various modernist styles in the past, is now showing, at Ferargil Galleries, through this Sunday, a series of water colors that hark back to the era of Whistler and the Japanese print for their inspiration. They are mostly all of Rockport and beach scenes, devoid of people and with the attention centred on a few bare rocks, a pile of lobster pots, an expanse of sea wall, and suchlike. They are also extremely good. A little bleak, perhaps, in color, and with the sparseness of their design pushed at times to the point of parsimony, but for all that about as telling an expression of the mood of gray days at the seashore as I have seen in some time.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

AIR RAIDS ON
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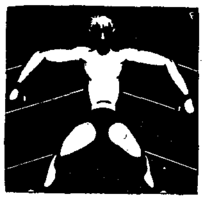
SULLIVAN ISLANDS

—*Headline in the Milford* (*Mass.*) *News.*

Coming soon: "The Mikado."

NOTES ON SPORTS

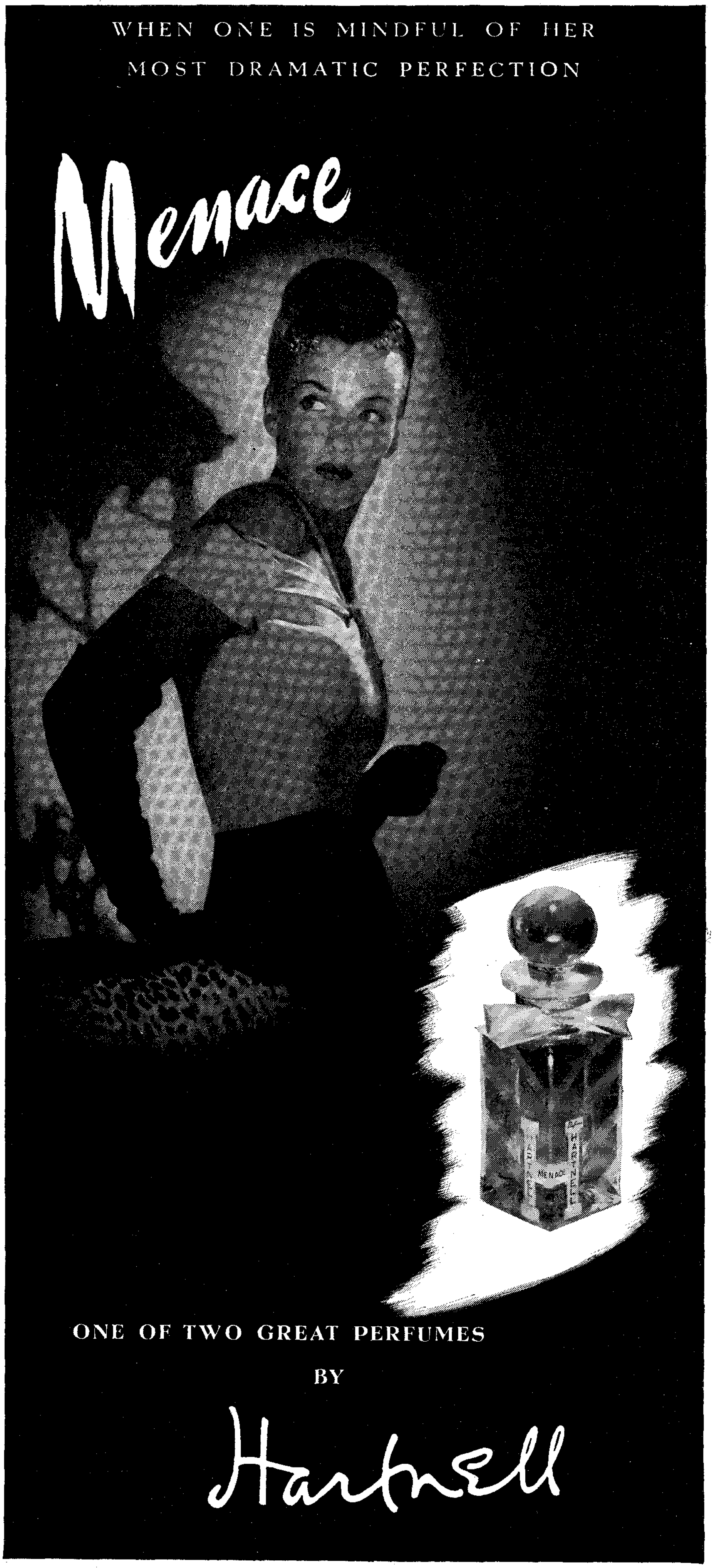
Crime and Punishment



LLOYD PAUL STRYKER, the legal eagle, landed himself a client last week who not only had already confessed and pleaded guilty but had been convicted and sentenced. As a matter of fact, upon thinking it over, Mr. Stryker apparently decided that the case, while offering a splendid challenge, had its drawbacks, and he withdrew from it. However, the judge, whose curiosity was by this time piqued, urged that he stick with it long enough for him, the judge, to find out what there was about it that had appealed to a reputable legal brain in the first place. The judge was K. M. Landis, commissioner of baseball, and the client was William D. Cox, whom the commissioner had already barred from baseball for the rest of his natural life. Landis had handed down this rap principally on account of Cox's admission that he had bet money on the ball club of which he was the owner; to wit, the Philadelphia Phillies. It is a handsome gesture of faith to bet on your own team, but in baseball it is coldly regarded as gambling and is illegal. Cox had not only confessed to the commissioner but had seized an opportunity, seldom given other types of suspects, to confess in a radio speech.

Cox then retained Mr. Stryker to explain to Commissioner Landis that the confessions were part of a hoax designed to uncover certain of his enemies. These enemies, the theory was, would spread the news and thereby reveal themselves. When Mr. Stryker had somewhat shyly delivered this explanation, Commissioner Landis declined to credit it and said that the "ineligiblization" (apparently a baseball term) of Cox still stood. He may have felt that a man who said wicked things about himself on the radio wasn't giving his enemies a fair chance to do their own slandering. The commissioner having delivered this second verdict, Mr. Stryker announced that he would take no further action, a fact which astonished nobody.

THE lightweight fight between Bobby Ruffin and Sammy Angott, which was to have been held at the Garden last week, was postponed on account of Ruffin's having fried himself,



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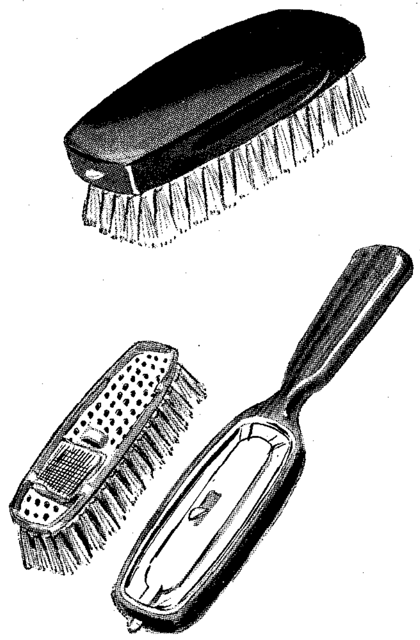

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without butter, under a sun lamp. The fight will take place next Friday, when he will have cooled off. Next to becoming crisp, Ruffin's main ambition is to earn himself a title bout with Beau Jack, who regained his championship from Bob Montgomery a while back by a decision in which apparently everybody but this department concurred. To this dep't it looked as though Jack performed about as well that time as he had earlier, when he lost the championship to Montgomery, but no better, and as though Montgomery not only won more rounds but looked much stronger at the end than Jack did. However, it is the opinion of the referee and judges that is recorded for posterity, and if that's the way posterity wants it, all right.

THE Amateur Athletic Union has nominated eight people for the Sullivan Award, which goes to the year's outstanding amateur athlete, who will be elected later this month by a committee of about six hundred experts. As one nominee, Bill Smith, the Hawaiian middle-distance swimmer, has been picked by the A.A.U., which seems to have merely sneezed at Alan Ford, of Yale, who broke four American swimming records alone and helped break five more on relay teams. Smith broke only one. It's true that most of the records that are around for Smith to break were set by himself, but they were set before this year, and it's for this year that the award is being awarded. If justice is to be done, Yale had better form a lobby.

IN its first game of the season, the Dartmouth basketball team beat Princeton easily and looked as if it might eventually be the champion of the Eastern Intercollegiate League. There are seven men on the Dartmouth squad who have come from other colleges as a result of the same wartime upheaval that affected football teams all fall. Hereafter, let's just assume that this situation applies to sports of all descriptions and not mention it again. —D. L.

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A CORRECTION

Announcement in yesterday's Herald of the marriage of Miss M—— C——, of Cranston, R. I., to W—— S——, radioman first class, U. S. Navy, through error, gave the date of the marriage as November 17, instead of August 17. . . .

Think what you will, but have will enough to keep some of your thoughts to yourself.—*Albany (Ga.) Herald.*

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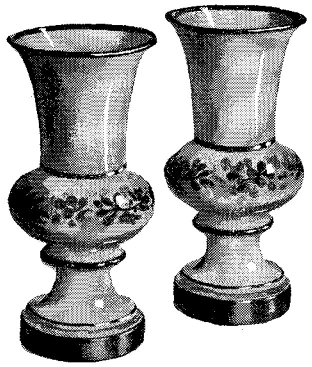

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CHICKENS IN THE CREUSE

SHORTLY before the war, my husband and I took our little daughter to the Creuse, in the rugged centre of France, to visit his family, who lived on a farm. La Mère Marie, my husband's grandmother, was matriarch-in-chief of the farm. Her legs were crippled by rheumatism, but every morning she hobbled on her two canes to her armchair under the holly trees which commanded the road to the village and settled herself there for the day. As she sat there she had a monumental and weathered look, like the Druid stone called the Frog, which was behind the ruined chapel, but I knew that she saw more.

One morning after I had put my small daughter out for her nap, I went out to join la Mère Marie. I sat on the ground beside her, first looking around for holly leaves. There is nothing more disconcerting to sit on than a holly leaf. She was reading *Le Messager de la Creuse* and didn't look up at first.

"Where's 'Tide and 'Guste?" she asked presently. 'Tide was Aristide, my husband, and 'Guste was his brother, Auguste.

"They went in the donkey cart with la Jeannette to take the bus for Aubusson," I said. "Tonight they will bring back sweet crackers for you, bonbons for the children, and a big beefsteak."

"And la Piquita?" This was our baby.

"Under the walnut tree, asleep."

"Alone, *ma pauvre petite!*" groaned la Mère Marie, giving me a reproachful look. "When I am in paradise with the blessed angels, look out for what I shall do to you." For once her daily tirade on our outrageous habit of leaving the baby alone in her basket was arrested in full swing, because in our little front yard arose a fearful and prolonged squawking. It was Marcelle, my sister-in-law, and Papa Gène, my father-in-law, banding the hens. The Creusois hens lived a bold, free life; they were not shut in but were allowed to forage wherever they pleased. Since everybody's land was divided into small fields all mixed up together, it was a wise hen who knew her own buckwheat, or cared. Neighbors fell out continually over their marauding hens, but no one would have thought of shutting them in. If the hens were shut in, they would have to be fed, and grain costs money.

Because of this incessant warfare over straying hens, Auguste had brought from Lyon red metal tags by which we could identify our own. La Mère Christine, 'Tide's mother, would have no part of it. "What's the use?" she cried impatiently. "I know my own hens!"

For once she was disregarded; Papa Gène was a peace-loving man. "Catch her there, Marcelle—the big black!" he cried.

"Oh, it's not worth while!" cried la Mère Christine. "I know her as well as I know you."

But the big black was caught and banded, and the hens scattered, fuming and cackling.

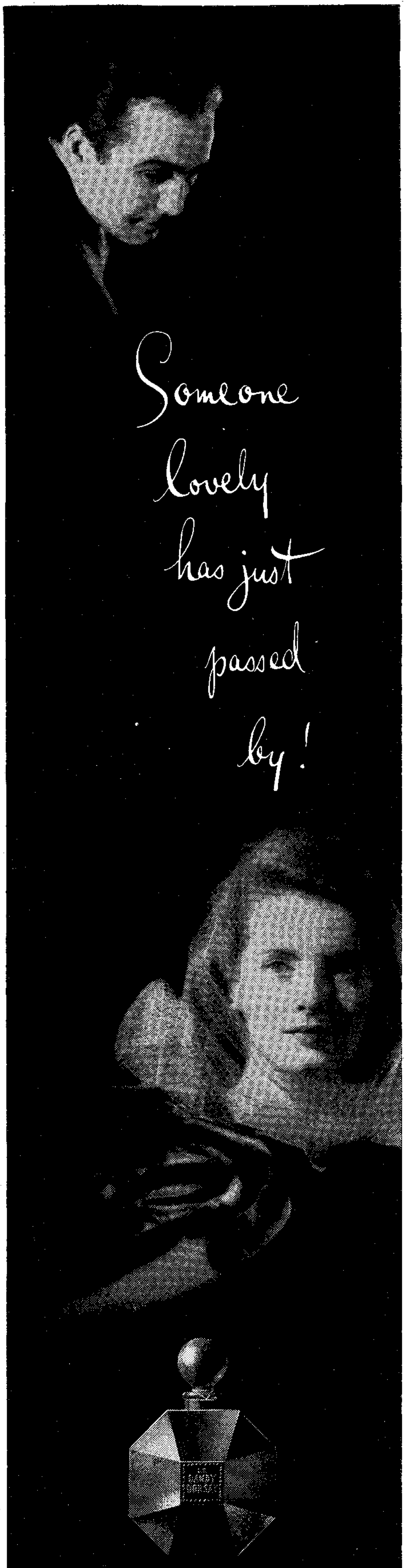
AS la Mère Marie and I settled back, we saw a strange figure climbing up the road from the village. By the rusty black skirts and black straw bonnet it was a woman, but gray wires bristled from her chin and she moved as if an unseen hand dragged her by them, at an angle which defied gravity. She was lanky and powerfully built and carried a sickle.

"It's Roty's hired girl," said la Mère Marie to me. "*Té*, la Mélina! Where are you off to so fast? Is Roty's barn on fire?"

I gave her good day, but apprehensively. La Mélina, like most everyone in the countryside, was some kind of cousin of the family. She usually kissed me with fervor, and her chin was as prickly as an old brush. Today she only flapped her arms. "Can't stop!" she croaked. "Roty's on the bad side of the moon today! He and la Maria have been at it again, and it is we who are catching it! See you later!" She swooped up the road like the big black hen, and was out of sight.

La Mère Marie snorted. "One *bouc*, two *boucs!* You know Roty?"

Yes, I knew Roty, our next-door neighbor. I had seen him often, and once unforgettably. It was during the haying. Marcelle and I had been turning the hay in a field adjoining his, and he had suddenly walked out from behind the hedge. He was a tall man with a hooked nose and a pointed red beard, which had won him the name of Le Bouc—he-goat—in the village. His speech had smoothness and authority, as though he were used to command, and his eyes had the quietly malignant stare of an old he-goat. Roty had been haying too, and since the sun was beating down hotly, he had taken off his trousers and wore only his ragged wool undershirt and underdrawers. He had walked toward us, bland and smiling, with a



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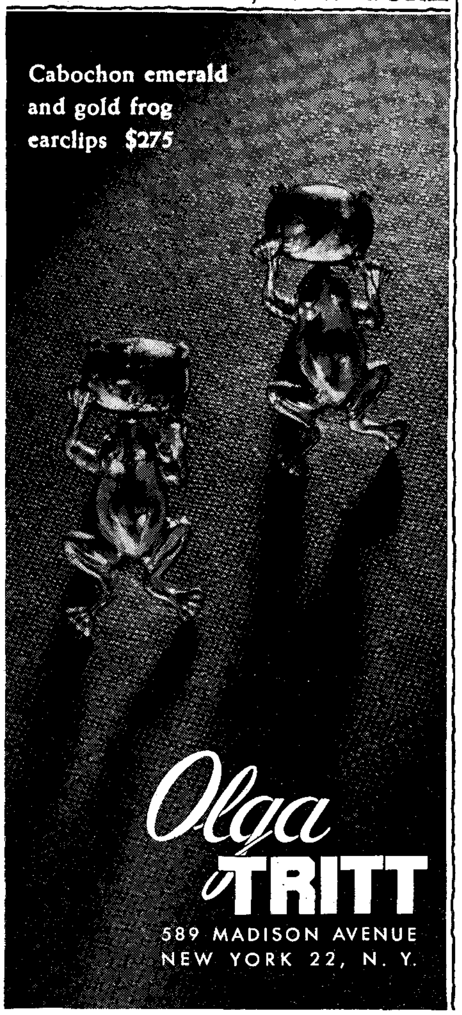

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rake in one hand and in the other a tuft of hay, which he held before him in the attitude of Ulysses greeting Nausicaä, as a polite concession to the fact that his underdrawers had lost their buttons. Marcelle and I struggled to keep down our mirth until he had gone.

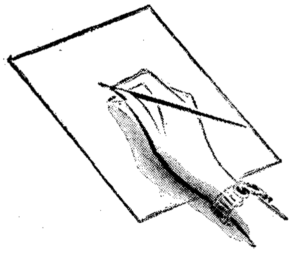
"A man of goods," said la Mère Marie. "He used to be in Paris. He was head of the repair service at the Renault factory. But he got tired of the city and came back to his farm. It was well done. Paris is Paris, but here—it counts!" For an instant the old eyes fixed me, piercing and strong. "Yes," la Mère Marie continued, "he is worth a million, Roty. He has many fields, he has oxen, he has two hired men and la Mélina, who might as well be a man, and he rules them all. But he cannot rule la Maria!"

La Maria, his wife, I knew also. She was a handsome woman, tall, with the free-swinging gait of the countrywoman before she begins to stoop, and ruddy, with life snapping from her dark eyes. Enmity smoldered between her and Roty, but it was like a fire that warmed rather than devoured them.

"She has money of her own, you know," la Mère Marie said. "She wanted a separation from him, but they had some money tied up together, so they have to go on living under the same roof. Only each one keeps to his own part of the house. Since there can be but one kitchen, they eat at the same table, but each one has his own bottle of wine, his goat cheese, his shaker of salt. You heard how last winter Roty tried to go into her room one night? She opened the window and screamed for help until she wakened Vergne and Dudilleux, and she made them come over and spend the night in the house, to protect her from him, she said. They passed the night drinking Roty's wine, and was he angry! *Oh là là! Quelle rigolade!* We laughed all winter about that! But he cannot do anything with la Maria but grumble about her. '*Est-ce qu'elle est coquine, la Maria!*' he will say. 'She puts needles in my bed and sand in my salt!'

"Yes," la Mère Marie concluded, "a hard man, *grippe-sou* like his father. You see those two fields across the road?"

Only too often had I heard of the two fields. They were in fact one large field, but part belonged to Roty and part to us. Roty would have liked to be rid of his part, which was of little use, since half the field was ours, and had offered to trade it for a field of ours which was surrounded by his land. This arrangement would have been far more con-



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venient for everybody. But la Mère Christine had said that our field was a meadow and his field was only a field, and everyone knew that a meadow was worth more than a field, and he could go take a walk in his field! So Roty had planted his half field with buckwheat—on purpose, la Mère Christine said, to attract our chickens—and then he had sent his dog into the field of buckwheat to kill them. By village law you could kill foraging chickens with a gun but not with a dog. Since Roty had flouted this decree, la Mère Christine planted our half field with buckwheat too, and it became difficult to tell whose chickens were in whose buckwheat, but not for want of arguing the matter.

"He was a hard one, Roty's father, the old man," la Mère Marie said. "Once he was not well, and the doctor told him he should take sea baths. But he was *grippe-sou*, Père Roty. He thought, 'Sea baths, that means going to the seashore, stopping at a hotel—too many *sous!* After all, what is sea water? Water which has salt in it, is it not? And it is easy to put salt in water at home.' So he made up his mind to take his sea baths in the cellar. He didn't like to feel the cold water on him, so he made his wife heat the big kettle full of water and salt, and then he stood in a barrel while she poured it over him. But once she was milking and forgot her kettle, and when he called her she came running and didn't notice that the water was the way it is just before it boils, not bubbling, just barely moving. So when he bawled at her 'Hurry up there, pour it on!' she picked up the kettle and poured it all over him. '*La garce!* She wants to kill me!' he howled, and stark naked as he was, he picked up the broomstick and chased her the length of the village.

"It was Père Roty, too, who kept his old mother in the empty hovel across the road from their house. She had always been a hard woman; he was harder. If he thought she had too much to eat, or too many logs on the fire, he took some away. Yes, truly; I was there with her once when he came in and did it. 'Mère Alexandrine,' he said, 'you don't need all that fire,' and off he went with some of the *tisons*—the half-burned logs, you know. She just looked after him and then she turned to me. 'That's my son!' she said. 'If I had raised a pig, at least I could have eaten the bacon!' "

THE tropical smell of the buckwheat was all around us. La Mère Marie sighed for the old Mère Ro-

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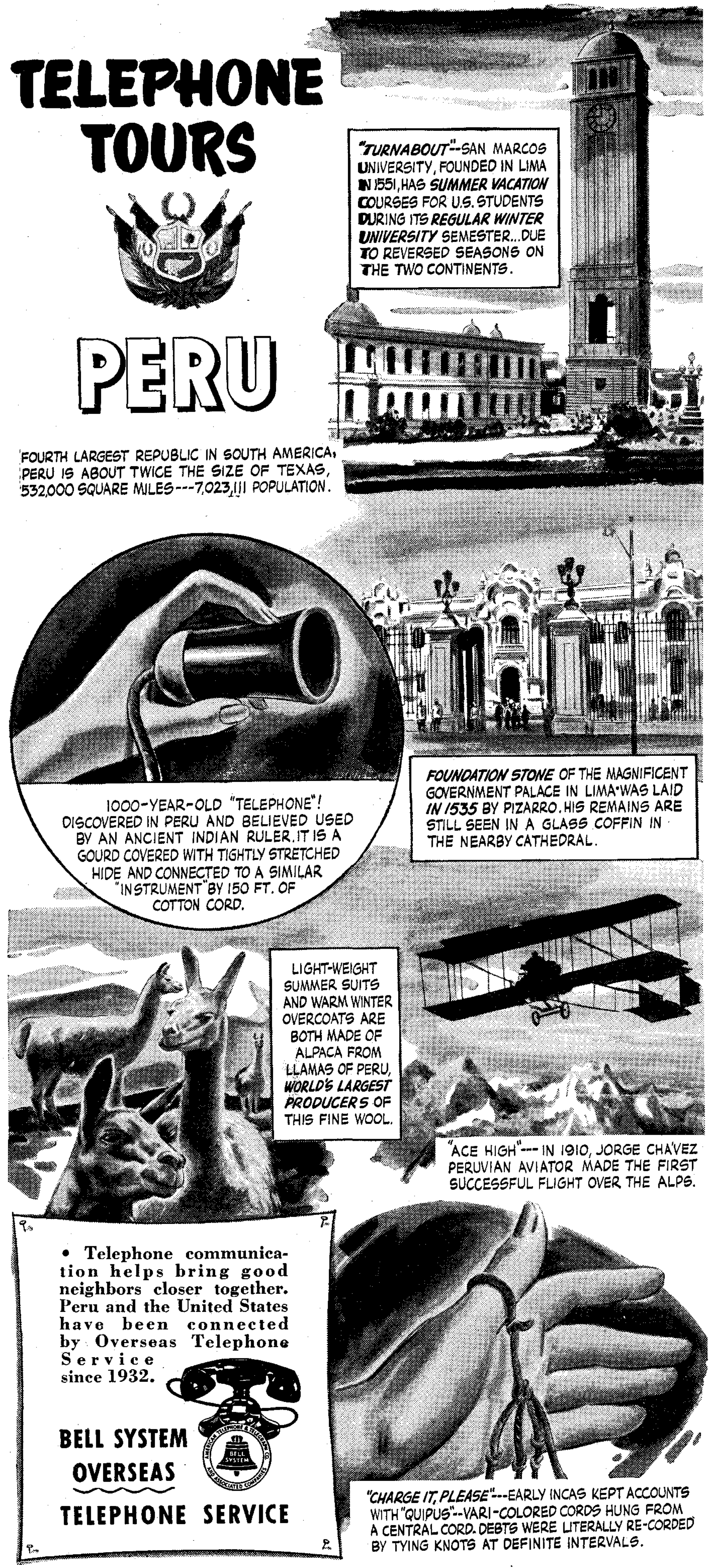

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ty, Roty's grandmother, then yawned and patted her stomach. Suddenly she peered hard at the family half field of buckwheat across the road. Then she thwacked her cane against her chair. "*Hé*, Christine!" she shouted. "*Viens vite!* Roty's hens! In our buckwheat!"

La Mère Christine came clattering out of the house with a cane, followed by Marcelle and Papa Gène. "Titou-Chien!" she shouted to the dog. "*Poula poula!*" She and Titou hurried across the road and Titou disappeared into our buckwheat. A minute later a hen took off like an airplane, with a great noise, and came to earth in a holly thicket up the hill. Although Titou wove furrows in the wheat, no more hens appeared. Around the turn of his lane came Roty.

When la Mère Christine saw him, she put her hands on her hips and burst into a fine free discourse. Most of it I missed because of the patois, but I gathered that Roty and his hens were hearing little good of their ancestry, morals, and present behavior. He said nothing, watching her. When she paused for breath, he advanced, satanic, menacing. "Christine!" he snarled. "Old poacher!"

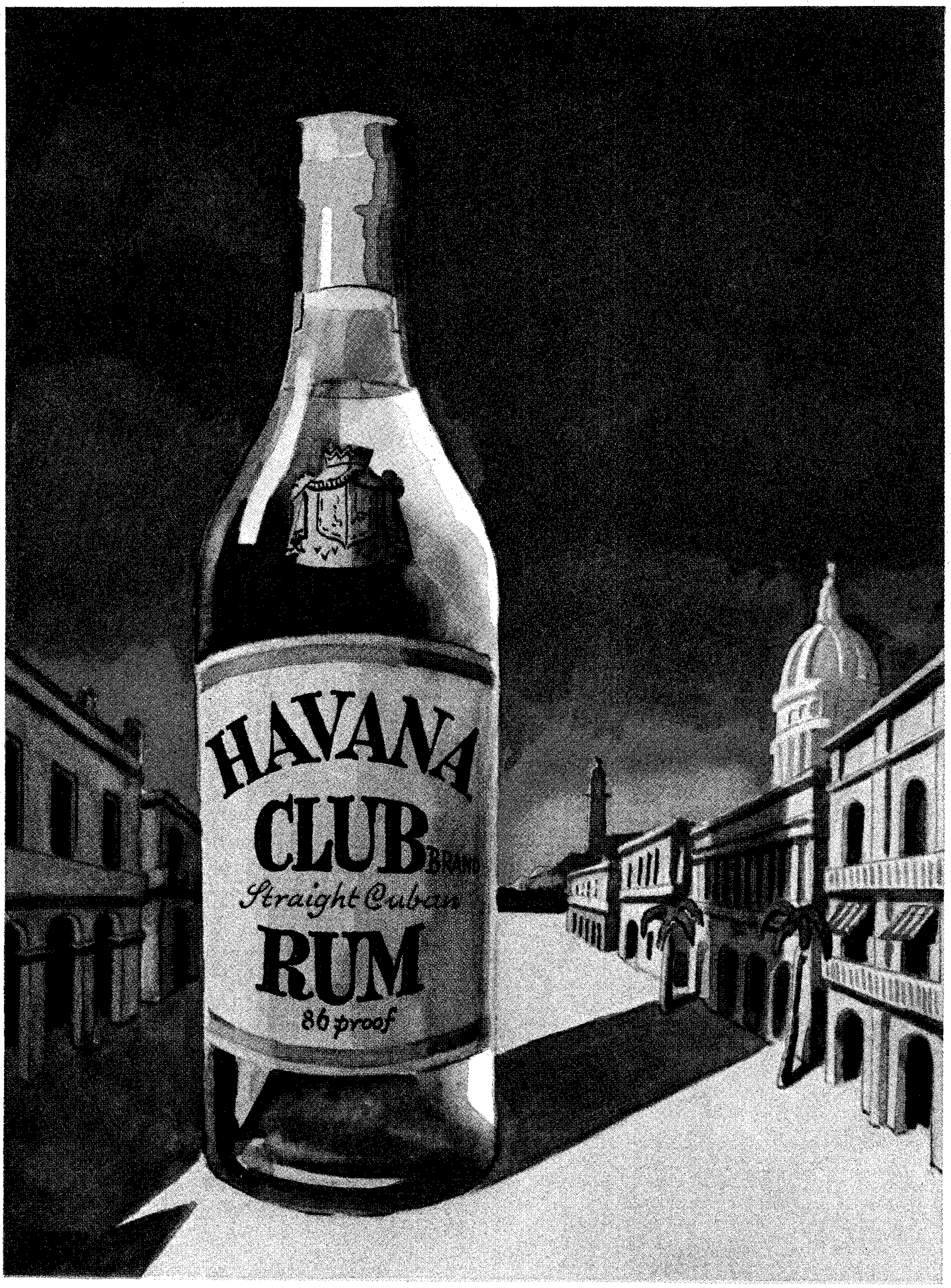
La Mère Christine wasted no more words. She tweaked his beard.

I think we all shut our eyes. When I opened mine, Roty was in full retreat and la Mère Christine, brandishing her cane, was hot on his heels. The road was suddenly quite populous; people had cropped up from the fields in all directions, and they were laughing and slapping their thighs. Marcelle was sitting on the ground, the tears running down her cheeks.

La Mère Christine reappeared, flushed and beaming, out of breath but content, and went back to cooking dinner. The onlookers turned to their work again, still rejoicing, and all was quiet. Suddenly from across the road a hen scuttled up beside us, talking crossly to herself, her feathers all awry. She was a large black hen, and around one leg she wore a band of red metal.

I looked at the hen and I looked at la Mère Marie. She did not appear to notice, but sat looking placidly off over the fields. "*Eh oui!*" she said. A deep chuckle shook her. "*Ce vieux Bouc*—how he ran!" With her arms she hoisted her great bulk upright. "*Fritons* for dinner, I think. You like *fritons?* I like them particularly, but they do not agree with me." Painfully she adjusted her canes and then she winked at me. "But I eat them!" she said. Then she limped slowly toward the house.

—Mary Mian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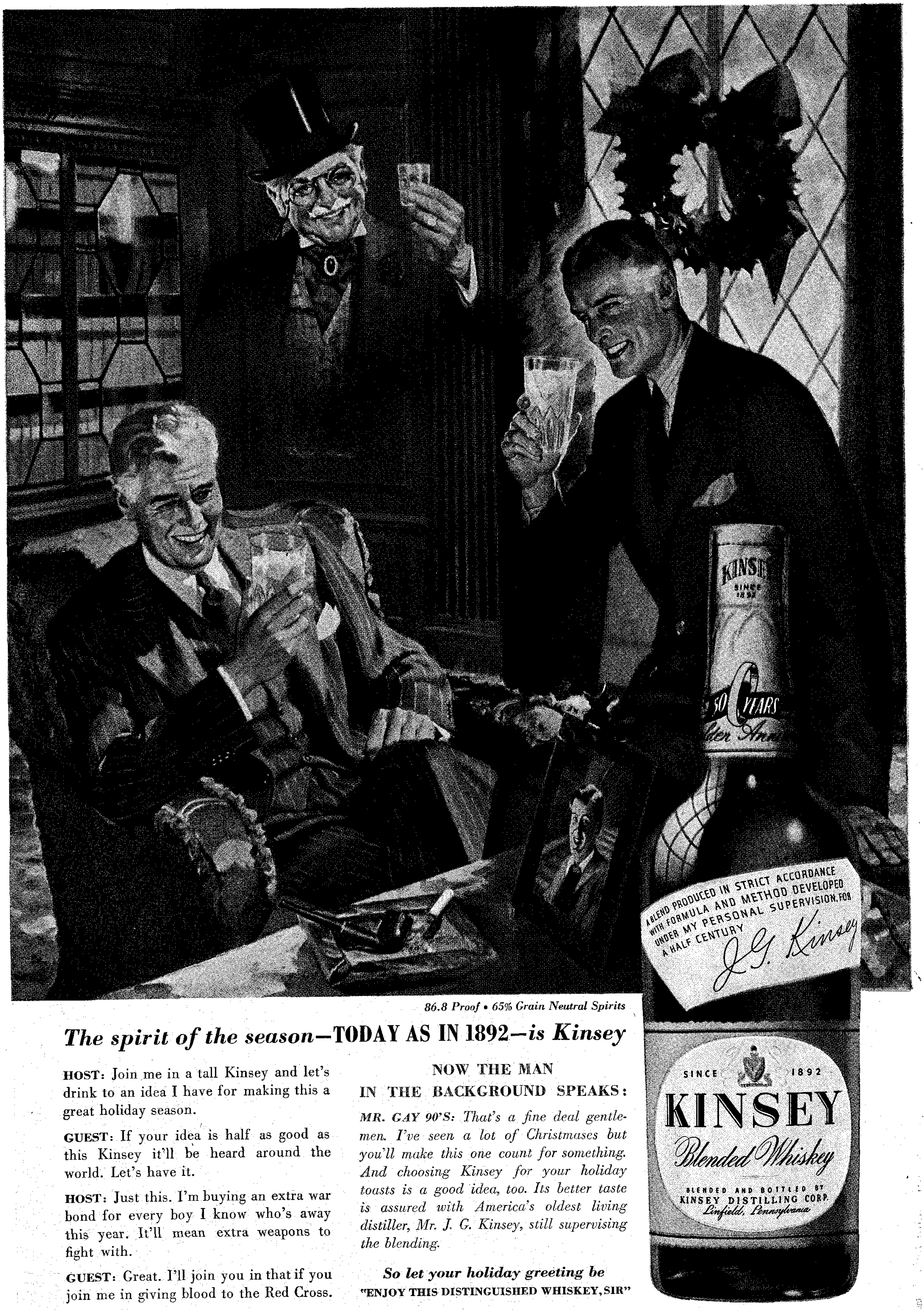
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GUEST: Great. I'll join you in that if you join me in giving blood to the Red Cross.

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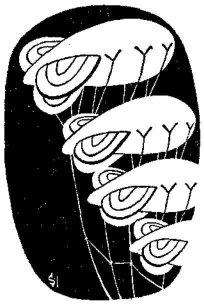
LETTER FROM LONDON

Dec. 5 (by cable)



THE three-power conference had been expected for so long by most people here, especially those who have learned to look knowing whenever Mr. Attlee gets up in Parliament to answer questions which would ordinarily be handled by Mr. Churchill, that there was no great excitement when the news of the Cairo meeting was announced. There was, on the contrary, a sense of disappointment, for while everyone was pleased that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was present, Marshal Stalin's absence was much regretted and generally considered "not pally." The regret didn't last long, though, since before the week was over the Marshal, as pally as you please, showed up in Teheran to meet President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. *This* was the conference everybody had been waiting for and, even though the decisions arrived at were not announced for several days, the mere fact that it was held was enough to cause a great and instant lifting of local spirits.

It's harder to assess the effect of the Berlin raids on Londoners. A city which has been through the hell of persistent blitzing is likely to react in two ways to the information that an enemy city is now receiving an even larger dose of the same treatment. There is naturally the school of thought which says that Berlin got just what it deserved—a perfectly logical attitude. Thinner-skinned citizens, however, while regarding the raids as a magnificent feat, don't care to dwell on the bloody results. At any rate, despite all the jubilant press and radio accounts, the raids don't appear to have anything like the tonic effect on Londoners that the capture of just one little Italian hill by Monty's Eighth Army boys does. Next to the news of the Teheran conference, the high spot of the week was the break-through in Italy.

THERE has been plenty of feeling in high, low, and middling places on the Mosley case, which prevented M.P.'s from discussing more urgent war business for the space of a day and kept the rest of the citizenry from discussing anything else at all for sev-

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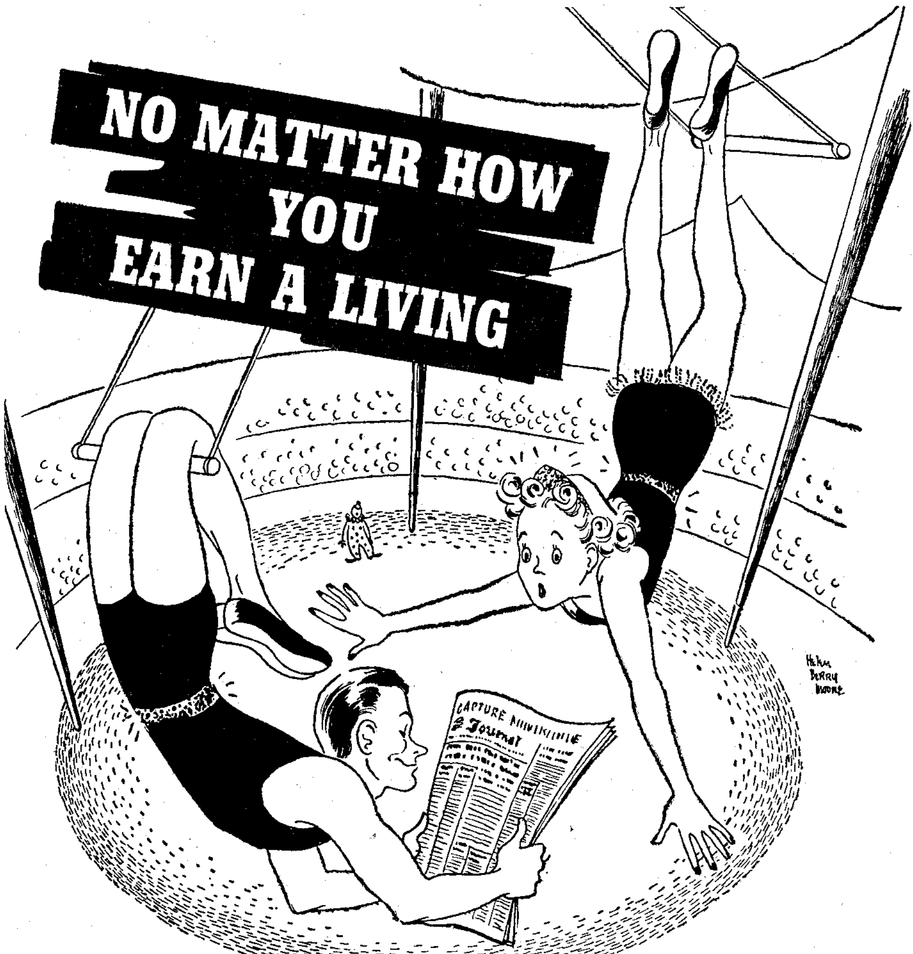
eral days. Herbert Morrison had said that he expected a gust of criticism to follow his order releasing Mosley, but it is doubtful that he expected the extraordinary gale which sprang up and which for a while looked as if it would blow Morrison himself right out of the picture. Disapproval vented itself in all sorts of ways. The railway workers in one town, for instance, said that, so help them, they wouldn't buy another National Savings Stamp until Mosley was put back in jail, and presumably they're still angrily withholding their sixpences. Now that the storm has almost blown itself out, people are beginning to suspect that a good deal of the fury was deliberately whipped up by the Communist party. What was genuine and spontaneous, however, was the unmistakable determination of the English nation that Fascism and appeasement shall never again be tolerated on this island. Viewed in this light, the rumpus over Mosley was well worth the time devoted to a worthless individual.

It at first appeared that Morrison would suffer great political damage because of the indignation he had caused, both in the government and among the masses of ordinary Englishmen. Now it looks as if he has come out of the trouble rather stronger than before. His speech to the House, in which he stood on his rights and told his critics that they could either go to the devil or get a new Home Secretary, was a model of sincerity and good humor. The situation right now would seem to be that Mosley is still out, Morrison is still in, and the public can once more give their minds to winning the war, which they have suddenly remembered is still on.

THE Moscow press may continue to refer to the coming European second front, but the English press scarcely lets out a peep about it nowa-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days. Only occasionally does some occurrence suggest future military activity in a new sector, such as this week's new call-up of brand-new young doctors who, it is rumored, will serve at field dressing stations somewhere in Europe. This latest harassment of the London hospitals, which have somehow kept going despite the blitz, evacuations from bombed-out establishments, and earlier military raids on their personnel, means that half of the junior house doctors now on their staffs will be called into the services after only three months' experience in the wards instead of the usual six. This may be hard on military patients, but it will be even harder on civilians, who are already finding London no place to be seriously sick in. Evacuees returning from the country have increased the already acute crowding in the hospitals, and the civilian patient who can afford a nursing home is likely to have a tough struggle before he can find a place to get rid of his appendix.

CHRISTMAS, naturally, will once again be without a good deal of its customary cheer. Those in the services are likely to sit down to turkey, but they are the only ones who can count on being that lucky. Retailers say that even the Ministry of Food's glum estimate that only one family in ten will get a bird is distinctly optimistic. Whiskey is on sale in Soho liquor stores, and yours to stoke up the festive spirit with if you care to fork out four pounds or so for a bottle. The Food Ministry has pointed out that while mincemeat is going to be scarce, there will be plenty of jam for everyone. The nicest jam pie, though, even with a sprig of holly in it, won't seem like Christmas.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Elizabeth Janeway has painted a picture of middle-class life in a New England mill town (vintage 1936) that will seem drab as Monday's wash to some—and real as original sin to others. To this happy band "The Walsh Girls" will bring the richest of fictional rewards—a vitality more disturbing than life itself, a reality as violent as one's own heart beat. If these seem strong words, we can only advise you to make the test.—*William DuBois in the Times Book Review.*

You mean put our heart in Monday's wash?

•

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WAR AND PEACE

THE END OF THE BEGINNING, by the Right Honourable Winston S. Churchill, compiled by Charles Eade. Third collection of Mr. Churchill's war messages and speeches, those delivered between January 1st and Christmas, 1942. Includes a running chronology of events in the war.

A BOOK OF WAR LETTERS, edited by Harry E. Maule. Letters from the men and women in the services, intended to give the reader a sense of the full sweep of American war experience all over the world.

WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY, by John T. Whitaker. Lots of people think this is the most profound (perhaps the only profound) book produced by a correspondent. Much of it is prewar, but it's still perfectly timely.

ONE WORLD, by Wendell L. Willkie. You know about this.

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS, by Eve Curie. Longish but extraordinarily perceptive first-hand reporting of the far fronts and the people who man (and woman) them.

TWELVE MONTHS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD, by Larry Lesueur. A C.B.S. correspondent's faithful and copious observations on the lives of ordinary human beings in the Soviet Union between October, 1941, and October, 1942. Cast in diary form, and the real stuff.

MOTHER RUSSIA, by Maurice Hindus. Warm-hearted, eyewitness account of the people who are defending their homeland against the Germans.

LESSONS OF MY LIFE, by Lord Robert Vansittart. This is the most witty, brilliant, and persuasive of the dozens of books which are currently demonstrating the nature and persistence of the German menace.

THE WAR AGAINST GOD, edited by Carl Carmer. A demonstration that the Germans are out to destroy, among other things, Christianity and all its works. A good present for a church-going friend.

THE BATTLE IS THE PAY-OFF, by Captain Ralph Ingersoll. The North African campaign, and a businesslike account of how our Army works. A superior job by the former boss of *PM.*

H. M. CORVETTE and EAST COAST CORVETTE, by Nicholas Monsarrat, Lieutenant, R. N. V. R. Two small volumes about life aboard a British corvette on the North Atlantic and off the east coast of England by an ex-yachtsman who is also a capable observer and a sensitive writer.

TO ALL HANDS, by Lieutenant John Mason Brown. The broadcasts the erstwhile dramatic critic delivered to the men on the flagship of the amphibious force that participated in the invasion of Sicily. Stirring reporting, well illustrated.

TORPEDO 8, by Ira Wolfert. A Pulitzer Prize correspondent tells how one of the Navy's most famous torpedo-bomber squadrons, almost wiped out at Midway, moved on to even the score and then multiply it at Guadalcanal. Rapid and colorful writing.

QUEENS DIE PROUDLY, by W. L. White. The story of the Southwest Pacific Flying Fortresses at the opening of the war, as told by a master at this sort of thing.

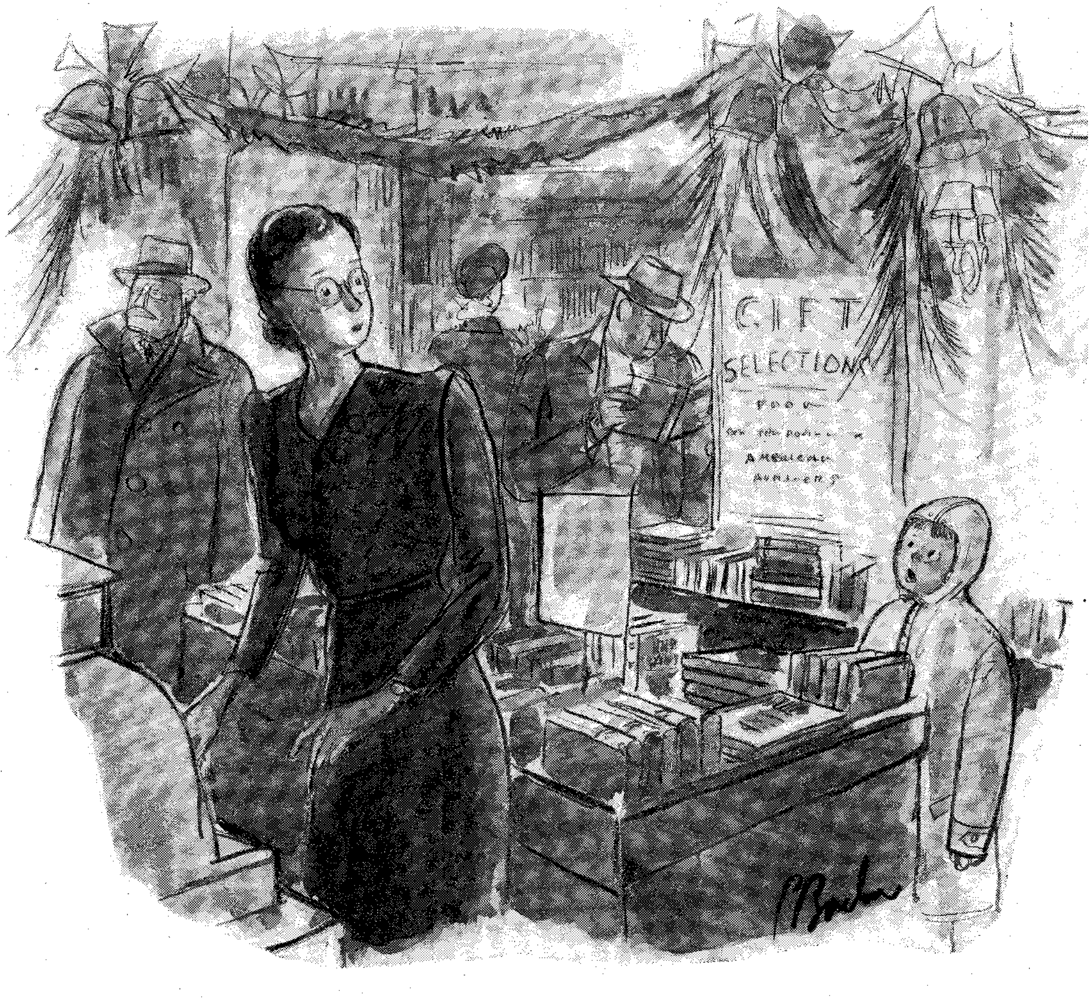
TOKYO RECORD, by Otto D. Tolischus. Dull but illuminating record of what one intelligent newspaperman learned in Tokyo from the beginning of 1941 to the middle of 1942.

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO, by Captain Ted W. Lawson, assisted by Robert Considine. A plain-spoken account of the famous lightning raid.

COMBINED OPERATIONS, by Hilary St. George Saunders. Official story of the Commandos, told with restraint.

MAKERS OF MODERN STRATEGY, edited by Edward Mead Earle, in collaboration with Gordon A. Craig and Felix Gilbert. Scholarly history of the development of military thought, especially the theory of the nation in arms, from Machiavelli to Hitler. An impressive, well-documented résumé by twenty writers, several of whom are associated with the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. Maps.

G. I. JUNGLE, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. No thrills and not much blood, but a percep-



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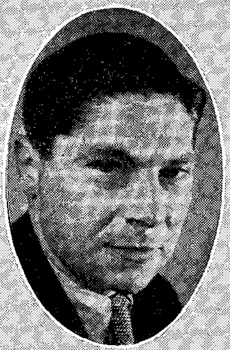

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The Wake of the Prairie Schooner, by Irene D. Paden. Fresh material about the old emigrant trails westward from Independence, Missouri, the result of some twenty years' field work and digging into old diaries by the author and her husband. Awkward writing, but evidently authentic stuff. Good bibliography, and pen-and-ink sketches by the author.

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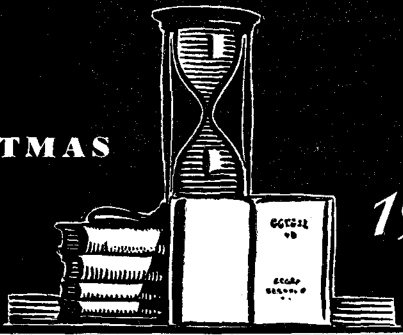

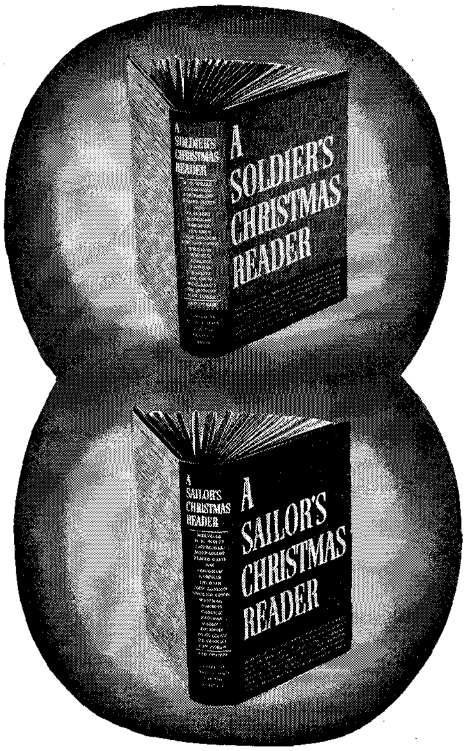

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Foreign Shores

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South American Journey, by Waldo Frank. Personal history of a mission down through America Hispana—Brazil, Uruguay, Chile, Peru, Paraguay, Bolivia, and Argentina. An impressive book, lyrical, warm, and penetrating.

The Leaning Wind, by Clifford Gessler. Pleasant account of the author's wanderings, before the war, among the South Sea islands with the Bishop Museum expedition. Lots of Polynesian folk material, charmingly written. Supplements the author's earlier "Road My Body Goes." Photographs.

Garden Islands of the Great East, by David Fairchild. The author of "The World Was My Garden" takes us on a fascinating prewar cruise through the Malay Archipelago in search of rare tropical plants for the Department of

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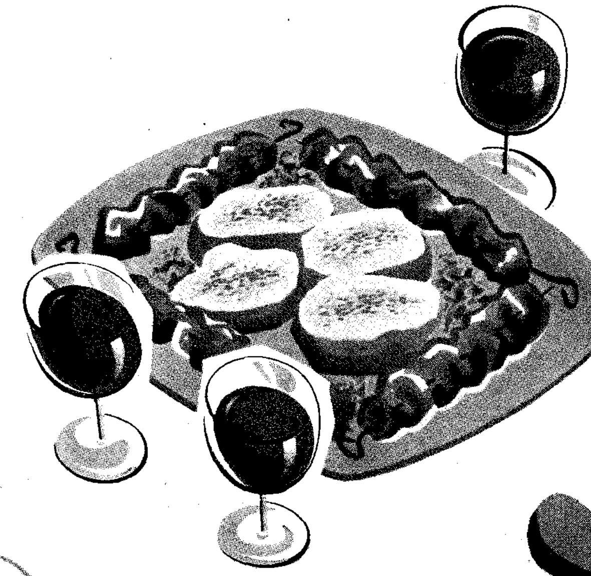
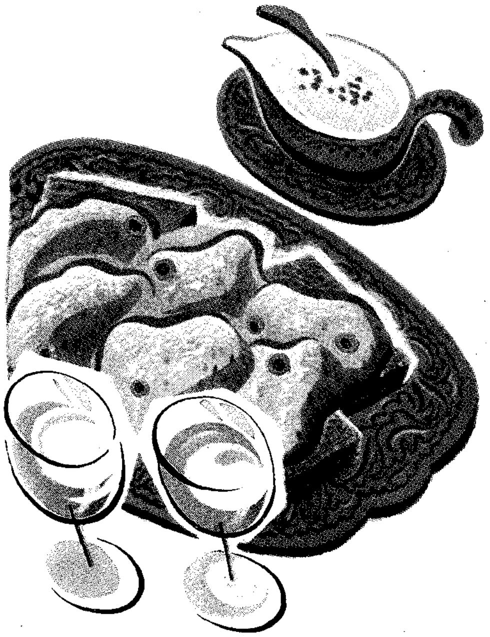
The wine growers of California invite you to share some cheerful secrets of good eating. These secrets start with simple foods. A knowing recipe, a bit of wine at the right point in your cooking — and you come out with dishes great chefs could boast about. Dishes you'll enjoy most with glasses of good table wine

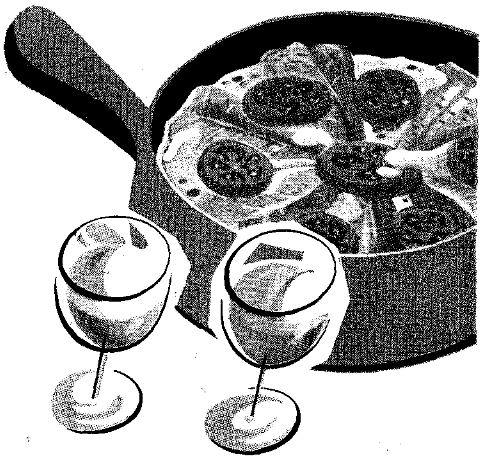
Kidneys en Brochette, with Red Wine: To serve 4, cut in cubes 2 veal or 5 lamb kidneys, soak in salted water ½ hour. Drain and arrange on skewers, alternating kidney cubes with squares of bacon. Marinate 30 min. in this sauce: ½ cup red table wine, ¼ cup salad oil, salt, pepper, cayenne, mustard, grated onion. Remove from sauce, broil very slowly 15 min., basting with the remaining sauce. Serve very hot. Enjoy with this treat one of our fine California red table wines, a Burgundy or Claret. Or a good red wine bearing the name of the grape variety from which it was made, like Pinot Noir, Cabernet or Zinfandel



Baked Fish Vin Blanc: For 4 or 5 persons, salt and pepper 1½ lbs. fish fillets or thin slices. Poach 10 minutes in 1 cup California Rhine Wine and ½ cup bouillon with a bay leaf and 1 tbsp. each of chopped celery, parsley and onion. Remove fish to shallow baking dish and arrange with halves of 3 small tomatoes. Boil down liquid one half, add 2 tbsps. cream, season, and strain over fish. Bake in hot oven (450°) 10 minutes, or until lightly browned. With this tempting dish, serve a California white table wine of the Rhine Wine type, or one labeled with the name of the grape variety from which the wine was made



Breaded Calves Brains au Sauterne: For 4 persons, parboil 2 pairs calves brains or 4 pairs lamb brains in usual way. Place under weight to flatten into patties. When cool, season, egg-and-crumb, and brown in oil. Prepare this "Sauce Delectable": Saute 5 minutes in oil a little chopped garlic, onion and parsley, a cup of chopped mushrooms, and a pinch each of marjoram and thyme. Blend in 1 tbsp. flour, stir in a cup of Sauterne. Add salt and pepper and bring to a simmer. Serve the patties very hot on crisp toast, the hot sauce in a separate bowl. Bring to table, well chilled, one of the delicate California Sauternes; or one of the fine varietals, such as a Sauvignon Blanc or a Semillon



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Islands of the Pacific, by Hawthorne Daniel. Handbook of basic facts about nearly all the Pacific islands north, south, and west of Hawaii: location, climate, topography, peoples, and so on. No war information. Maps.

In the Steps of Moses, by Louis Golding. The author of "Magnolia Street" retraces the traditional wanderings of Moses through Egypt, Arabia, Transjordan, and Palestine. A brilliant job, 551 pages long, and readable all the way. Rather poor format, though. Illustrated.

Africa, by Albert Q. Maisel. Useful, up-to-date handbook of African affairs, including a résumé of the various military campaigns and a short social and political geography. Photographic relief maps.

Poetry and Poetry Anthologies

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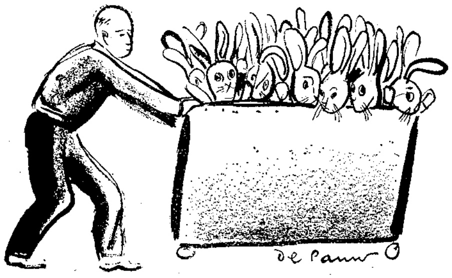
Western Star, by Stephen Vincent Benét. Often lovely poetic narrative of our American beginnings.

Collected Lyrics, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. More than two hundred lyrics from eight earlier volumes, through "Huntsman, What Quarry?" (1939). A companion volume to Miss Millay's "Collected Sonnets." In addition to the popularly priced edition, there's a two-volume, limited-edition job at $15.

New Directions: The Poets of the Year. This series of small, handsomely printed books, one for each month of the year, continues. This year's interesting selection includes "The Mirror of Baudelaire," with a drawing by Matisse; "A Satire Against Mankind and Other Poems," by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; "Some Poems of Friedrich Hölderlin;" and "The Violent," by Harry Brown.



Anthology of Contemporary Latin-American Poetry, edited by Dudley Fitts. Ninety-five poets from twenty-one Latin-American countries, including the Caribbean islands. Originals in Spanish, Portuguese, and French appear opposite translations by various hands. Covers the poetic activity of the past twenty-five years in these regions.

A Choice of Kipling's Verse Made by T. S. Eliot. Eliot introduces, with enthusiasm tempered by some analysis, an excellent selection, arranged in non-chronological order.

The New Treasury of War Poetry, edited by George Herbert Clarke. Verse on many phases of this war, from both books and periodicals. Interesting to compare with the verse of the 1914 war, which it does not seem to equal.

The Triumph of Life: Poems of Consolation for the English-Speaking World, edited, with an introduction, by Horace Gregory. Mr. Gregory keeps rather to the middle way in his selections. Many of them may well be comforting. They range from the Middle Ages through our own time.

Poems, by Stefan George, translated by Carol North Valhope and Ernst Morwitz. Selections, in a distinguished format, from seven volumes by the semi-religious German poet and seer. With translations facing the originals.

A Book of New Poems, 1943, edited by Oscar Williams. Poets old and young, from Robert Frost through George Barker, are sometimes interesting and sometimes not. An array of photographs of certain contributors livens up the volume.

Belles-Lettres and Philosophy

Long, Long Ago, by Alexander Woollcott. Not quite another "While Rome Burns," but the same sort of thing, and Woollcott fans will love it.

A Certain Measure, by Ellen Glasgow. The prefaces to the author's novels constitute a brilliant explanation of her achievement and are excellent general literary criticism as well.

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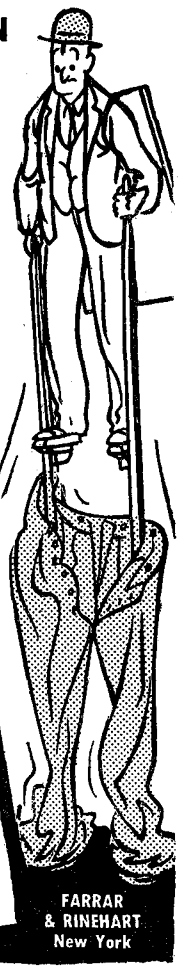

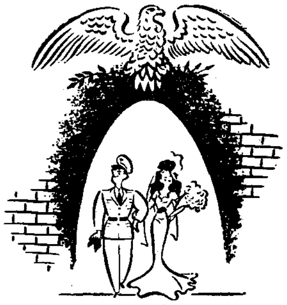
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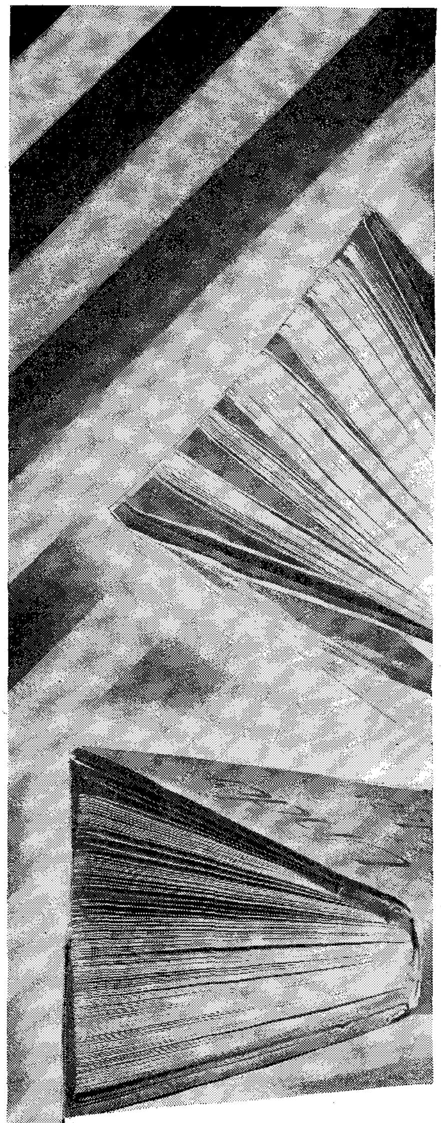

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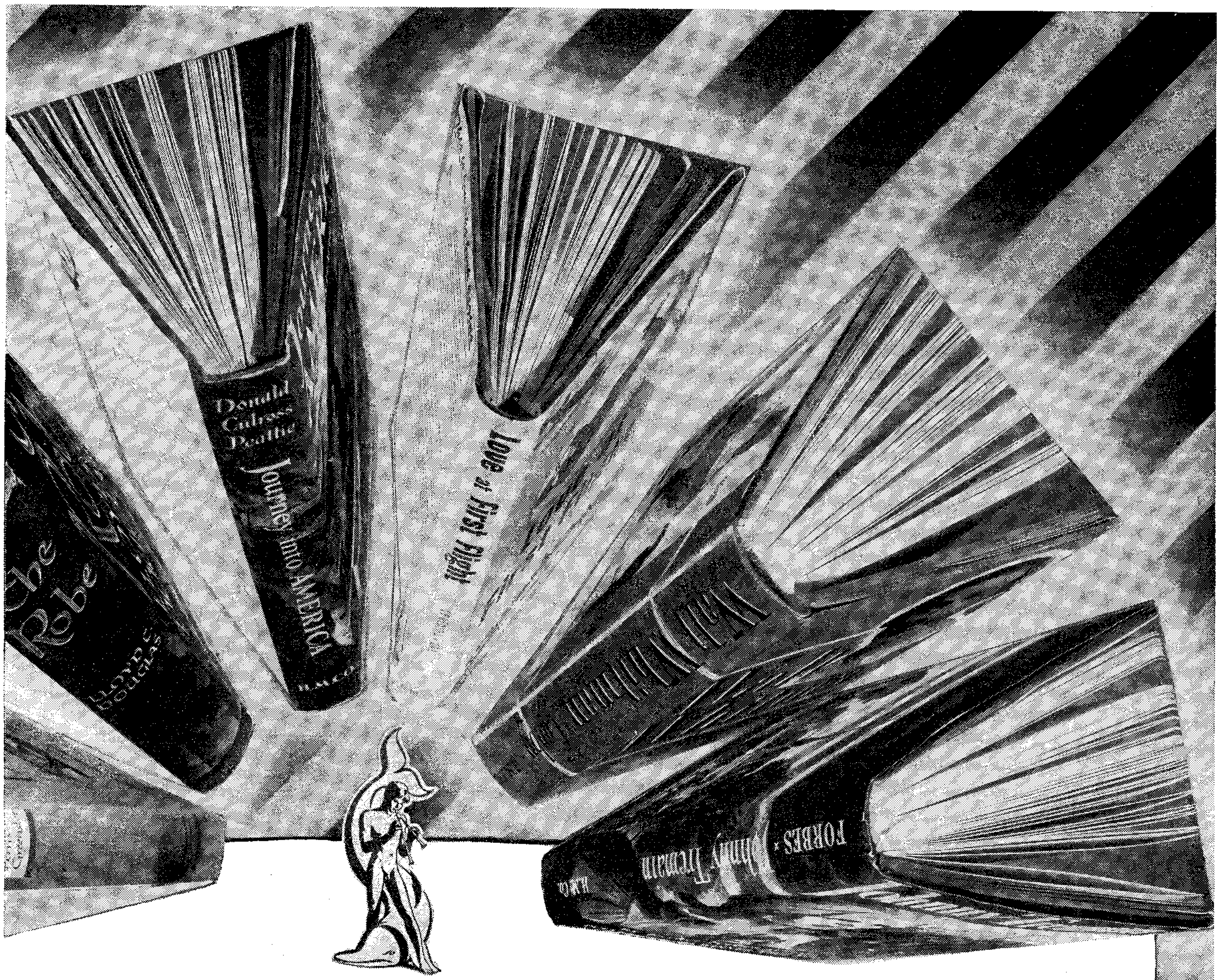

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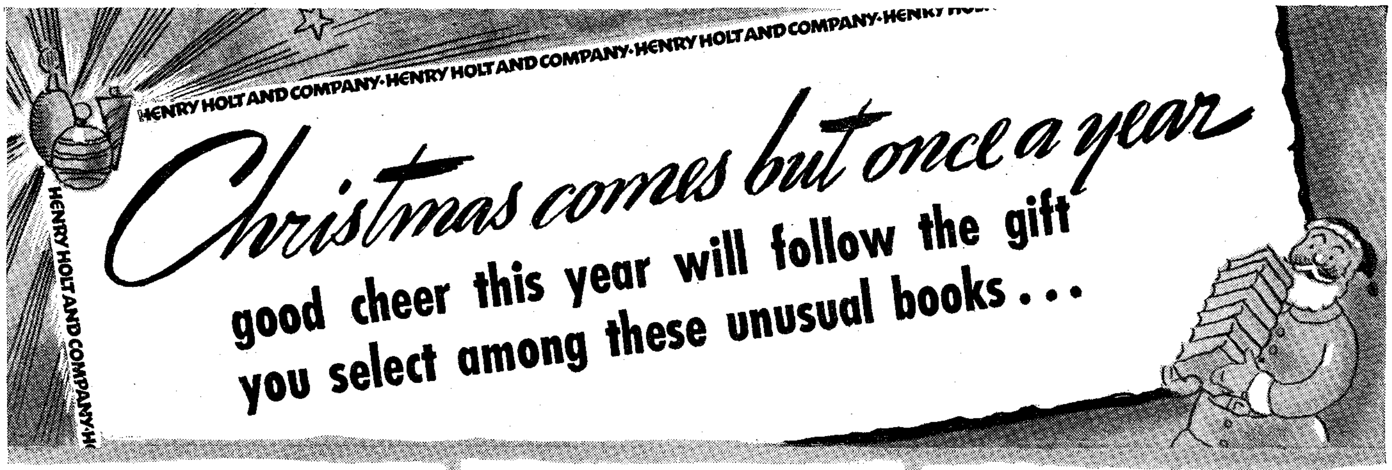
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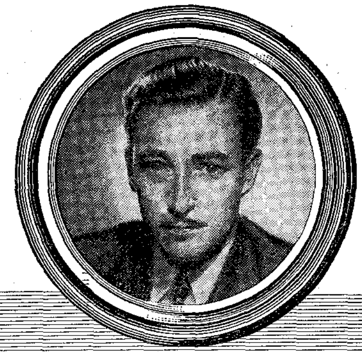

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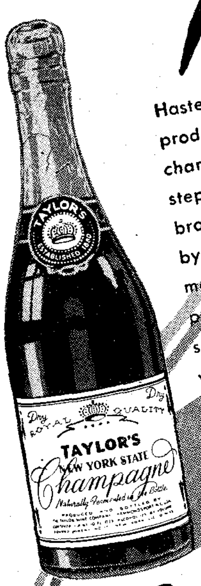

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THE OLD DIRT DOBBER'S GARDEN BOOK, by Thomas A. Williams. The facts on decorative gardening with flowers, trees, and shrubs (something for those who have an eye on postwar conversion of present vegetable plots into Green Paradises to dream about). The chapters on Victory gardening and house plants are more immediately useful.

OUTDOORS

COVERTS AND CASTS, by William J. Schaldach. Hunting and fishing experiences seem perennially attractive to sportsmen, and this is good, standard fare. Illustrated with drawings and water colors by the author, an associate editor of *Field & Stream.*

GOING FISHING, by Negley Farson. Sketches of the sport in both hemispheres by a well-known journalist turned outdoorsman. Illustrated with woodcuts.

WILDLIFE REFUGES, by Ira N. Gabrielson. The story of how the continent's sanctuaries for birds and mammals grew. For conservationists like your Audubon Society friend. Photographs.

A GUIDE TO BIRD WATCHING, by Joseph J. Hickey. A sound, scientific work for a sound, scientific student of the subject. Diagrams and illustrations.

THE STAR FINDER, by Henry M. Neely. A guide for young sprouts, and old ones, too, who want to locate more than the Big Dipper. Charts, diagrams, and photographs.

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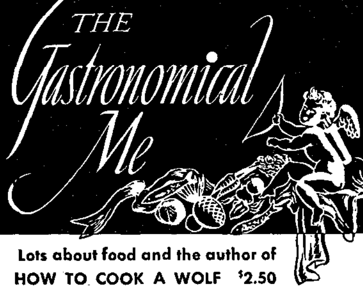

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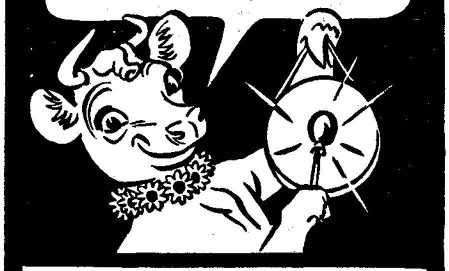

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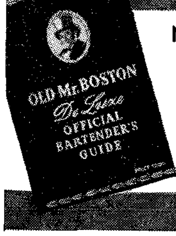

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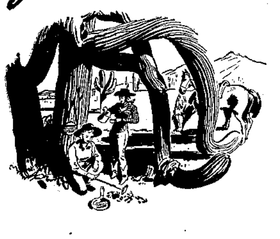

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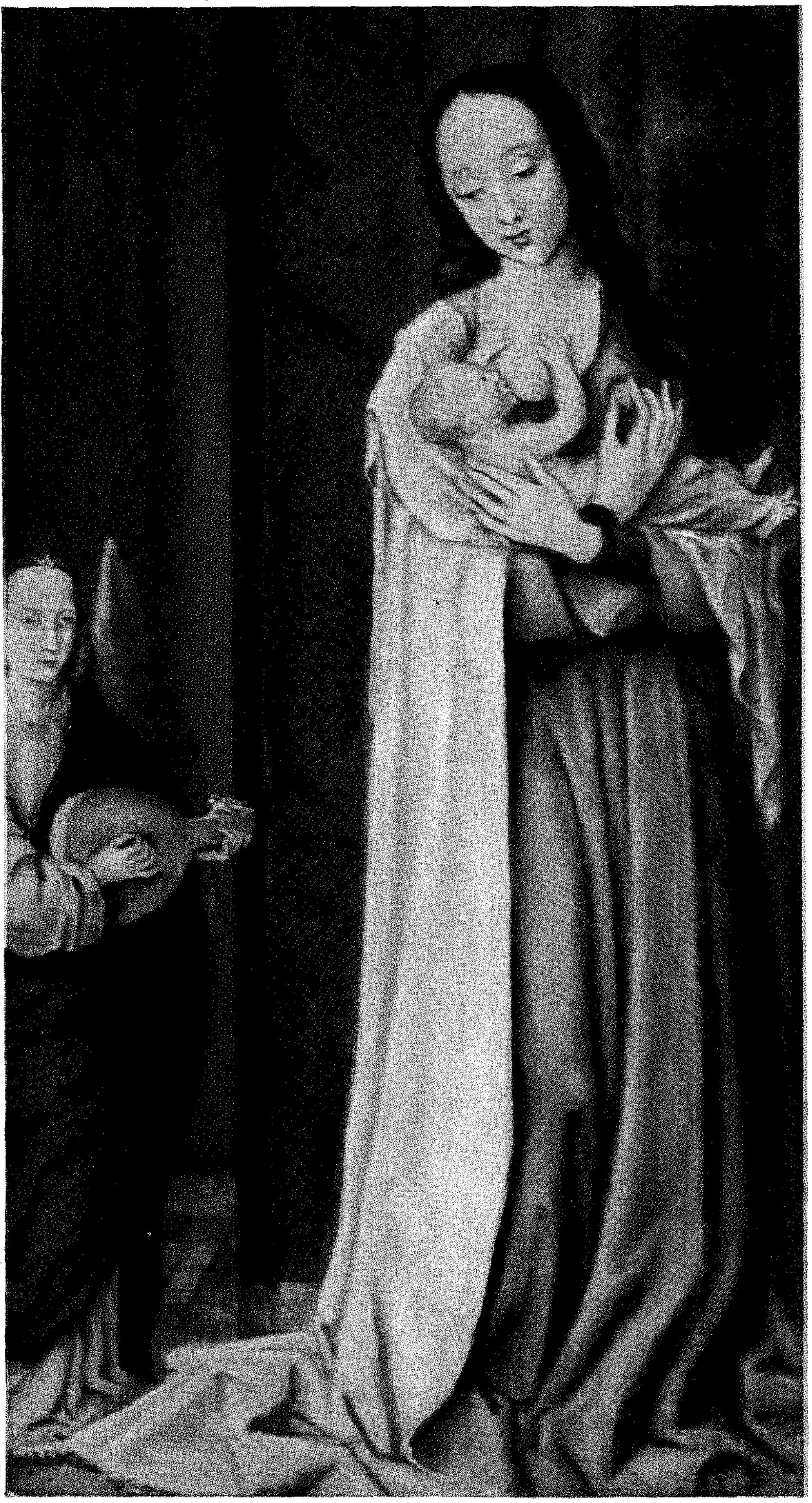

"MADONNA" (from Gerard David, Fifteenth Century Flemish), painted for the Capehart Collection by Peter Lauck, 1943

Hour of Splendour

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Spoken here by a light in a window . . . by a sprig of holly . . . by a church spire lifting its cross to the stars . . . or a Madonna serene in the glimmering light of a hundred candles.

Enshrined anew this Christmas, the Madonna transfixes the rapt joy of that hour of splendour when angel-song rang through the night to herald a new-born Son. Then it was that her radiant star, risen out of the darkness of the ages, first brought to man a promise of peace on earth.

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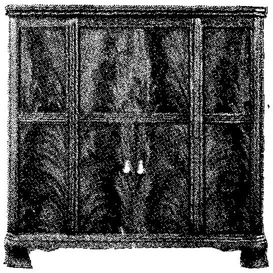

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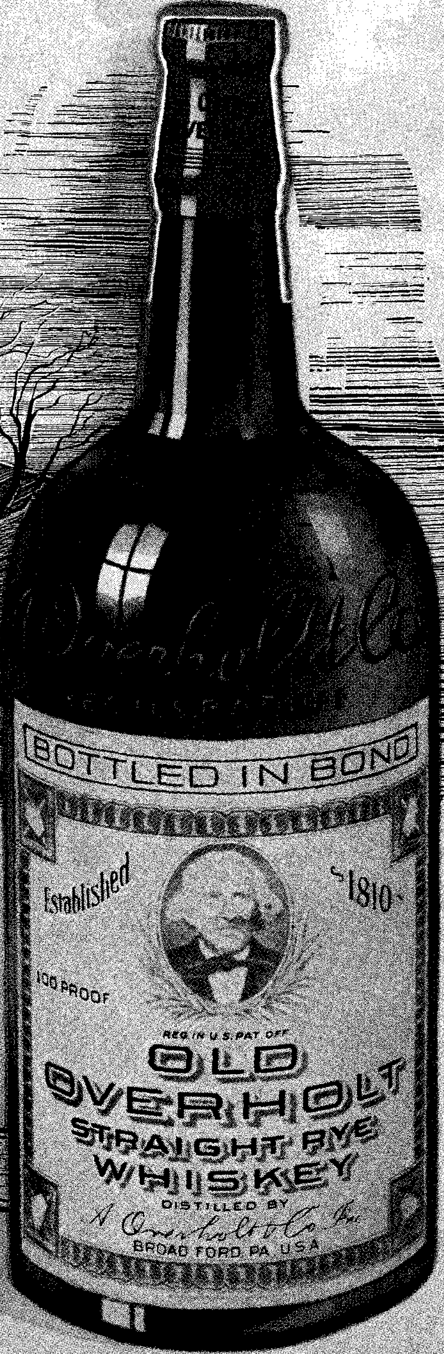
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